MOUNT VERNON

Its Children — Its Romances Its Allied Families and Mansions

Minnie Kendall Lowther

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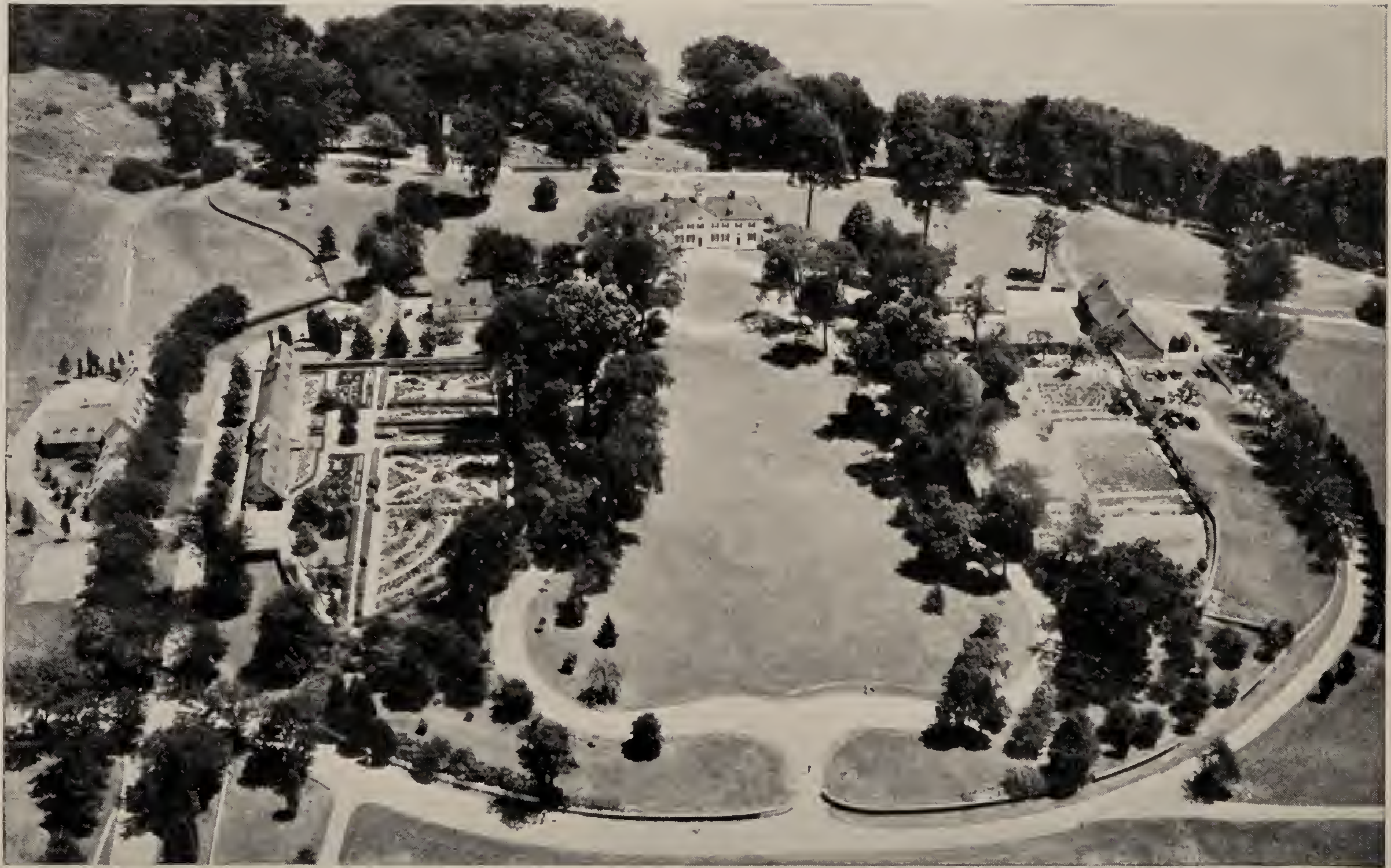


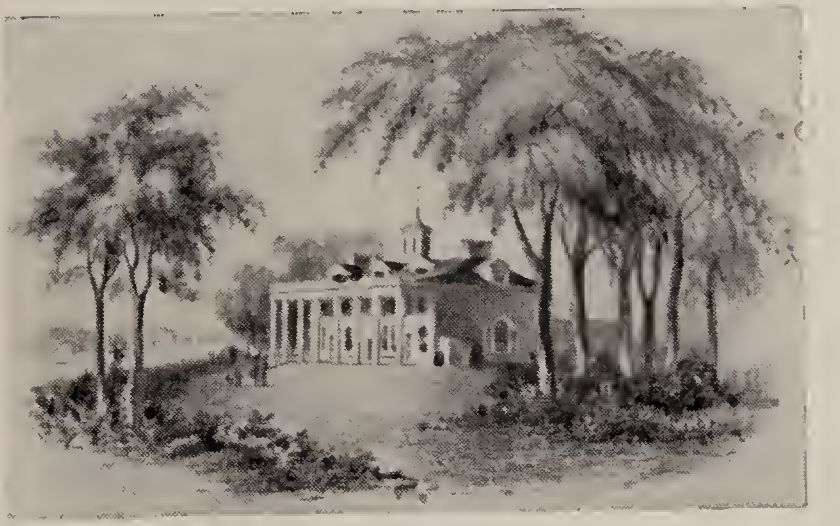
Washington Bicentennial Commission

Mount Vernon from the air—1932

Mount Vernon

Its Children, Its Romances, Its Allied Families and Mansions

By Minnie Kendall Lowther
Author of
Mount Vernon, Arlington, and Woodlawn
and
Marshall Hall and Other Potomac Points



All roads lead to Mount Vernon

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Chicago Philadelphia Toronto

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PRINTED IN THE U. S. A.

Mount Vernon

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In Grateful Remembrance of

Ann Pamela Cunningham

the heroic rescuer of Mount Vernon
and of
The Mount Vernon Ladies' Association
of the Union

its loyal preserver

this little volume is inscribed

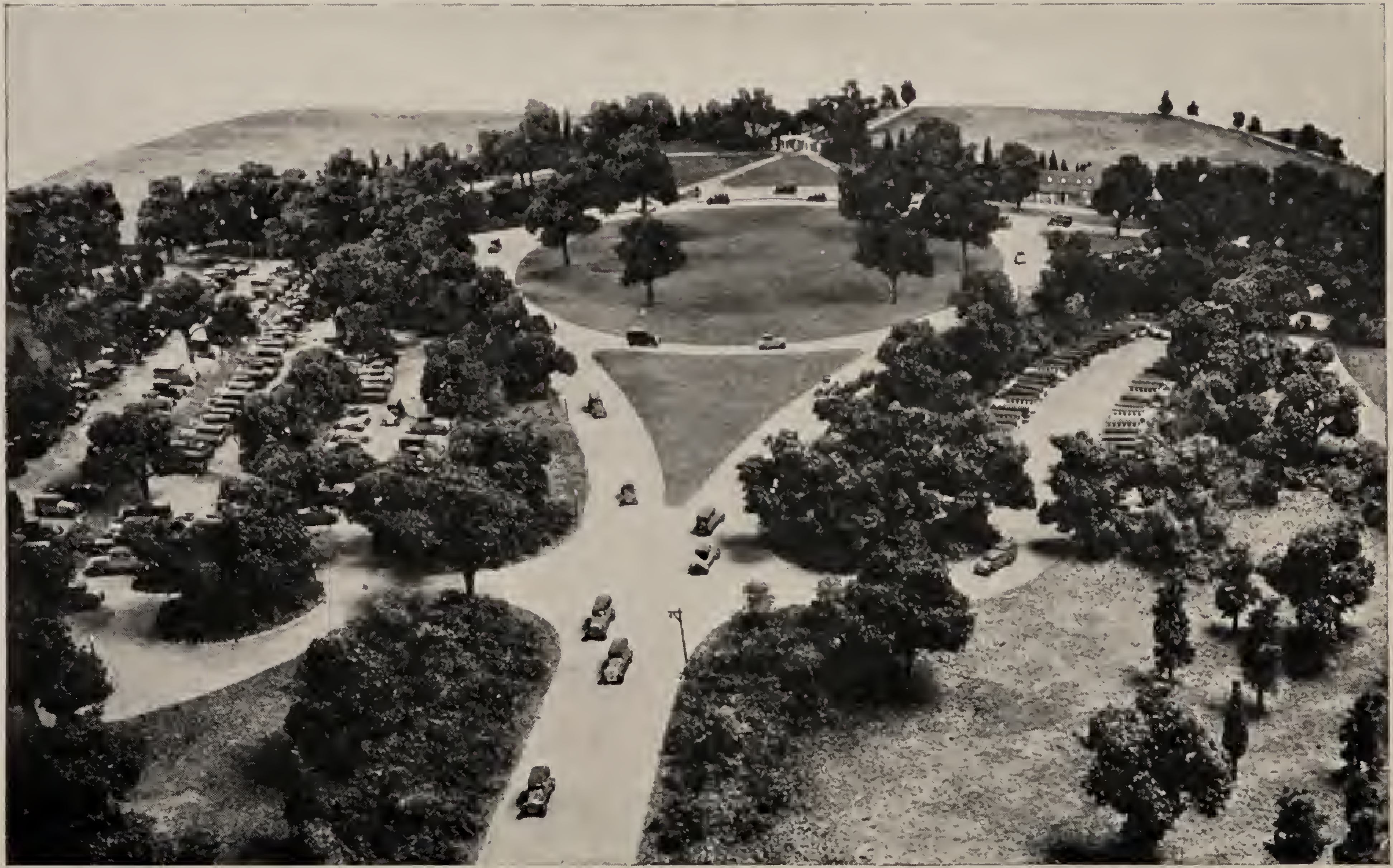

Photo courtesy of U. S. Bureau Public Roads

From model new Mount Vernon Memorial Highway which has just been completed—1932
Approach to Mount Vernon

Foreword

This little volume comes as the successor to *Mount Vernon, Arlington, and Woodlawn,* and it is the result of years of careful research. When we awoke to the fact that much which had been written of these places and personages was purely fiction, that generally accepted statements hoary with time were utterly without foundation, we resolved to turn from the beaten path of one writer following another like sheep over a fence and to seek new avenues for the truth about the makers of this history in the dawn of our Republic.

So we delved into records evidently unexplored by writers; drew on family archives heretofore untouched; visited cemeteries for epitaph dates; investigated land grants, old wills; called Washington's diaries into play for verification of many a disputed point; and thus set aside long-cherished stories. Now we believe that we are presenting the most accurate and authentic account of these shrines and their builders that has yet been given to the world—that it is possible to give at this late day when record proof is still wanting to verify conflicting statements. No perfect historian has yet been found.

The book is divided into four parts. "Mount Vernon" comes first with its inimitable story back to Crown days, when the Washingtons entered in, and down to the present. It presents the outstanding incidents in the life of General Washington and his colorful romance.

Part Two records his American ancestry in new form and for the first time substitutes some fact for fiction, especially in the story of Wakefield, his birthplace. An extended genealogy of the various branches of the family is included, together with portraits.

Part Three deals with the life of Nelly Custis, the beautiful ward of Mount Vernon, and with her four earthly homes, Mount Vernon, Woodlawn, Audley, and Abingdon, including for the first time the genealogy of her children. It reaches back in the ancestral line and gathers into the fold old Warner Hall and Kenmore.

"Arlington and the Child of Mount Vernon" are included in the fourth division. Here we find the story of Arlington Cemetery, Arlington Mansion, the Custises, the Lees, the Dandridges, old Stratford, the White House, and Poplar Grove, so noted in the Washington-Custis Romance. Any changes that appear in the text of this edition, aside from the few additional pages, are due to our being able to verify long disputed points.

Washington, D. C. M. K. L.

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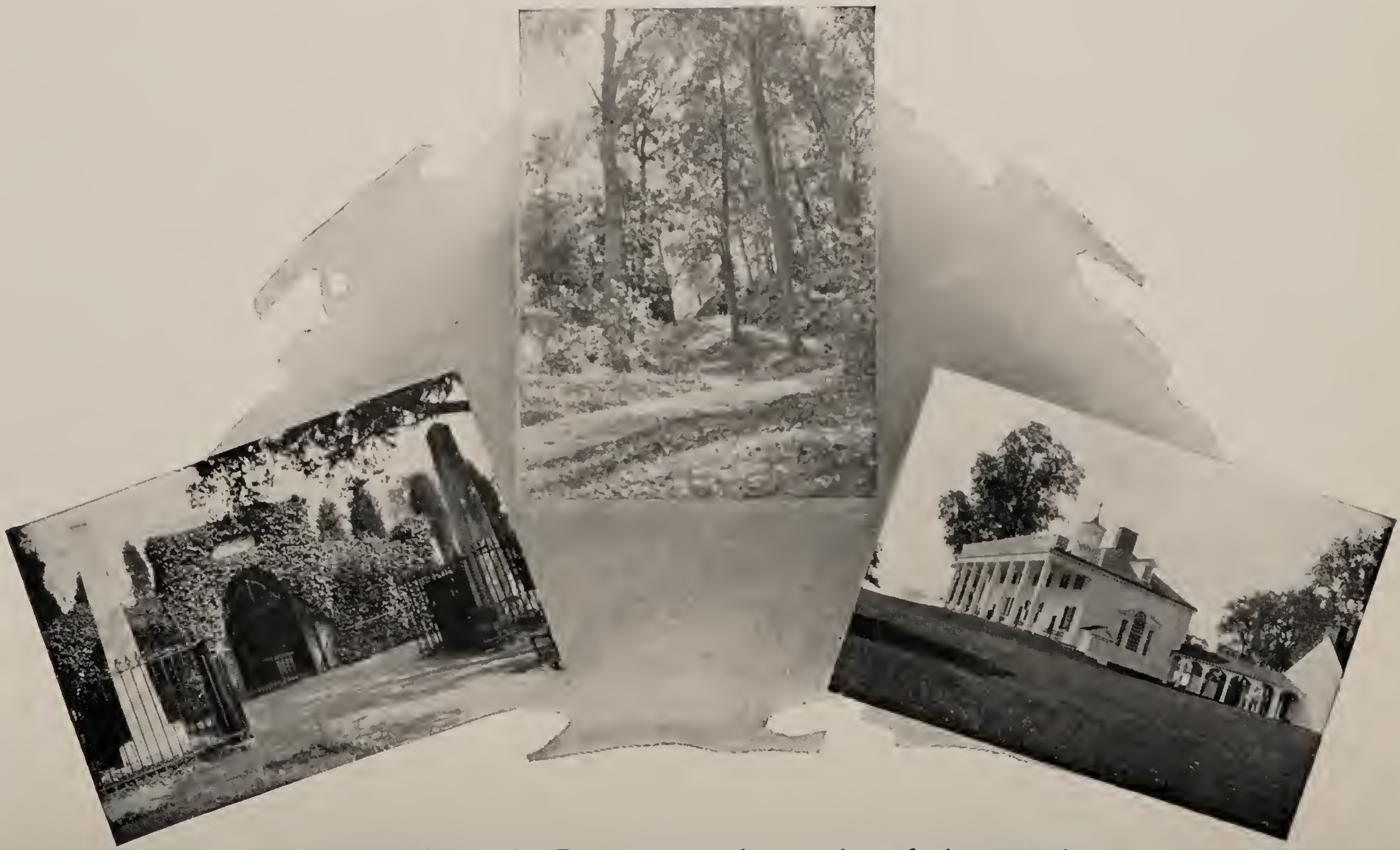
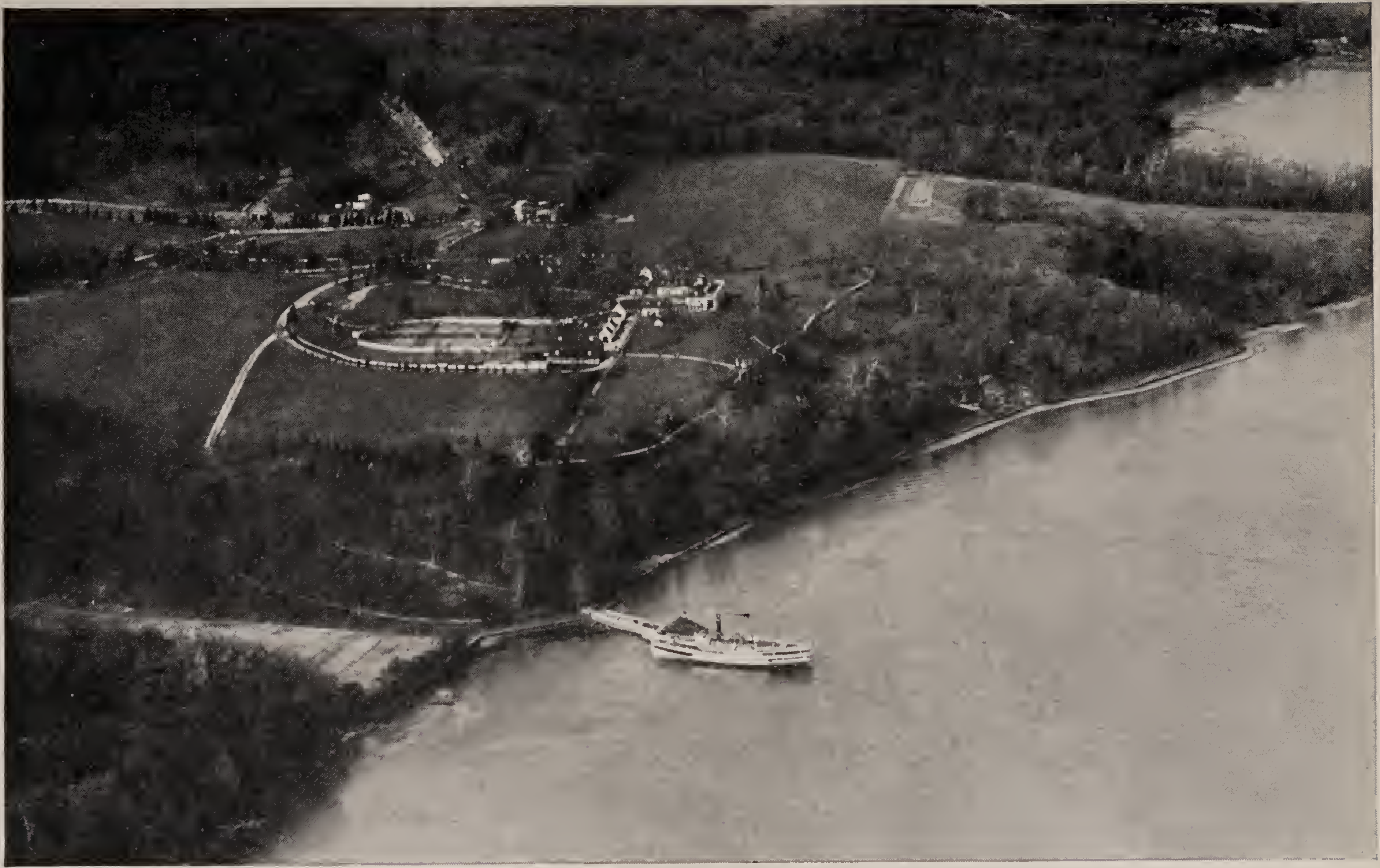
Nearly all the old portraits that appear in this book are very fine copies of well-known ones from family collections of other days. Those of the Custises and Lees once hung upon the walls of Arlington, and many of them are now at Washington and Lee College at Lexington. In Lossing's story of his visit at Arlington, while Mr. Custis was host, which has been preserved in *Harper's Weekly* of 1853, quite a number of these portraits appear as verifications.

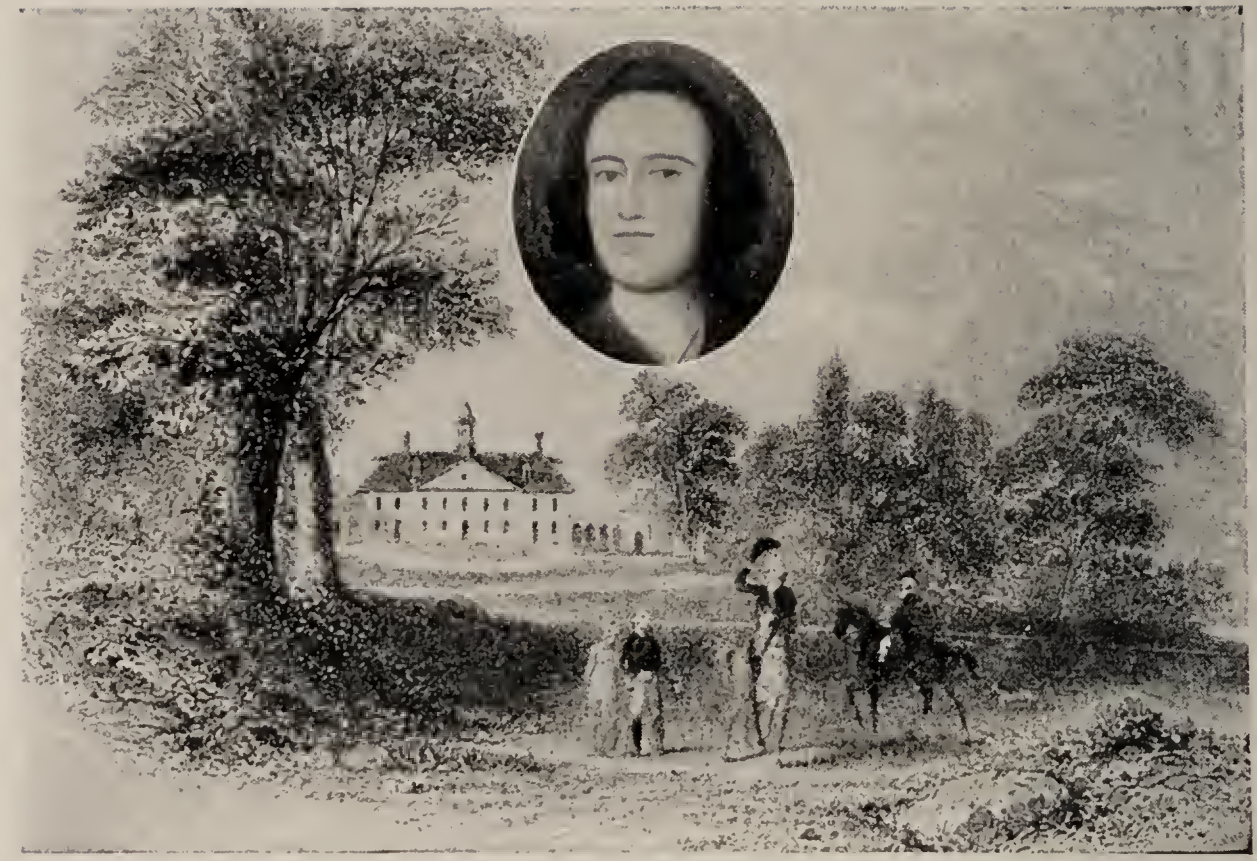


Pathway from the Potomac to the tomb and the mansion



U. S. Army

Mount Vernon from the air—showing wharf with Mount Vernon Boat at anchor



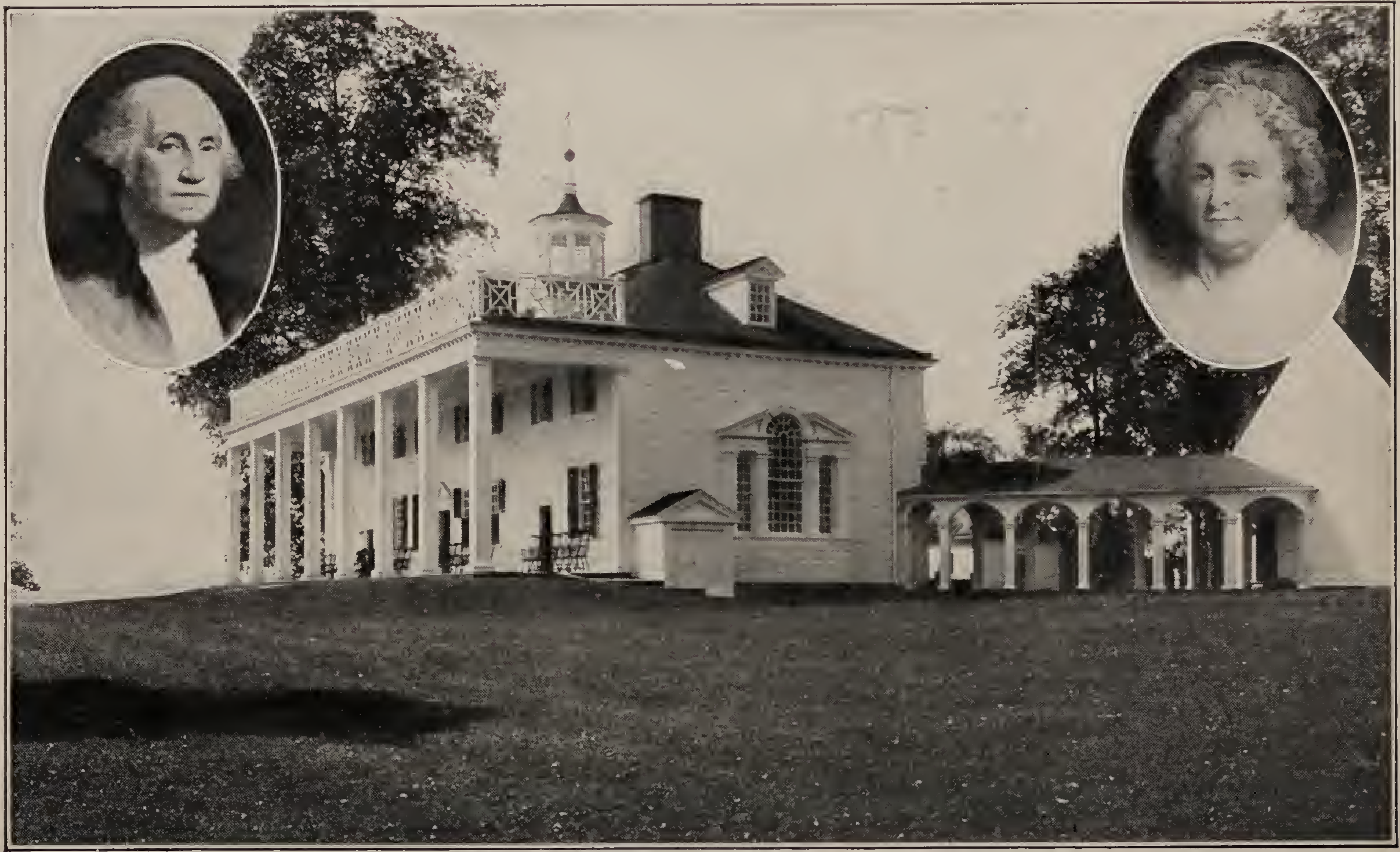
The Mount Vernon of yesterday, with portrait of the builder

Mount Vernon

The corner stone of a country's
liberty,
the shrine of a nation's devotion

U. S. Government Air Service

About thy hallowed name
we entwine this little garland
in honor of him who was
"First in war, first in peace,
and first in the hearts of his
countrymen."



Carlock

The Mount Vernon of today, with portraits of General and Mrs. Washington

The Mount Vernon of Today

THE Mount Vernon of today, with its hovering spirit of the incomparable past, defies the combined power of tongue and pen to set forth in adequate language its true significance and beauty. It stands preëminent in the annals of the world. As a shrine of liberty, it towers aloft and sheds its luster to the very ends of the earth.

What a delightful panorama of the plantation of other years spreads out before the vision as one enters its portals! It was a perfect day in May with all Nature donning the bridal robes of early summer when we first crossed its threshold; and after the thrill had somewhat subsided, it was something like this that we confided to our notebook: "Mount Vernon! The pride of a country's heart, the shrine of a nation's devotion! How wondrously beautiful in such settings of trees, shrubs, vines, hedges, and flowers; so ideally enthroned upon the green Virginia hills overlooking the placid waters of the Potomac and the picturesque Maryland landscape!"

After his return to civil life General Washington devoted much time to the improvement of the mansion and the grounds, and at least one-half hundred of the trees that he planted directly following the American Revolution are still standing. Among them we find tulip poplars, ashes, lindens, honey locusts, elms, buckeyes, magnolias, maples, horse-chestnuts, and walnuts. One of the tulip poplars which he planted just outside the garden gate one hundred and fifty years before was uprooted by a cyclonic storm in June, 1924, along with seventeen others on the lawn. But year by year the marvelous collection has been added to from every quarter of the globe until the trees are now a distinct feature of the plantation.

Old elms with wondrous stories bend their branches to the breeze on each side of the walk and unite their soft murmur with that of the neighboring hemlocks. Just below the broad, rolling lawn in front we see the deer park, or eastern slope, of eighteen acres which Washington set apart in 1785 as his botanical gardens, with its great trees extending down to the river and its shy, fleet-footed deer roaming about as they did in his day. There are orchards and gardens and a veritable villa, such as was incident to the old Virginia plantation life. On the west is a sundial, placed here in 1888 by Rhode Island to mark the site of the one of Washington's time, which bears the inscription, "I record none but sunny hours." On the front lawn high overhead Old Glory continuously rustles her starry wings in proclamation of her most sacred trust, and from the belfry of the summerhouse farther down on the lawn the old farm bell of other days proclaims the hour of departure for the boat.

Nothing else about the grounds surpasses the flower garden with its rare old boxwood hedges a century and a half old, its fragrant, old-time pinks, daffodils, peonies, sweet Williams, and roses when all abloom. In fancy it brings before one's vision the sweet face of the queenly Martha Washington bending over them with so much pride, as she must have done in the long ago when they were first implanted here.

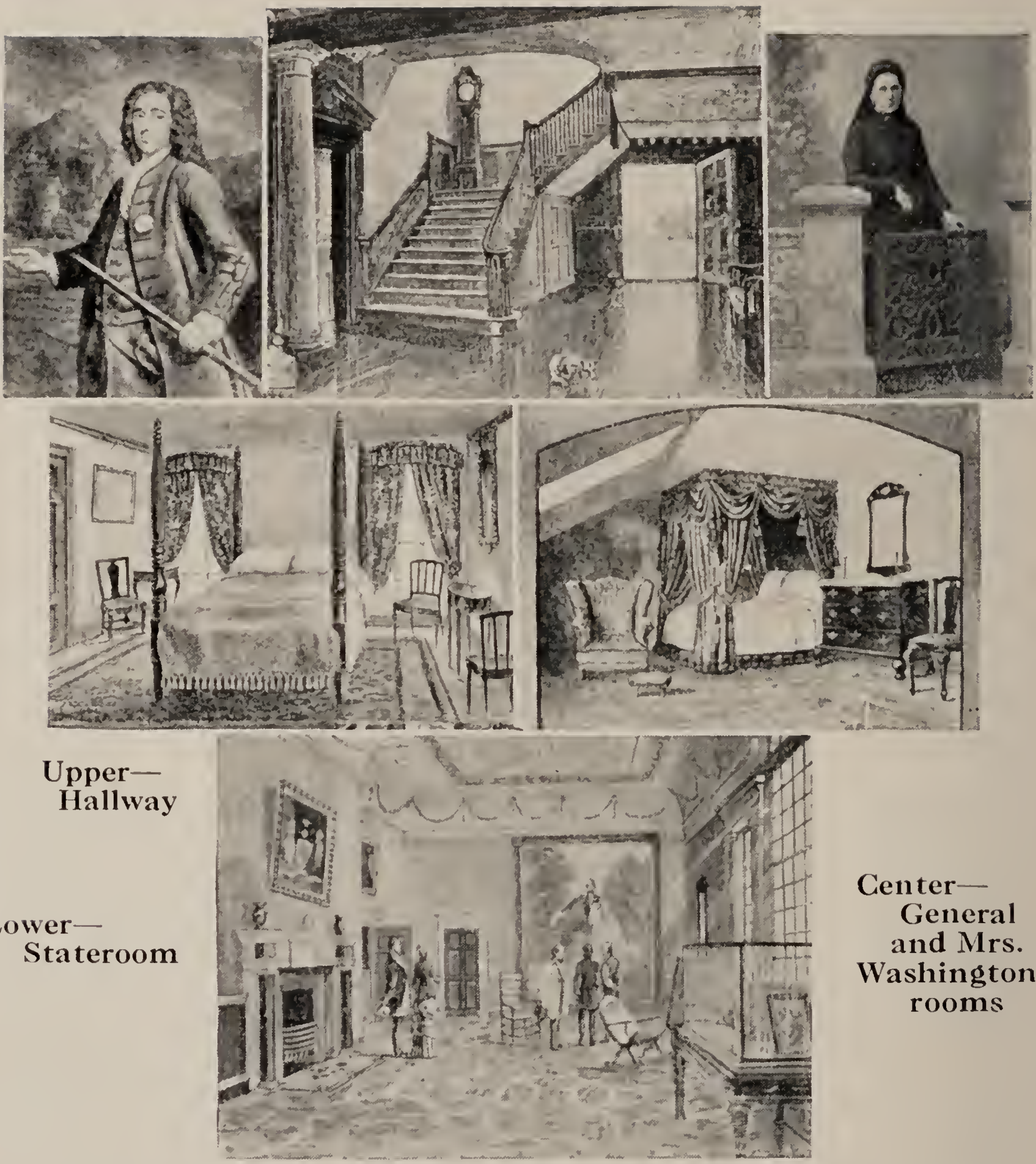
On each side of the main walk the central space is occupied by a circular bed surrounded by four oval and four triangular ones, which on the whole form a square. The noted Kentucky tree was placed here by Lafayette on his last visit, in 1824. At the foot of the garden stands the Mary Washington rose, which Washington named for his mother. Here, too, is a willow from the grave of Napoleon on St. Helena Island. But the sago palm, which is descended from one tended by Mrs. Washington, and other rare plants in the greenhouse bid one linger among their fragrance.

The greenhouse was destroyed by fire in 1835, but was restored in 1889. In another corner of the garden, as part of the wall, is the little schoolhouse where the first "rudiments of learning" were imparted to the "Children of Mount Vernon." It was originally built for a seed house. On the opposite side, just outside the wall, we find the loom house, with its weaving outfit and spinning wheel which played such an important part in the early life of our country.

The old mansion, now climbing to the second century mark, is built of wood, cut and painted so as to resemble stone. According to General Washington's own measurement, its elevation is a hundred and twenty-four feet ten and one-half inches above the river. It is ninety by thirty feet and has two stories and an attic with dormer windows, cupola, and weather vane. A piazza, with square pillars and floor, extends along the front and is connected by colonnades with the two-room kitchen. The main hall with its old clock on the stairs, the banquet hall, library, music room, dining room, west parlor, and Mrs. Washington's sitting room are all on the first floor. The room in which General Washington died and the rooms of Nelly Custis and Lafayette are on the second; while the one last occupied by Mrs. Washington and several spare bedrooms are in the attic.

It would be impossible to enumerate the treasures within the mansion, but let us look at a few of the more outstanding ones. There is the wrought-iron key of the old French Bastille, which Lafayette sent to General Washington by Thomas Paine, with a miniature model of the Bastille, made from the very stone of that despised prison, after it had been stormed by the advocates of liberty on July 14, 1789, "because it was the principles of Washington and America that opened this hated dungeon." The dog irons given to Washington by Lafayette are still intact in the fireplace of the banquet hall, and a facsimile of his agreement to serve in the American Army as major general is in the hall, where we find the reproduction of the original building, the coat of arms of Joseph Ball, and four of the five swords which Washington left to his nephews, with the clause of his will disposing of them. Here, too, are the sword and the sash which General Braddock gave in dying to the young officer. As a trophy of that awful defeat which bears his name and the stains of his blood this sash has a peculiar interest all its own. It is made of red silk and the date 1709 is upon it. Nelly Custis fell heir to it at the death of General Washington, and in turn it went to Colonel E. G. W. Butler, who presented it to General Zachary Taylor, whose daughter, Betty Taylor Dandridge, next became the owner. She placed it in display on a public occasion at Winchester, Virginia, in 1902, but it is gratifying to know that it has now been returned to Mount Vernon.

Turning to the music room, we see the harpsichord that General Washington had imported from London at the cost of a thousand dollars as a bridal gift for Nelly Custis. There are his fife and guitar,



Upper—
Hallway

Lower—
Stateroom

Center—
General
and Mrs.
Washington's
rooms

Admiral Vernon in whose honor Mount Vernon was named
Eleanor S. Washington Howard, the only survivor of the Mount
Vernon family, standing above the room in which she was born

and the card table that served him and Lafayette in playing whist.

In the west parlor is the painting of Vernon's fleet, the portrait of Betty Washington Lewis, and the white-enameled chair with its pink brocade satin, which came from the birthplace of Lafayette.

The Lafayette room is set apart by the portrait of the beautiful bride of Mount Vernon and other noted paintings. The very spirit of that hour seems to pervade the rooms of Mrs. Washington and Nelly Custis, and all the rest have their own peculiar interest and charm; but overshadowing them all is the one from which the great soul fled on that bleak December night. It is as near intact as it is possible for it to be. The bed is the one upon which he died; the furniture was his; but the Bible from which Mrs. Washington was reading comforting texts when the final moment came to him has been removed to the library.

Many of the relics have been removed from the mansion to the carpenter shop in the garden, which is now designated as the "Relic House," with its veritable treasure-trove in collection. Here are the General's camp bedstead, pistol, compass, telescope, Masonic sword, survey tripod, spyglass, suits, other articles of clothing, his wagon jack used in 1764, the corner stone of the Mount Vernon villa and the stonemason's hammer used in its construction in 1743, which was found by W. H. Burgess in 1885, and the original Culpeper grant for Mount Vernon to Colonels John Washington and Nicholas Spencer in 1674, with all the subsequent deeds of purchase of the Spencer tract which was finally added to Mount Vernon. Here, too, are the wedding gown, scarf, and locket of Nelly Custis; the wedding ring of Mary Ball Washington, which fell to Jane, the mother of Corbin Washington; a bell which was brought to Virginia in 1667 by William Ball, the great-grandfather of the General, and which was once owned by Mary Ball Washington; Martha Washington's workbasket and numerous other reminders of her needlework; and two letters written to her by Jack Custis, her son.

Moving on to the kitchen, one's interest centers about the huge fireplace with its old-time crane and brick oven and the quaint china and churn which played a major part in the hospitality of that day when the table was seldom without a guest. We seem to hear the General saying, "We have one hundred and one cows, and I have to buy butter for the table."

Just outside is the old well with its iron pump surrounded by modern drinking fountains; across the road is the old coach house with the "lost coach" which was recovered in 1895, after it had been stolen. A few paces from this stands the barn with its significant date, "Built in 1733."

From the barn we follow the path down the hill and for a moment are lured to the left by the picturesqueness of the Old Tomb, where the General and Mrs. Washington lay until 1831. Then we face about and stand before that other tomb, some yards to the right, which was built in 1830–31, in accord with the specifications of the General's will and which holds the balance of power for interest, for it is here that the great of every land bow their heads in reverence and lay their tributes down. How in harmony with the general spirit of the place —the quiet of the glorious American past, the potent peace of stately days that will live forever—

Barn built by Augustine Washington, 1733 is this plain, unpretentious brick with its explicit inscription above the arched gateway,

Within this enclosure rest the remains of General Washington

Just above the gate are the words of Scripture,

I am the resurrection and the life . . . .

and through the open panels of the entrance to the antechamber two sarcophagi are visible. The one to the right bears the name of General Washington with the chiseled coat of arms of the United States and a draped flag. The one to the left is inscribed,

Martha, consort of Washington

with the usual dates. Other members of the family rest within the chamber in the rear, and shafts bearing the names of later owners of the estate lift their white heads in front outside. Nelly Custis and her daughter lie within the inclosure to the right, as there was no room in the tomb beside her husband when Nelly was brought back to Mount Vernon.

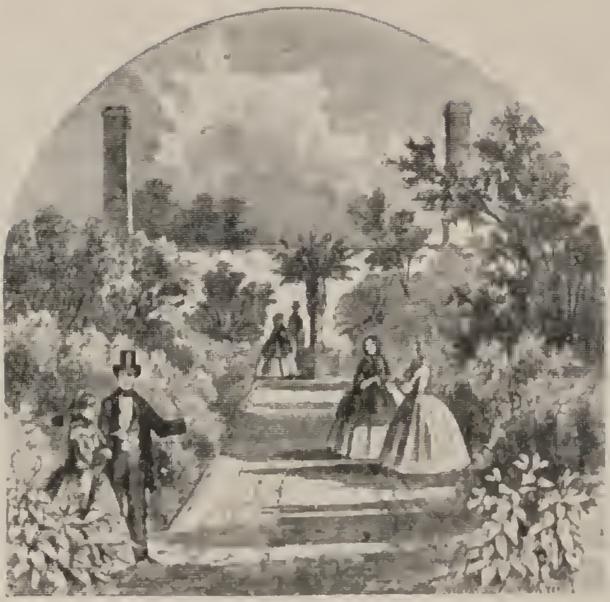
Mansion and
bellhouse

Gateway from
inside

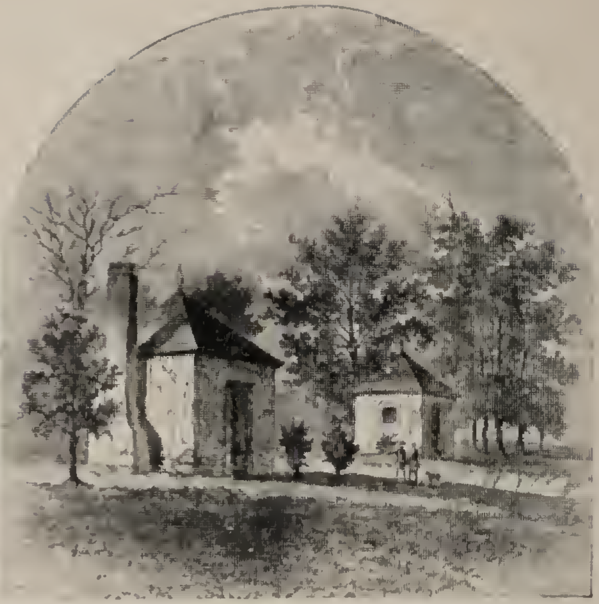
Custodian of
the tomb

Deer, and horses that daily
meet the boat

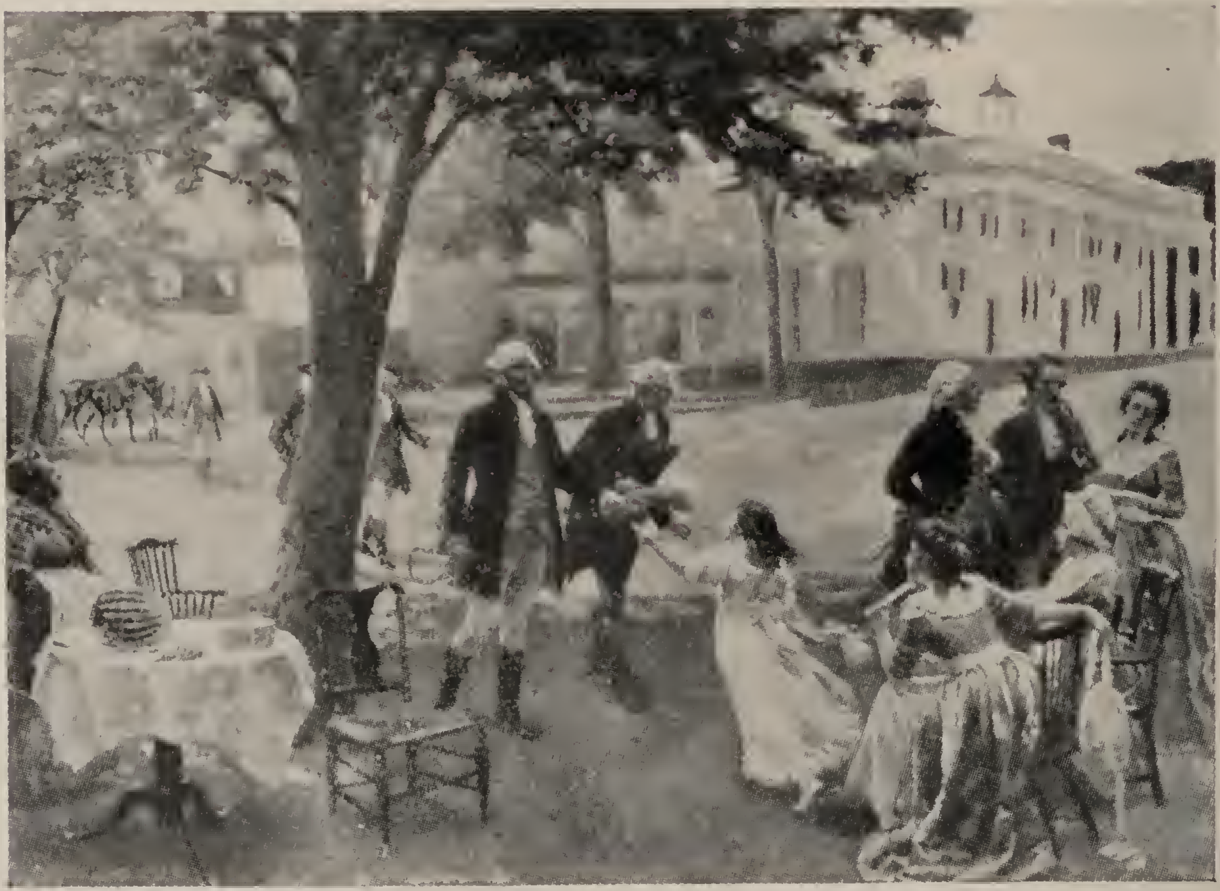
Familiar scenes of today



In the flower garden—the sago palm



Entrance to Mount Vernon—1758



Washington's return from his last fox hunt

The Mount Vernon of Yesterday

THE Mount Vernon of today thrills us with its surpassing charm. But it is the Mount Vernon of yesterday that makes us linger. Two hundred and fifty years lie between us and its primitive history, and as we turn the pages of that ponderous volume we find the Washingtons bearing title through those centuries. Generation after generation have inherited its broad acres and associated their names with it for the ages. So let us look backward for a moment to the time when this association began.

Captain John Smith and his little party of adventurers are accorded the honor of being the first palefaces to look upon the scene. But, if this be true, they came and went with the tide, leaving the Doeg Indians, a tribe of the Algonquins, to possess their happy hunting grounds undisturbed for another quarter of a century.

Leonard Calvert, the first governor of Maryland, with his little colony in the "Ark" and the "Dove," upon his arrival in 1634 anchored at the mouth of the Piscataway, where Fort Washington now stands, but owing to the apparent hostility of the Indians sailed on down the river to a more peaceful haven and left St. Mary's on the map. Silence then fell over the upper Potomac for another forty years, save for the record of the transient activities of white hunters and trappers and an occasional outpost guard from the receding red man.

Farther down the river, however, clay was being transformed into plantation mansions, forests converted into cabins and fences, and the dusky face was gradually being dispossessed by the paler one. It was not until early in the last quarter of the seventeenth century, however, that title was obtained to what is now the Mount Vernon tract, when Lord Culpeper and the Earl of Arlington secured the grant from Charles II, then exiled without throne or scepter. This grant included the rental of all the land between the Rappahannock and the Potomac for thirty-one years for the annual payment of forty shillings. The tract was later extended to include the whole of Virginia.

The storm of protest brought about by this injustice was largely responsible for Bacon's Rebellion. But, notwithstanding this protest, the Earl of Arlington conveyed his part of the grant to Lord Culpeper, who transferred five thousand acres to Nicholas Spencer and Lieutenant Colonel John Washington in 1674. Thus the Washington title to Mount Vernon began with the great-grandfather of the hero of the American Revolution. Its Indian name was Epsewasson.

It seems that Robert Castleton and Henry Vincent had obtained the original patents for the neck of land between Dogue Run and Little Hunting Creek, which became a part of Mount Vernon in 1657 and which passed into the hands of Richard Lee and Peter Jennings in 1660. But Lee and Jennings in some way failed to comply fully with the patent requirements, and their claim was included in the five-thousand-acre survey of Spencer and Washington in the Culpeper deed of 1674/5, which is referred to by Washington in the first volume of his diary as "the foundation of my own title."

John Washington in his will of 1677 left it to his son, Lawrence Washington, first of this line. In 1690, he and Nicholas Spencer divided the tract, and the two thousand five hundred acres belonging to Lawrence Washington was designated as the Hunting Creek estate.

Lawrence Washington I in his will of 1697 left it to his daughter Mildred, and she and her husband, Roger Gregory, on May 26, 1726, transferred it by deed to her brother, Augustine Washington, who this same year purchased two hundred acres of the Spencer tract. He not only deeded it to his son, Lawrence Washington II, in 1740, but confirmed it by his will three years later.

Lawrence Washington I, in describing the estate in his will, calls it "the land where Eliza Minton and Mrs. Williams live," leaving the impression that they were the earliest settlers here, but there is no information as to the location of their cabins. It is evident, however, that Augustine Washington, the father of the General, was the first one of the family to occupy the estate.

Augustine and Mary Ball Washington moved here from Wakefield when General Washington was in his babyhood, perhaps in 1734, and remained until the house was destroyed by fire, about 1740, when they removed to the Pine Grove Farm just across from Fredericksburg. Where their Hunting Creek home stood is a matter of mere conjecture. Some think it was near the old mill site; others would place it near the greenhouse, but who knows? History is indefinite, too, as to just what improvements Augustine Washington made here, aside from the erection of the old mill and the brick barn in 1733.

There is but little doubt that Lawrence Washington II built the mansion in 1743, though some suggest that his father must have started it, at least, while the younger Lawrence was doing service as a soldier in the West Indies. However, it is quite probable that Lawrence contracted the work. An unverified tradition says that Colonel Thomas Blackburn, who lived at Rippon Lodge (now Dumfries), twelve miles distant from Mount Vernon, was the contractor of the original mansion in 1743—that he contracted with Lawrence Washington as builder.

To Lawrence Washington II the world is indebted for the musical name of the estate, for he changed it from Hunting Creek to Mount Vernon in honor of Admiral Vernon, under whom he had served against Spain. To him humanity is indebted also for this beautiful shrine, for he left it to his younger half brother, George Washington, to whom he was greatly attached, little dreaming what it was to mean to the world at large.

Lawrence Washington II

Lawrence Washington, the builder of Mount Vernon, was a young man of ability, education, and promise. He was the son of Augustine and Jane Butler Washington, and Wakefield was the place of his nativity in 1718. He came into possession of his estate soon after he reached his majority, but gave no evidence of settling down to the life of a planter. When the call came from the Motherland for troops from the Colonies for the reinforcement of General Wentworth and Admiral Vernon against the Spaniards in the West Indies, he enlisted as captain and fought at Cartagena. Surviving the bullets and the fever, he returned home in 1742, so fascinated with military life that he seemed to have no idea of abandoning the sword. But the charms of the fair daughter of Belvoir held the balance of power, and the following year, on July 19, 1743, he and Anne Fairfax were wed.

She was the daughter of William Fairfax. Their marriage united him with some of the most influential families in the colony, and he rapidly rose to prominence. He received a military appointment which carried with it the rank of major, and repeatedly served in the House of Burgesses. He was influential in securing the charter for Alexandria and was one of the trustees for laying out the town. Like the other Washingtons, his span of life was to be brief. He sought relief from failing health in the West Indies, but returned home to die on July 26, 1752.

He left his estate to his wife during her lifetime, and then to his little daughter Sarah with the provision that it was to go to "my beloved brother George" in case the daughter did not live to marry. His wife was to have the use, benefits, and profits of all lands during her lifetime, but it was his desire that his brother should have the use and equal share of the estate even while his wife lived.

But Fate had already made her decrees. Death had robbed the cradle of three little ones; Jane 1744–45; Fairfax, 1744–47; and Mildred, 1748–49. Sarah, born November 7, 1750, was laid beside her father and the rest within a few months.

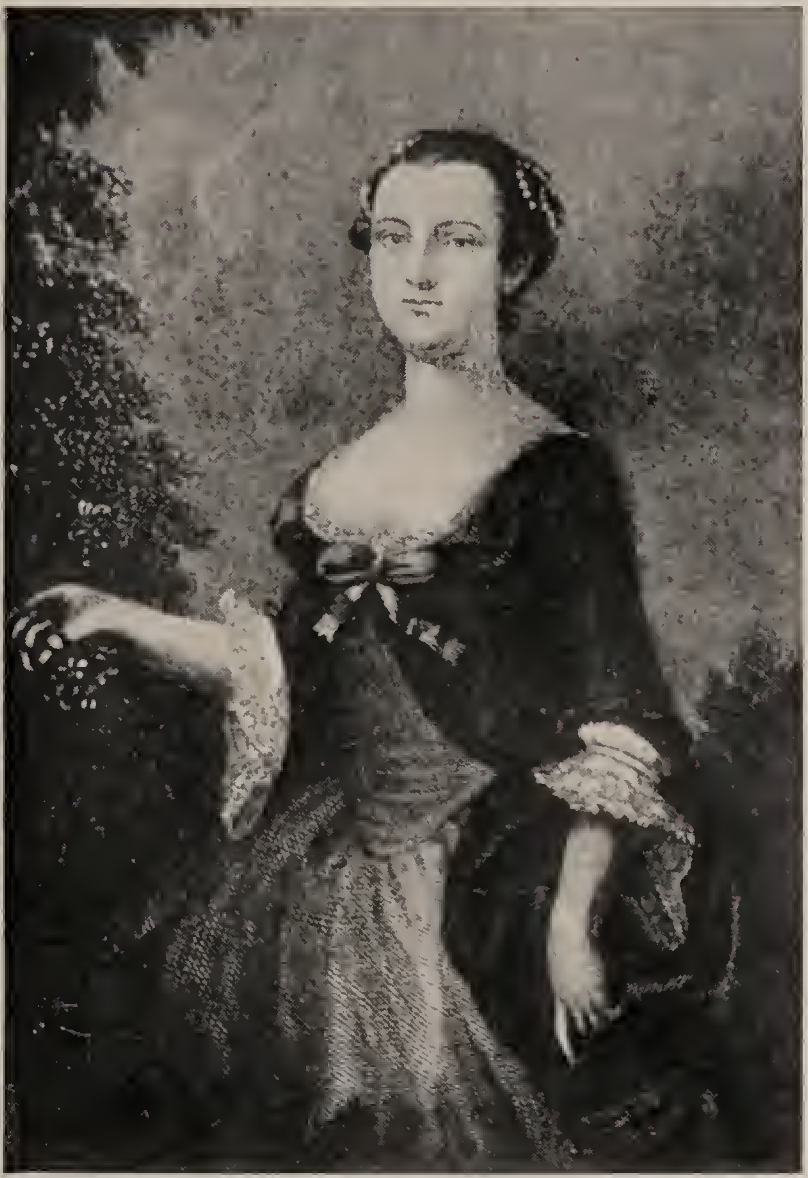
Anne Fairfax Washington, now bereft of husband and children, was married to Colonel George Lee on December 16, 1752, less than six months after the death of Lawrence Washington. She died in 1761.

By making suitable terms with her to pay her so much annually during her lifetime, George Washington at once came into possession of Mount Vernon. The estate now covered two thousand seven hundred acres, and this same year, 1752, George Washington purchased the remaining two thousand three hundred acres of the original Spencer tract, which gave him the entire five thousand acres of the Culpeper grant to John Washington and Nicholas Spencer. But his boundary did not stop here, as we shall see later.

Leet Bros.

The gardens at Mount Vernon

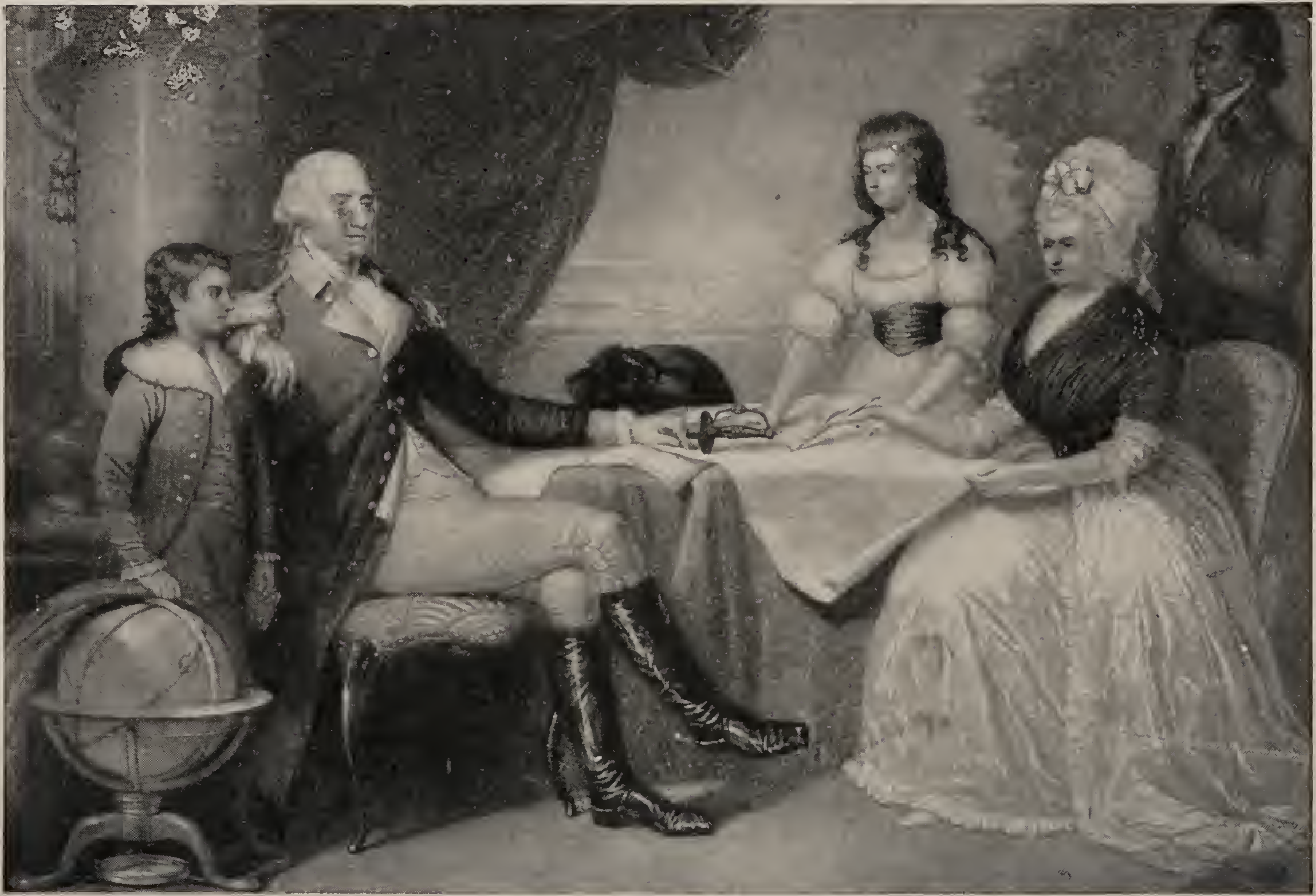
Interesting Romance and Bride of Mount Vernon



Martha Custis Washington

"In life's delight, in death's dismay,
In storm and sunshine, night and day;
In health, in sickness, in decay,
Here and hereafter, I am thine."

—LONGFELLOW



The Mount Vernon Family

The Romance of Mount Vernon

IT was in December, 1752, just a few months before he reached his twenty-first birthday, that George Washington came into possession of Mount Vernon. What such an inheritance meant to a youth like him, one can hardly imagine, for it had already become dear by association. It was these beautiful hills that had reverberated almost the first sound that fell from his childish lips; here were the favorite haunts of his boyhood, the scenes of his youthful dreams; here he hunted, fished, swam, studied surveying, wrote his "Rules of Conduct," and experienced his earlier combats with Cupid. Now a new task confronted him, that of finding a suitable mistress for such an estate, and he was destined to realize that the course of true love does not always run smooth.

One would hardly suspect that a sentimental nature lay concealed beneath the grave and dignified exterior that awed potentates into silence in its presence, but the diaries of the youthful Washington are filled with confidences that are not foreign to the modern "Sentimental Tommy"—confidences that betray his ardent admiration for the gentler sex and the disappointments attendant upon unsuccessful conquests, for he did not seem to be a favorite with the belles of his association and sometimes lost to a less worthy rival. It is said that he had an innate timidity that followed him down to old age and seemed to add to his gravity. Doubtless, he was not so unlike the old warrior, Miles Standish, whose courage was ever equal to the cannon's mouth, but not so brave in the presence of "a thundering no! from the mouth of a woman."

His "Lowland Beauty" seems to have been the outstanding object of his early affection, but since her identity is so at variance, we shall not venture a decision.

When barely sixteen, 1748, while out on a surveying expedition, in writing to a friend concerning one Miss Mary Cary, who was the guest of her sister, Mrs. George William Fairfax, at Belvoir, he says that he might spend the time pleasantly with her were his heart disengaged, and thus concludes:

"But as that is only adding fuel to fire, it makes me the more uneasy; for by often and unavoidably being in her company revives my former passion for your Lowland Beauty, whereas, were I to live more in retirement from young women, I might in some measure eliminate my sorrow by burying that chaste and troublesome passion in the grave of eternal forgetfulness."

He goes on to speak of his hopelessness in winning out.

Miss Lucy Grymes, who became the wife of Henry Lee and the ancestor of General Robert E. Lee, is claimed by some authorities to have been the Lowland Beauty, but this is mere conjecture. Washington's strong attachment for Miss Betsey Fauntleroy is verified by a letter to her father under date of May 20, 1752, in which he frankly admits his admiration for the young lady, to whom he incloses a letter, and expresses the hope that she will decide to "revoke her cruel sentence." However, history records that the haughty Betsey's decision was irrevocable. Some writers say that she married a common planter and lived to regret it, but Judge L. H. Jones in his Fauntleroy genealogy says that she married an Adams of the James River, and stops there. Washington's attachment for Miss Mary Philipse is a matter of both history and tradition, but she preferred the attentions of Captain Morris, an associate officer of Washington in the Monongahela engagement.

The oft-repeated story of his attachment for Miss Mary Cary and the opposition of her father separating them is wholly without fact. She became the wife of the wealthy Edward Ambler and had been in her grave for months when Washington returned as the conqueror of Lord Cornwallis, though she is supposed to have fallen from the window in a dead faint at the sight of him at Williamsburg. His ardent admiration for her sister, Mrs. Sally Cary

Fairfax, of Belvoir, is *not* a myth, but that he courted her in her maidenhood and lost her is purely fiction. He was but a bashful lad of sixteen when she came to Belvoir as a bride on that fateful December day. She had been the acknowledged belle of Ceelys; her unusual charm had brought men of all ranks to her feet; and it is doubtful if he had ever seen her until she became the presiding genius of old Belvoir, which was a second home to him. That an attachment which lasted through life sprang up through close association with a woman of her superior mind cannot be denied, for there is a letter of his old age still in existence in which he admits it.

However disappointing these heart affairs may have been, there came a time when the Fates looked down and smiled, and he proved to be so ardent a wooer that the field was not long open to rivals. This time his affections were not given in vain. The romance of Mount Vernon has shed its luster to the very fringes of civilization and has inspired mutual confidences about many another family altar.

Washington Meets His Fate

It was a bright morning in 1758, according to George Washington Parke Custis—some say February 26—when the prelude to this momentous romance was written into history.

A young officer was crossing the Williams Ferry at Pamunkey Creek on this morning, when he met one Mr. Chamberlyne, the owner of the plantation at the ferry, who insistently extended the hospitality of his home. Owing to urgent duty the young officer declined the invitation until the would-be host intimated that a charming young widow was now under his roof, and he finally accepted the invitation to dinner only, as he could yet meet his appointment with the Governor "by pressing his charger and borrowing from the night." The charger was turned over to Thomas Bishop, the faithful body servant that General Braddock had bequeathed to this young officer in dying, and he proceeded to the Chamberlyne mansion, where he came face to face with the "charming young widow" who was to rule over his heart from that moment until his eyes were closed in death. Unlike the earlier romances, this one was mutual. Cupid had played him fair at last. Colonel Washington had met his fate.

Martha Dandridge Custis was young, beautiful, and wealthy. Colonel Washington was just from the field of his early military fame, and all that woman could ask in honor and manliness; so it is hardly surprising that decisions were quickly made, or that the appointment with the Governor, the prancing charger and waiting veteran, and all else were forgotten under the spell of this new fascination, for, they tell us, Colonel Washington stayed on and on, all unconscious of passing time. The evening shadows lengthened; the sun dropped behind the western sky; and still the faithful Bishop waited and marveled over his chief's delay, as he murmured to himself, "'Tis passing strange—this man noted for his promptness, never known to be a moment behind his appointment. What can it mean?"

In the meantime his solicitous host, observing the waiting veteran with amusement, prevailed upon the young officer to remain overnight, saying that no guest ever left his door after sunset. The weary Bishop, to his great relief, was now ordered to put up the horses for the night, and the sun was high in the heavens on the following morning when the enamored officer rode away to dispatch his "urgent business" at the Executive Mansion. When this was done, he went immediately to the "White House," as the home of Mrs. Custis was known, and to the colored servant who met him at the ferry, he said, "Is your mistress at home?"

"Yes, sah!" was the laconic reply, and with a broad grin which displayed his white teeth, the negro added, "I reckon you's the man what's 'spected."

He doubtless was, for we are told that he carried her promise with him when he returned to camp.

Martha Dandridge was descended from an old and honored Welsh family who had crossed to Virginia at an early day. She was the eldest child of Colonel John and Frances Jones Dandridge, and, while varied dates of her birth have been given, the

Dandridge family Bible has it June 2, 1731, in Kent County, Virginia, thus making her eight months the senior of General Washington.

She grew up with the best educational advantages of the leading families of the colony, was carefully trained in domestic art, and skilfully handled the needle. She also played the spinet and gracefully danced the minuet. Her unusual personal charm early made her a reigning belle at the royal court of old Williamsburg, and she had many suitors. Few women have figured in so great a human drama as fell to her in maturer years, and none have acquitted themselves more creditably.

It was in 1749 when the June roses were all abloom that Colonel Daniel Parke Custis led her to the altar as his bride. She was but eighteen, and he was twenty years older, but it is recorded as a "true love affair." His father, the Honorable John Custis, of Arlington-on-the-Eastern-Shore, had set his heart on his only son's marrying Evelyn Byrd, his cousin; but when he saw that the beautiful Miss Dandridge had completely effaced all others in that son's heart, he reluctantly yielded to the inevitable, and the marriage took place at the Dandridge home.

Colonel Custis was a successful planter and a man of high honor. They founded their home at the White House on the banks of the Pamunkey, where their four children were born. One daughter died in infancy; Daniel in childhood; and the other two enter into the Mount Vernon picture. Mr. Custis survived his wedding day by only eight years, and Martha Dandridge Custis was one of the wealthiest young widows in Virginia when the future "Father of His Country" appeared upon the scene.

The Nuptials Take Place

The Washington-Custis wedding was an event of January 6, 1759, but where it took place is still a debatable question. However, home or church, the ceremony was solemnized by the Reverend Mr. Mossom, who had been the officiating clergyman at the former marriage of the bride, and the nuptials were attended by gaiety and revelry. The good, the great, the gifted, and the fair mingled in the vast throng. It is said that no other Colonial bridegroom ever graced his wedding with more stately dignity than did Colonel Washington, who stood six feet two inches, with an avoirdupois of one hundred and seventy-five pounds. His suit was of blue and silver with scarlet trimmings and a waistcoat of white embroidered satin; gold buckles adorned his shoes and garters; his hair was powdered in accord with the custom of the times; and his dress sword hung at his side.

The bride, who reached only to his shoulders, was charming in an imported gown of yellow brocade, flamboyant in design, with trimming of fine white lace looped over a white silk petticoat, quilted and threaded in silver. Her slippers were of rose-colored satin, elaborately embroidered in silver, with high French heels, and she wore pearls in her hair. Three beautiful bridesmaids were in attendance.

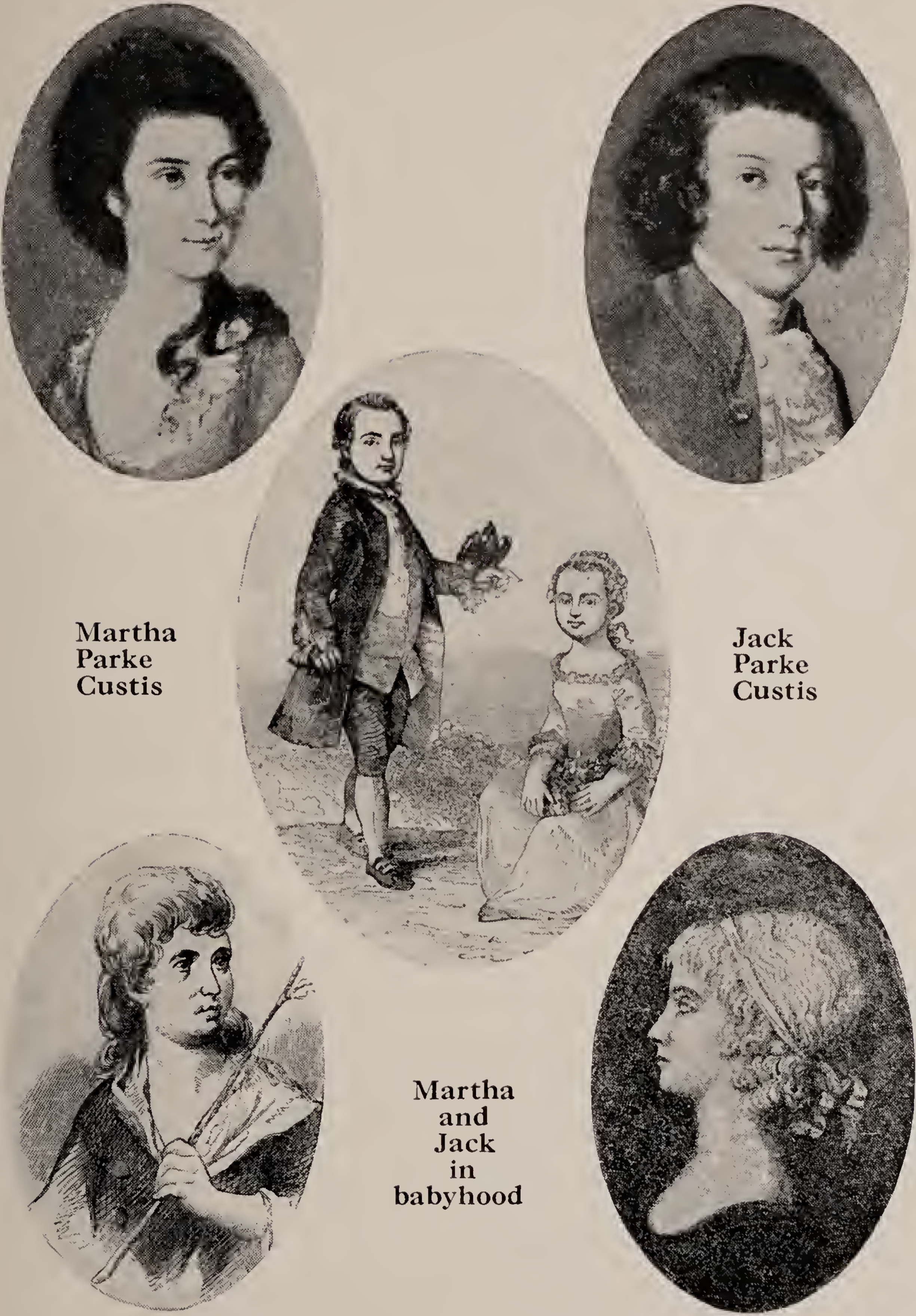
Among the witnesses to the ceremony was Lieutenant Governor Fauquier of Virginia, in brilliant uniform of gold and scarlet, with bagwig and dress sword, surrounded by a group of British officers, resplendent in their colorful trappings. Members of the Virginia Assembly and other notables were present.

The bride's coach is described as gay with the red and white colors of Mr. Washington. It was drawn by six horses under the direction of black postilions in livery. The bridegroom upon his richly caparisoned charger rode at the side of the coach, attended by a cortège of mounted gentlemen. It has never been definitely decided as to whether the nuptials took place at the White House or at St, Peter's Church, but the description left to us as above, and other circumstances, point strongly in favor of the church.

The festivities at an end, Mr. and Mrs. Washington went to the White House, so that Mr. Washington might be more convenient to the sessions of the Virginia Assembly at Williamsburg, of which he was a member. In the spring they settled down at Mount Vernon. The exact date of their house-warming at Mount Vernon is not recorded, but it is safe to conjecture that it was not later than the first of May, as the Assembly recessed on April 14, 1759, and it was now time for garden making.

Mrs. Washington was a systematic, thoroughgoing housewife. She and her husband both knew how to work and at the same time uphold their social standard; and their hearthstone was always thronged with the élite of the day. It was his custom to ride over the plantation, after a breakfast of Indian cakes, honey, and tea or coffee, while Mrs. Washington read her Bible and meditated in prayer before her daily rounds to her gardens. She was fond of the dance and loved gay costumes on such occasions, but plain simplicity characterized her dress at home. Long after the nuptials, General Washington wrote a friend, "I have always considered marriage the most interesting event of one's life—the foundation of one's happiness or misery." His "Dear Patsey" seemed to fulfill his measure of home and feminine perfection, for there is no record of the slightest discord there; but there is evidence from younger members of the household of the perfect concord of their lives.

Mrs. Washington's two children, Martha and John Parke Custis, formed a part of the household and found in Mr. Washington a true father. Martha, who, in her brunette beauty, was known as "The Dark Lady," was never strong, and the first great shadow fell over Mount Vernon on June 19, 1773,



Martha
Parke
Custis

Jack
Parke
Custis

Martha
and
Jack
in
babyhood

G. W. P. Custis

Nelly Custis

The Children of Mount Vernon

when she died. Washington notes in his diary under that date, "about five o'clock poor Patsey Custis died suddenly." Then in a letter to a friend, says: ". . . Yesterday the sweet, innocent girl entered into a more happy and peaceful abode than any she has met with in this afflicted path she has hitherto trod. She rose from dinner about four o'clock in better health and spirits than she appeared to have been in for some time. Soon after she was seized with one of her usual fits and expired in it in less than two minutes without uttering a word, a groan, or scarcely a sigh. This sudden and unexpected blow, I scarce need add, has almost reduced my poor wife to the lowest ebb of misery."

On February 3, 1774, following her death, her brother, Jack Custis, plighted his troth with the beautiful Eleanor Calvert, at Mount Airy. Mrs. Washington was not able to attend the wedding, but the sweet welcome that she gave to her new daughter in a letter has lived through the years and speaks to us now of her loving heart and influence:

"My dear Nelly:—God took from me a daughter when the June roses were blooming——. He has now given me another daughter about her age, when winter winds are blowing, to warm my heart again. I am as happy as one so afflicted and so blest can be. Pray receive my benediction and a wish that you may long live the loving wife of my happy son, and a loving daughter to your

Affectionate mother,

M. Washington."

But the even tenor of this happy home was destined to be interrupted again and again. History was in the making in this new country; public affairs were constantly in turmoil; a crisis was now rapidly approaching; and all eyes turned for leadership toward the Hero of Braddock Field. Much as Mrs. Washington loved home and this plantation, her patriotic heart rose to the situation without a murmur; and when her husband wrote to her that he had been selected as commander in chief of the army, she bravely set out to join him at Cambridge, unmindful of the perils of her long journey. Young Custis and his wife accompanied her. She refused to live in luxury while the heroic army suffered; her gentle touch soothed many a fevered brow, and more than one dying soul was comforted by her prayers.

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Her arrival at camp was always a sort of epoch in the soldier life, for her cheery presence helped to disperse the gathering gloom. Her hands were full of kind and helpful deeds. It was her custom through the years of the Revolution to remain in camp until the opening of the campaign. She often remarked in later life that it had been her fortune to hear the first and the last cannon of all the campaigns during that war; and it was a cruel blow to have her only son make the supreme sacrifice just as the camps were ringing with the shouts of victory. Jack Custis, whose story appears in the Abingdon chapter, died shortly after the surrender of Yorktown, and it was his two children, Nelly and George Washington Parke Custis, who became the beloved "Children of Mount Vernon," for Washington adopted them on turning from the deathbed of their father. Nelly was the joy and pride of his heart, and of all men he was her hero. Both children remained until the home was broken up, and they carried with them to the end of life sweet memories of their great and kind guardians.

How happy General and Mrs. Washington were to return to civil life and dear old Mount Vernon! On February 2, 1784, he wrote to Lafayette at Paris:

"At length I am become a private citizen on the banks of the Potomac. I have not only retired from all public employment but I am retiring within myself. Envious of none, I am determined to be pleased with all, and this being the order of my march, I will move gently down the stream of life until I sleep with my fathers."

But again his country called—this time to the Presidency. Reluctantly he yielded to the mandates of the call, and once again he and Mrs. Washington severed themselves from loved Mount Vernon. By and by, however, their public service came to an end, and when they once again returned "to their own vine and fig tree," as the General expressed it, we find Mrs. Washington thus voicing her satisfaction in a letter to a friend:

"I cannot tell you how much I enjoy home, after having been deprived of one so long, for our dwelling in New York and Philadelphia was not home, only sojourning. The General and I feel like children just released from school or from some hard taskmaster, and we believe nothing can tempt us to leave the sacred rooftree again, except on private business or pleasure, I am fairly settled down to the pleasant duties of an old-fashioned Virginia housekeeper, steady as a clock, busy as a bee, and cheerful as a cricket."

Thus we see that all the honors heaped upon her as the First Lady of the Land, did not in any measure compensate Mrs. Washington for the loss she felt in her separation from Mount Vernon. Martha Washington had a heart of gold, and she must ever stand out in our history as the first hostess of the land.

But the joy of this ideal home life was not of long duration; this time it was to be interrupted by that terror of terrors we call death.

It was the night of December 14, 1799, that a small group of tear-stained watchers drew nearer the couch of the great General for some sign of hope. He had contracted a severe cold while out in the rain a few days before, and all remedies seemed to fail. He had remained up so late the night before, as if seized with some presentiment that this was the end, that Mrs. Washington chided him when he did at last come to his room. "I came as soon as business was accomplished," he replied, without further explanation. But it was evident now that he was going; he said but little, though he admitted to an old servant that he was very ill. Then to Doctor Craik, his earliest companion-in-arms and bosom friend, he said, "I am dying, sir, but am not afraid to die." He requested Mrs. Washington to go to his desk and bring him two papers. When she returned, he said, "These are my wills—preserve this one and burn the other." He then requested that his body be kept the customary three days, inquired the time, which lacked but a few minutes of ten o'clock, and spoke no more. So quietly did he steal away that those about him scarcely knew when he ceased to breathe. Doctor Craik closed his eyes. Mrs. Washington, who had been sitting at the foot of the bed, now calmly asked, "Is he gone?" and on being assured in the affirmative, added in the same quiet tone, "'Tis well! All is over; I shall soon follow him; I have no more trials to pass through."

The casket was selected at Alexandria the following day. It was mahogany lined with lead. At the head were the words, "Surge Ad Judicium"; near the center, "Gloria Deo"; and on a small silver plate in the form of the American shield one read:

George Washington
Born February 22, 1732
Died December 14, 1799

The funeral took place at noon on Wednesday, December 18, and was the most memorable in the history of the country. Washington's riderless horse, with his saddle, holsters, and pistols, led by two grooms, was an impressive feature of the large procession that followed the casket to the Old Tomb, which had been built under his direction some years before. The rites of the Episcopal Church, the ritualistic ceremony of the Masonic order, and the military with its customary firing of musketry and artillery paid united tribute. The committal service of the Church was read by the Reverend Doctor Davis.

After his death, in accord with the custom of closing the death chamber for three years, Mrs. Washington changed her room to the attic, where she could look out from the dormer windows upon his grave. Here she spent her last moments, on May 22, 1802.

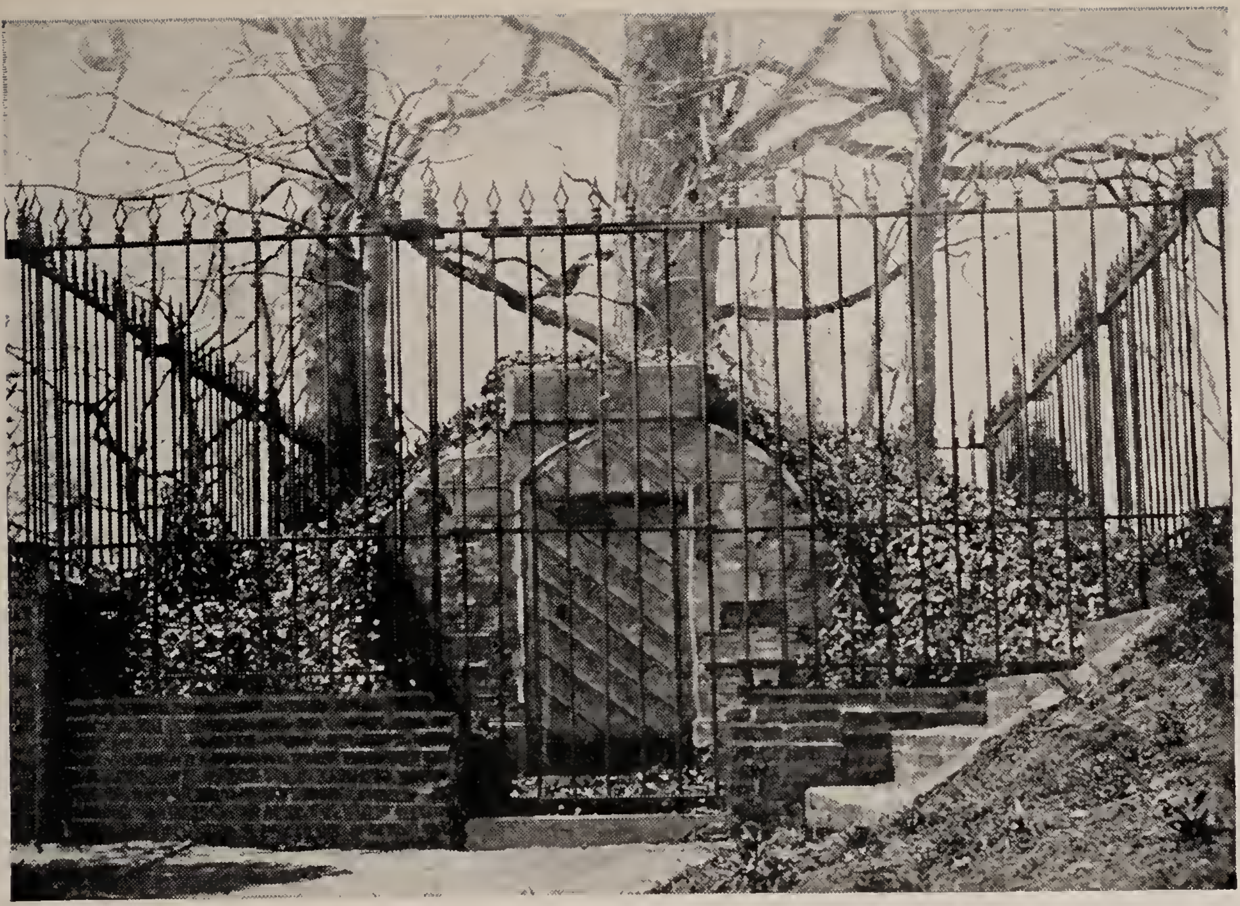
This, too, was an impressive hour. It was midnight on Saturday when the end came. The final scene was as calm and serene as the passing of a gentle summer evening. The "Alexandria Advertiser" of June 2, 1802, says:

"She took the sacrament from Doctor Davis, imparted her last advice and benediction to her weeping relatives, and sent for a white gown, which she had previously laid by for her last dress; and this was the end."

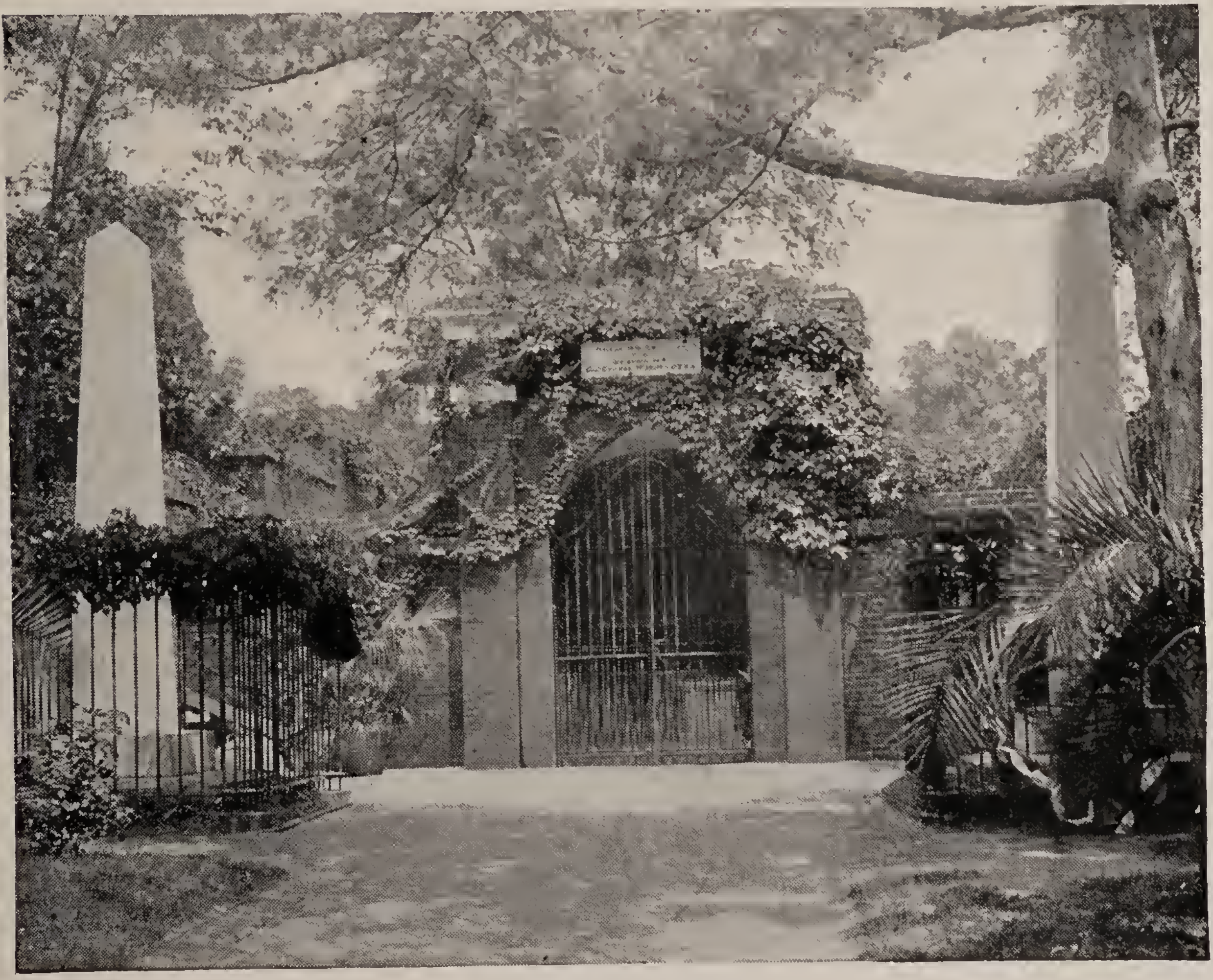
She rested beside her husband in the Old Tomb until 1831, when both were removed to the present one, after ghouls had attempted to steal the General's skull. A crypt had been designed for his sepulcher at the Capitol, and Mrs. Washington had consented to have his remains taken there with the understanding that she be permitted to rest by him. Plans for two crypts were talked of, and a keeper remained on duty at a salary of $2,500 a year until President Lincoln abolished the office. A second attempt was made by Congress in 1832 to have his remains removed to this crypt, but his will prevented it. The plan failed; heroic women saved Mount Vernon; and the crypt is now used for storing the bier for our national dead.

The Old Tomb, though deserted, still holds a fascination for the visitor, and it is considered far more picturesque than the new one. It seems fitting in this connection to recall the memorable visit of Lafayette to this tomb during his tour of 1824, which has been so graphically described by George Washington Parke Custis, who accompanied him.

It was on October 17 that this pilgrimage was made—that the noble Frenchman bowed at this shrine for the first and last time. When the vault was reached, Mr. Custis presented Lafayette with a ring which contained a lock of the General's hair. This ring was of solid gold and perfectly plain in



The Old Tomb



The New Tomb

design. On the inner surface the following inscription was beautifully engraved:

Lafayette
1777
Pre nevi erbis liberate
decerbatat Juvenis
stabilitan Senex
Invenit
1824

On the face surrounding the hair were the words, "Pater Patriae," and on another side was "Mount Vernon." In making the presentation Mr. Custis spoke in part as follows:

"Last of the generals of the Army of Independence, at this awful and impressive moment when, forgetting the splendor of a triumph greater than the Roman consul ever had, you bend with reverence over the remains of Washington, the Child of Mount Vernon presents you with this token containing the hair of him, whom, while living, you loved, and to whose honored grave you now pay this manly and affectionate tribute of a patriot and soldier's tear."

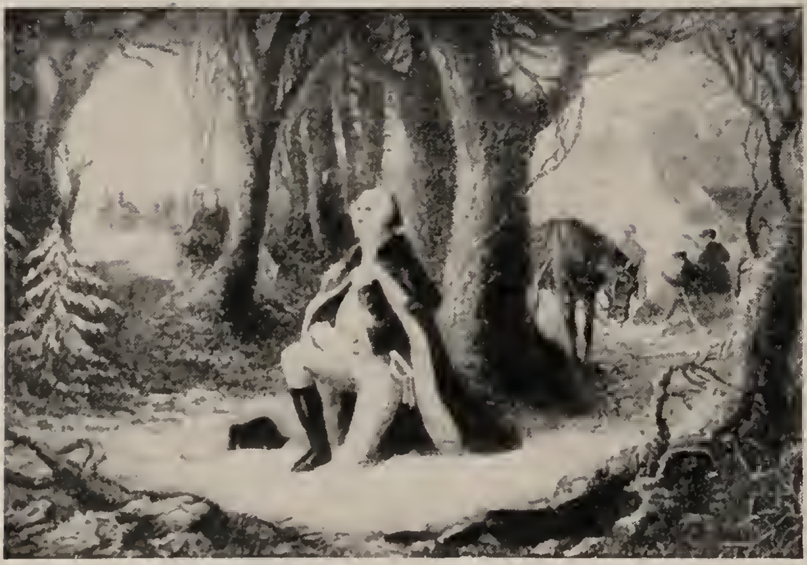
Lafayette, overcome with emotion for a moment, pressed the ring to his bosom and replied: "The feelings which at this awful moment oppress my heart do not leave the power of utterance. I can only thank you, my dear Custis, for your priceless gift, and pay silent homage to the tomb of the greatest and best of men—my paternal friend."

At this he affectionately embraced Mr. Custis and the other gentlemen present, and with the tears streaming down his furrowed face pressed his lips to the door of the vault, descended the steps to the leaden cells which held the sacred dust of his revered chieftain, and turned away completely overcome.

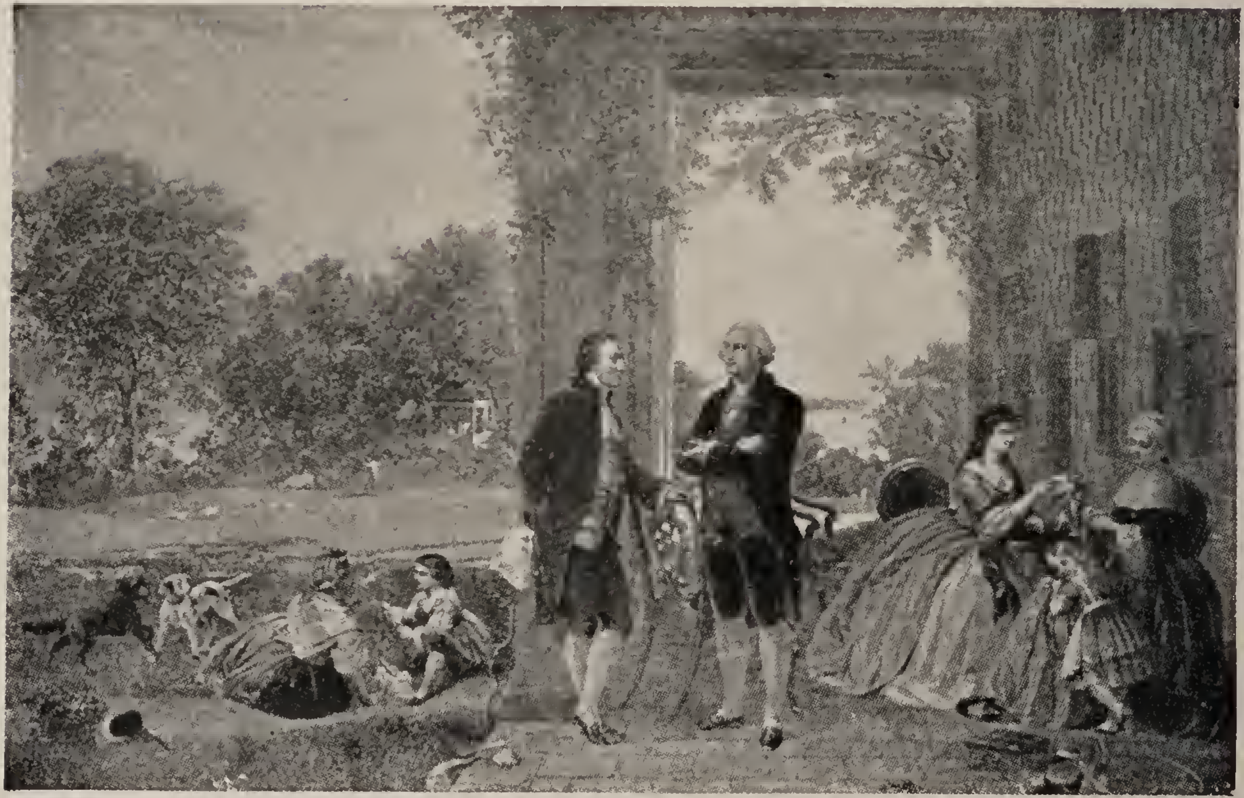
Mr. Custis says, "Nothing occurred to disturb the reverential solemnity of this leave-taking at the tomb. Not a soul intruded. The old oaks which grew round the sepulcher, touched with the mellow luster of autumn, appeared as rich and ripe as the autumnal honors of Lafayette. Not a murmur was heard save the strains of solemn music and the deep, measured sound of artillery which woke the echoes around the hallowed heights of Mount Vernon.

"'Tis done! The greatest, the most affecting scene of the grand drama has closed, and the pilgrim who now repairs to the tomb of the 'Father of His Country' will find its laurels moistened by the tears of Lafayette."

His son, G. W. Lafayette, and Lawrence Lewis were members of the party, and Mr. Custis divided among the gentlemen present the Cincinnatus ribbon that had borne the ring. Lafayette's great-grandson stood here with Marshal Joffre during the World War.



On his knees at Valley Forge



Washington and Lafayette at Mount Vernon

Incidents in the Life of Washington

HOW interesting to review the notable incidents in the life of General Washington, and to see the traits of his early youth standing out as the strong characteristics of his maturer years!

Few historians deal with the pretty tale of the cherry tree. It seems to belong exclusively to Parson Weems, who relates it on the credit of a woman, after the death of General Washington. So we do not know whether to "uproot the tree or bury the hatchet." But let us handle with gentle touch this little favorite of the kindergarten lest another idol be shattered, for it is clever in diction, inspiring in moral, and has been the theme of song as well as of story.

We recall with what delight we recited the lengthy jingle entitled "Georgie's Hatchet" in our earlier school days, when we believed implicitly in the impossibility of our little hero being able to utter a lie, even had he been so inclined. How his little "red hatchet with handle, smooth, and round, and white," stood out in our childish imagination as "He chopped about on board and stick, and tried it once upon a brick," before he spied the choice black-eyed-cherry tree, which had come across the sea from France. Then with what eagerness our eyes followed him and "his pa and dear ma adown the garden walk," the next morning when they went to see how the little cherry tree was coming on, and found it "all wilted down and sad to see, the tender bark all newly chopped," and watched the little hero tremble as his irate father demanded to know who had done this deed! Then the breathless climax, while little George trembles just a moment longer, before looking up through tearful eyes of blue to make his immortal confession:

"I chopped it, Father. It was I.
I cannot, cannot tell a lie."

Then the dramatic acceptance of this confession has no parallel in paternal history when that fond father—"smiled"—

And kissed and kissed his darling child
While tears of joy like rain he shed;
And thus to little Georgie said,
"My precious child, my noble boy,
Now ten times told my pride and joy!"

Then the fascinating rime measures his vast wealth in the possession of such a boy, and soars to the inimitable sequel when—

This little boy grew up to be
The greenest branch on freedom's tree,
His country's battles fought and won.
His name it was George Washington.

If the tale isn't true, it should be. It is too pretty to be classed with the myths.

Parson Weems also relates the story of little George's excitement when he saw his name growing in the plants of the garden.

The next time we find this young hero displaying his astonishing truthfulness is in the tragic incident of his mother's fine young blooded horse, which is not fiction, as Mr. Custis related it on the testimony of a reliable eyewitness.

This spirited young sorrel, which promised to be as famous as the "horse the brutal emperor raised to the dignity of consul," was the very apple of Mrs. Washington's eye, but it had reached full stature without knowing the check of the rein, so fierce and ungovernable was its nature. One day when boyish visitors were at the home, young Washington decided to tame "this terror of the parish," if they would help him in bridling it. They decoyed it into an inclosure and with difficulty succeeded in forcing the bit into its mouth. The daring lad sprang to its back, and the battle was on. At first the frightened animal attempted to fly, all unmindful of the burden; the rider hung on tenaciously, and momentarily the fury seemed to abate; but, summoning all force as if for one more final effort for freedom, the horse made one mighty lunge and fell dead from a bursted heart. Fortunately the rider escaped injury. The youthful group stood aghast with just one question on their lips and in their startled faces, "What is to be done?" Then the call came for breakfast. Scarcely had they taken their places about the table when Mrs. Washington said: "Pray, young gentlemen, have you seen my blooded colts in your rambles? I hope they are well taken care of. My favorite, I am told is as large as his sire." Silence reigned in the consternation, and she repeated her question.

Rising to the situation, the son replied, "Your favorite, the sorrel, is dead, madam."

"Dead!" she ejaculated. "Why, how did that happen?"

The correct story followed. For a moment the color mounted to her face, and then presently, with her usual composure she said, "It is well; but while I regret the loss of my favorite, I rejoice in my son, who always speaks the truth."

"Hobby," one of his first teachers, who has claimed the attention of a thousand pens, was supposed to have been a sexton who fled from persecutions to America in early days.

At the age of seventeen, he was appointed surveyor of Culpeper County, Virginia; at the age of twenty, he was inducted into Masonry, at Fredericksburg, on November 4, 1752. He succeeded his half brother, Lawrence, as adjutant inspector of the Virginia militia, and was commissioned major of the Fourth Division at nineteen on a salary of one hundred fifty pounds a year, his half brother having resigned his commission in favor of George.

Every schoolboy and schoolgirl knows the story of General Braddock's defeat—how when Washington warned him of the dangers of savage warfare he scorned the idea of a young Virginian attempting to teach the King's regulars how to fight, and of the fatal consequences. That night when the General lay dying, he sent for Colonel Washington, and grasping his hand, exclaimed, "O dear Colonel, had I been governed by your advice, it would never have come to this!" It will be recalled, too, that it was at this painful hour that he left his sword, horse, and bodyguard to Colonel Washington, whose diary discloses that he never saw the horse, for it was not delivered to him. However, Bishop, the faithful bodyguard, remained with Washington to the close of his life.

It has been generally accepted that Washington read the Anglican burial service over the grave of General Braddock that night by the light of a torch; but Veech, in his *Monongahela of Old,* says that Braddock died at the Old Orchard Camp, two miles from Fort Necessity, and that he was buried in daylight on the morning of the fourteenth in the road near the old orchard. A tree marked "Braddock's Grave" indicates the place near where some bones—supposed to be Braddock's—were reinterred in 1812, but it seems that Washington himself could not locate the grave when he made search in 1784, as land had been cleared, a road made, and everything so changed. He had intended to erect a monument over the grave, but other duties prevented it; so the question, "Where is Braddock's grave?" remains today. Beside the highway not far from Fort Necessity, which is marked by the American flag, stands a monument purporting to designate the grave of the haughty Britisher; and not far distant over the hill near a spring, the original grave is indicated by a marker.

Colonel Washington had risen from a sick bed to take part in this battle, and so fierce was the onslaught that he was the only mounted officer left on the field. Two horses were shot from under him; four bullets passed through his clothes, and two pierced his hat. It was in this battle that Redhawk, the Indian chief, singled him out and tried eleven shots on him in vain.

It is interesting to note in this connection that Washington acquired a tract of two hundred and thirty-four acres, including Fort Necessity, which was designated as Mount Washington in 1767, held title to it to the end of his life, and made provision for its sale in his will. In stressing its value of soil and location, he speaks of its appellation, "Great Meadows, where the first action with the French in the year 1754 was fought"—one year before the fatal defeat of Braddock. So it is not surprising that sentiment bound him to the spot.

The tablet which marks the site of Fort Necessity today bears this interesting inscription:

> This tablet marks the site
> of
> the Great Meadows where
> Lieutenant Colonel George Washington
> fought his first battle, and made
> his first and last surrender
> July 3–4, 1754
> Placed by
> the Great Meadows Chapter
> Daughters of the American Revolution
> Uniontown, Pennsylvania
> 1920

But let us turn to the interesting sequel of an incident of this Battle of the Monongahela, which history overlooked, but which has been preserved for us by George Washington Parke Custis:

Sixteen years after the tragedy of Braddock Field, Colonel Washington, Doctor James Craik, and others in an exploring party, were camped in a remote region in what is now embraced in Kanawha, Mason, Jackson, and Cabell counties, West Virginia, when they were visited by a group of Indians led by a trader. It was in time of peace, and signs of hostility were absent from their movements as they paused some distance from the camp and sent an interpreter to explain their mission.

This interpreter was conducting a grand sachem, who was a very great man among the Northwestern tribes, and his attendant warriors—the very same chief who had commanded the Indians on the day of Braddock's defeat. He had heard of Washington's visit to this western country and had come a long way to see him. The chieftain himself would disclose the nature of his visit.

Colonel Washington received the ambassador with his usual courtesy and made ready the camp for the strangers. The sachem, on being introduced, at once recognized in Washington the hero of the Monongahela whom he had singled out as his target midst the heat of that fight. He did not touch the extended hand of his host, but seemed to draw back with awe while the salutations went round among the rest. He was lofty in stature, dignified in bearing, quiet and reverential in manner, but he refused spirits and every other courtesy his host extended and left his bountiful plate untouched, to the amazement of the company, who began to feel some apprehension in the atmosphere. Finally, when the council fire was kindled, he broke the silence as follows:

"I am an elder and ruler over many tribes. My influence extends to the waters of the Great Lakes and to the far blue mountains. I have followed a long, weary path that I might see the young warrior of the great battle. It was on the day when the white man's blood mixed with the streams of the forest that I first beheld this chief. I called to my young men and said, 'Mark you that tall, daring warrior? He is not of the Redcoat tribe; he has an Indian's wisdom and his warriors fight as we do—himself alone, exposed. Quick, aim!' Our rifles were leveled—rifles which but for him knew not how to miss. 'Twas all in vain; a Power mightier by far than we shielded him from harm. He cannot die in battle. I am old and soon shall be gathered to the great council fires of my fathers in the land of the shades; but ere I go there is something bids me speak in the voice of prophecy. Listen! the Great Spirit protects that man and guides his destinies; he will become the chief of nations; and a people yet unborn will hail him as the founder of a mighty empire."

With this oracle the Indian ceased speaking. His message delivered, his prophetic mission fulfilled, he retired to rest and muse upon that wonder-working Spirit which he saw in clouds and heard in the whisper of the winds. At nightfall these dusky-faced visitors spread their blankets and were soon wrapped in slumber; at dawn they bade adieu to their hosts and quietly withdrew toward the distant haunts of their tribes, leaving the impress of their mysterious visit on all.

Doctor Craik carried the impression made by that prophecy with him through the American Revolution, and many times it served to dispel his fears when dangers threatened General Washington on every hand.

"Conotocarious," meaning "devourer of villages," was the Indian name that Washington inherited from his great-grandfather, and he sometimes signed it—supposedly to please the Indians.

Captain George Mercer, of Virginia, leaves to us this graphic description of Colonel Washington's personal appearance in 1759, when he took his seat in the House of Burgesses:

"He may be described as being straight as an Indian, measuring six feet two inches in his stocking feet, and weighing one hundred and seventy-five pounds. . . . His frame is padded with well-developed muscles indicating great strength. His bones and joints are large, as are his feet and hands. He is wide-shouldered, but has not a deep or round chest—is neat-waisted, but is broad across the hips, and has rather long legs and arms. His head is well shaped, though not large, but is gracefully poised on a superb neck; [he has] a large and straight rather than a prominent nose; blue-gray, penetrating eyes which are widely separated and overhung by heavy brows. His face is rather long and broad, with high cheek bones and terminates in a good, firm chin. He has a clear, though rather colorless, pale skin, which burns with the sun. A pleasing, benevolent, though commanding countenance, dark-brown hair which he wears in a cue. His mouth is large and generally firmly closed, but which from time to time discloses some defective teeth. His features are irregular and placid, with all the muscles of the face under perfect control."

He resigned his command of the Virginia troops in 1758, that he might take his seat in the House of Burgesses at this session; and it was in 1759 that this body voted him thanks for the Colony when his confused attempt at reply was interrupted by the Speaker's memorable response, "Sit down, Mr. Washington, sit down. Your modesty is equal to your valor, and that surpasses the power of any language I possess."

His personal appearance was so marked that on one occasion at the table of the British governor in New York a boast was made that a regiment from England which had just landed included the finest specimen of martial elegance in his Majesty's service, the most superior-looking men that had yet been landed on the Western continent. An American woman present ventured a wager that she could point out a superior specimen in the procession on the morrow. The line passed in review before the governor, and he several times called attention to officers of superior bearing as claimants to her admiration. Finally a group of Colonial officers who were not on duty followed in the rear, and the governor's eye fell upon a tall, commanding figure. The lady, observing his interest, said, "What about your wager now?"

"Lost, madam," he replied; "I was not aware that Colonel Washington was in New York when I made my wager."

Doctor James Thacker saw him and Mrs. Washington thus: "He is feared even when silent, and beloved when we are unconscious of the motive. He is polite and attentive to each individual at the table. . . . Mrs. Washington combines in an uncommon degree great dignity of manner with the most pleasing affability, but possesses no striking marks of beauty."

One says, "Dignity with ease and complacency, the gentleman and soldier looked equally blended in him."

Another "When the crown or diadem was offered, like a true patriot he spurned it. When a grateful people would perpetuate him in marble, he said 'Let it be as a private citizen.' "

Timothy Alden would enshrine him thus: "There is no nature so lost to a sense of humanity as not to revere his name. The heathen will drop a tear to his memory. The tawny tribes beyond the master mountains will pierce the heavens with their cry of grief and bow with reverence to every portrait which bears the name of Washington."

It was Henry Lee who characterized him as "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." But it was Washington himself who left these memorable and prophetic words on record at Yorktown:

"My brave fellows, let no sense of satisfaction for the triumphs you have gained induce you to insult your fallen enemy. Let no shouting, no clamorous huzzaing increase their mortification. It is sufficient for us that we witness their humiliation. Posterity will huzza for us." He spoke better than he knew, for this huzzaing will continue to echo down the ages until time shall be no more.

Cully, an old family servant, who had lived to see five generations, when questioned as to his recollections of Washington, replied, "Great times, great times, sir. Shall never see the like again—never the like of him, though I have seen many in my day. So tall, so straight then; he sat a horse and rode with such an air! Ah, sir, he was like no one else. Many of the grandest gentlemen in their gold lace were at the wedding, but none looked like the man himself."

Lafayette, in speaking of him at Monmouth, said, "I was a very young major general on the day of the Battle of Monmouth, but I thought I had never seen so superb a man when he with his steed covered with foam rallied our line with the words, 'Stand fast, my boys, and receive your enemy; the Southern troops are advancing to support you.' " Lafayette also leaves this record, "I never saw so large a hand on any human being as the General's."

With the new light that research is throwing over him in the days that so sorely tried men's souls, the truer character of the man stands out; and we will still love him better and admire him more when this deified screen is removed and he takes his place on the canvas as the human Washington, with faults like those of other mortals, instead of as the idealistic hero.

His name is linked not only with the birth of our nation, but with every event of the latter part of the eighteenth century. In the school of experience, he added to the true greatness that was born in him, until his fame became a "sea without a shore."

General Washington's love for horses went with him through life, despite the tragic venture with his mother's favorite in his youth. The Mount Vernon stables included ten coach and saddle horses, besides his two white chargers. There were a coachman and two grooms. Prescott, a fine parade horse of pure white, sixteen hands in height, was one the General usually rode. Jackson, a superb white creature with flowing mane and tail, was another favorite. He took his name from Major Jackson, aide-de-camp for President Washington. Jackson figured in a runaway at Princeton in 1790 while the Presidential party was enroute from New York to Philadelphia, to his own great annoyance and to the amusement of the brilliant cavalry cortège in attendance. Among these coach horses at Mount Vernon was a span of handsome bays which had been bred on the estate and which drew Mrs. Washington's coach on her visits to Philadelphia.

Nelson, the General's favorite charger, which he rode on the day of the surrender at Yorktown, was a light sorrel, sixteen hands high, with white face and legs. He was noted as the first nicked horse in America. This famous charger died at Mount Vernon long after the Revolution, but was never ridden after his chief ceased to mount him. He spent his last days in quiet and plenty, and upon the approach of his master would always run to the fence for the coveted caress.

The General was always fond of sports, but when he bade adieu to the chase in 1785 he broke up his kennel and gave his hounds away. It was then that he set apart the eighteen acres on the eastern slope as his botanical gardens and stocked them with native deer and English fallow from the park of Governor Ogle of Maryland. He would never permit one of his herd to be slain until he became convinced that poachers were preying upon them, and then he saw to it that the killing was done in the most humane way.

As master of servants, he was consistent and kind. An interesting reminiscence of Billy Lee, his Revolutionary attendant and huntsman, whose picture appears with the family, has been preserved. He was a stout, active man and a famous horseman until an accident rendered him a cripple a number of years before his death. General Washington left to him a house and a pension of one hundred fifty dollars a year; so he became a spoiled child of fortune. He was interesting to visitors, and his coffers were often enriched by them, but his tendency toward intemperance was his undoing. He became the victim of delirium tremens in all its horrors, and was often bled for relief; but one morning when Westford, an old mulatto, was sent to bring him out of a spell, Billy Lee was no more. He rests at Mount Vernon.

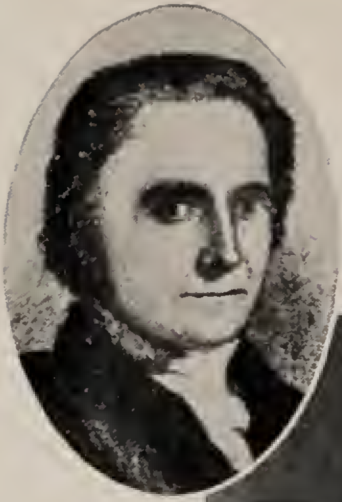
Just a few yards from the Tomb, overlooking the river near the boat landing, is the servants' burial ground. In March 1929, a white slab marker which bears this inscription was placed there:

In Memory
of the
Many Faithful
Colored Servants
of the
Washington Family
Buried at
Mount Vernon
from
1760 to 1860
Many unidentified graves
Surround this spot.

As one looks upon this white slab, there is something touching about its loneliness among these long-deserted, unidentified myrtle mounds, but surely General and Mrs. Washington lend their approval, if they know, to this act of thoughtfulness in honor of these faithful servants who helped to make this plantation.

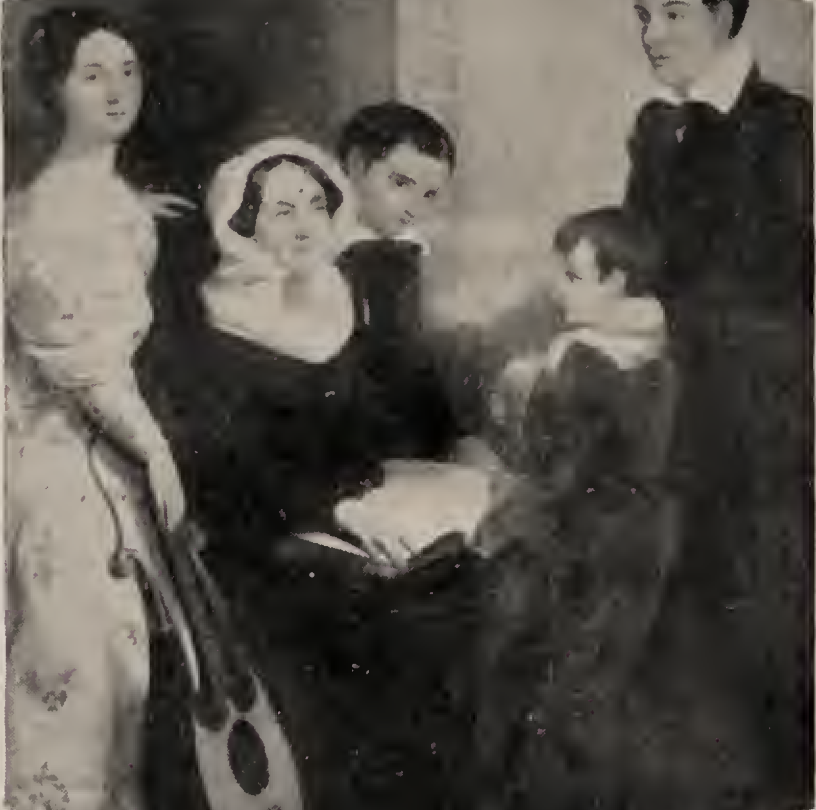
The year 1929 was marked by another improvement at Mount Vernon in the form of a replica of the old servants' quarters, which looms up just back of the garden house. This replica is built of bricks collected from old mansions all over the country, so as to coincide with the other buildings of the plantation; and will serve the Ladies of the Mount Vernon Association of the Union for council and living quarters at their annual gatherings in May.

Later Owners of Mount Vernon



Bushrod Washington

Mrs. Bushrod Washington



Jane Blackburn Washington and family

John Augustine Washington, Jr.

Mrs. John Augustine Washington, Jr.

Later Ownership of Mount Vernon

BEFORE we turn our attention to the later ownership of Mount Vernon, let us consider its enlarged boundary at the close of the life of General Washington.

As we already know, John Washington left his two thousand five hundred acres of the Spencer-Washington-Culpeper grant to his son, Lawrence Washington, first in his line of descent; and he willed it to his daughter, Mildred, who, with her husband, Roger Gregory, sold it to her brother, Augustine Washington, who at once purchased two hundred acres of the Spencer tract. Thus we find its boundary extended to two thousand, seven hundred acres when Augustine Washington gave it to his son, Lawrence Washington II, and when George Washington came into possession in 1752. But George enlarged its territory this same year by purchasing the remaining two thousand three hundred acres of the Spencer tract, and thus in his own right he possessed the entire five thousand acres of the Spencer-Washington grant when he began his plantation life here.

Gradually he added other tracts by purchase, and on December 12, 1793, we find him telling Arthur

Young in a letter that his Mount Vernon estate now includes an acreage of ten thousand. He further says, "No estate in the United States of America is more pleasantly situated than this. It lies in a high, dry, and healthy country, three hundred miles by water from the sea, and on one of the finest rivers in the world. Its margin is washed by more than ten miles of tidewater; it is situated in a latitude between the extremes of heat and cold, and is sixteen miles from the Federal City, which in the year 1800 will become the seat of the general government." Eight thousand acres has generally been accepted heretofore as the boundary.

He divided the estate into five farms; namely, Mansion House, Union, Muddy Hole, Dogue Run, and River Farm. The last battle with the Indians in the tidewater region is said to have taken place on this River Farm.

Bushrod Washington in Succession

By the terms of General Washington's will, Bushrod Washington, his nephew, came into possession of the mansion and four thousand acres. He was the second child of John Augustine Washington, the General's favorite brother, and was a successful attorney. He was graduated from William and Mary College, served as a private at Yorktown, and at one time held the position of associate judge of the supreme court. For twenty-seven years he occupied the estate, but the only evidence of change that he left in the mansion was the porch outside the library windows, which has been removed.

He died on November 20, 1829, while attending court at Philadelphia, and his wife, Anne Blackburn Washington, survived him by only a few days. Both rest at Mount Vernon, and the visitor reads their names on one of the white shafts in front of the Tomb.

John Augustine Washington

Bushrod Washington left the mansion, with one thousand two hundred and twenty-five acres, to his nephew, John Augustine Washington, the third child of his brother, Corbin Washington, and divided the remainder of his four thousand acres among his kin. After the death of their father, John Augustine Washington and his brother had made their home at Mount Vernon with their uncle, who was their guardian. Therefore he was no stranger here.

He soon realized that it was no longer possible to make a living from its worn acres and extend the open-handed hospitality of other years to the tide of visitors who annually came this way from all parts of the world, to say nothing of those in public life at the Capital who felt free to come and bespeak courtesies for their constituents and friends. So he provided for its sale to the Government.

Born in 1792, John Augustine Washington lived in Jefferson County, West Virginia, before succeeding to the ownership of this estate. At the age of thirty-seven, he was married to Miss Jane Charlotte Blackburn, daughter of Major Richard Scott Blackburn of the United States Army. Two of their five children died in infancy. He died in 1832, leaving the estate to his wife to divide as she pleased among the heirs. She remained at Mount Vernon until 1843, and in 1850 she deeded the mansion to her eldest son, John Augustine, Jr., and confirmed it in her will five years later. She was the last to find a resting place in the vault at the Tomb; there being room for but one more, no one could decide who in the next generation should have that vacancy, and so the vault was closed. According to a letter, dated December 30, 1925, by Mrs. Walter Washington, granddaughter of the last Washington owner of Mount Vernon, the key was thrown into the Potomac when the vault was closed forever.

Last Washington Owner of Mount Vernon

John Augustine Washington, Jr., lives in history as the last owner of Mount Vernon in the Washington succession. He was born on May 3, 1820, and was descended from Richard Henry Lee on the maternal side. He is described as a man of splendid physique, nearly six feet and well built, with brown eyes that sparkled with mirth and intelligence, and wavy brown hair. He was a man of brilliant mind and was a fluent talker. He was graduated from the University of Virginia in the class of 1840; and in February, 1843, his marriage to Miss Eleanor Love Seldon took place. They had seven children, all born at Mount Vernon; namely, Louise Fontaine, 1844–1927, wife of Colonel Roger P. Chew; Jane Charlotte, 1846– , who was married to Nathaniel P. Willis; Eliza Seldon, unmarried; Annie Marie, 1851–1927, wife of the Rev. Beverly Tucker; Lawrence, whose wife was Fannie Lackland; Eleanor Love, widow of Julian Howard, of Washington, D.C., the only surviving member of the family, and George Washington, 1858–1905, the last of this illustrious line to be born at Mount Vernon, who married Emily Serena Porterfield, and died at Charlestown, West Virginia.

John Augustine, Jr., sold two hundred two acres of this tract to the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association of the Union in 1858 when he no longer found it possible to stem the tide of visitors. He removed to Waveland, his estate in Fauquier County, Virginia, and it was not long until he was confronted with another momentous decision when he was called upon to take up arms for or against his loved Virginia. But home was too dear; he enlisted for the Confederacy and made the supreme sacrifice on September 13, 1861, shortly after his enlistment. Varied are the versions of that fatal hour, but, as he was on the staff of General Robert E. Lee, and Colonel Fitzhugh Lee was an eyewitness to the tragedy, let us accept General Lee's version.

Colonel Washington, with General Lee, reached Randolph County, West Virginia, on August 6, 1861, and encamped at Mingo. Federal forces were entrenched at Old Fort below Elkwater. In writing to the war governor of Virginia on September 17, 1861, General Lee says: "Our greatest loss is the death of my dear friend, Colonel Washington." Then in a letter to Mrs. Lee, he says, "Colonel Washington accompanied Fitzhugh [Lee] on a reconnoitering expedition, and I fear they were carried away by their zeal and approached within the enemy's pickets. The first they knew was a volley from a concealed party within a few yards of them. Three balls passed through the Colonel's body, then struck Fitzhugh's horse, and the horse of one of the men was killed." Colonel Washington's body was pierced by three balls, and a like number entered Fitzhugh Lee's horse, but he escaped on the Colonel's horse with the lifeless body. General Lee, in writing the sad news to Colonel Washington's own daughter, Louise, repeated the story of the tragedy as above, and added that her father had been instantly killed. The mother had died some time before and this was a cruel blow to the children. A military escort carried the remains back to old Charlestown, West Virginia, and laid them in Zion churchyard.

On November 11, 1928, the United Daughters of the Confederacy celebrated Armistice Day by unveiling a monument near the site where he fell. The stump of an old tree below the road not far from Elkwater in Randolph County marks the spot, but the monument is on higher ground above the road. Mrs. B. J. Roszel, of Winchester, Virginia, his granddaughter, pulled the cord for the impressive unveiling and placed a wreath on the monument for Mrs. Howard, who could not be present. F. R. Washington, a grandson, was also present.

Colonel John Augustine Washington, brother of the General, doubtless missed being one of the owners of Mount Vernon only by his untimely death, but he was the ancestor of all the later owners. There seemed to be an unusually close tie between the brothers, and there is an impression extant that General Washington promised to leave this delightful old estate to him in case he did not survive the dangers of early warfare. However this may be, he left it to his son. John Augustine Washington was born on January 13, 1736, and as this was the period in which his parents, Augustine and Mary Ball Washington, lived at Mount Vernon, he must have been born there. He was married on April 14, 1756, to Miss Hannah Bushrod, daughter of Colonel John Bushrod, and they established their home at Bushfield on the Potomac not far from

Wakefield, where they lived, died, and lie buried. Hannah Bushrod was the daughter of Colonel John and Jennie Corbin Bushrod. Here we learn the origin of the name Corbin in the Washington family. Under date of January 10, 1787, General Washington notes the announcement of the death of this favorite brother in his diary. John Augustine and Hannah Bushrod Washington were the ancestors of all the later owners of Mount Vernon. Their children were as follows: Jane, who married William Augustine Washington, son of Augustine, of Wakefield, the half brother of her father; Bushrod, the first of the later owners, of Mount Vernon; Corbin Washington, and his wife, Hannah Lee, were the parents and grandparents of the last two owners of Mount Vernon; Mildred was Mrs. Thomas Lee, of Chantily.

Turning to the picture group on page 62 we find Mrs. Jane Blackburn Washington, widow of John Augustine Washington I, of the Mount Vernon ownership, with her family. Anna Maria, the daughter, became the wife of Dr. William Fontaine Alexander; Richard Blackburn, lived to within four weeks of his eighty-eighth birthday, which would have been November 12, 1911, at Charlestown, West Virginia; and John Augustine, Jr., appears below with his wife, as the last owner of Mount Vernon. This is the only known portrait of Mrs. Washington in existence, and this is the first time it has ever appeared. The small boy is Noblett Herbert, the child of Mrs. Jane Washington's husband's only sister.

Eleanor S. Washington Howard, the only survivor of the Mount Vernon Family, was born in the mansion, in the very room where General Washington died, in March, 1856. She was but a child of five when the tragedy, as told on another page, made her an orphan. She is now seventy-six and often leads groups to Mount Vernon, which to the rest of the world is a shrine, but to her it is home, loved home.

Eleanor S. Washington Howard at sixteen

Courtesy of G. W. Bicentennial Commission

The Mount Vernon of 1932 Washington at home

How General and Mrs. Washington would approve could they look upon the dear old home today!

Mount Vernon Rescued

WHEN it became apparent that private ownership could no longer stem the current at Mount Vernon, and both the National Government and the Commonwealth of Virginia had declined to buy it, it presented a problem of serious moment to the thoughtful and patriotic mind.

It was a clear night back in 1853, with moonlight on the waters, when a vessel in passing the old estate tolled out its requiem on the still air. This custom had prevailed since August 24, 1814, when Commodore Gordon of the British fleet had ordered the bell of his flagship, the "Seahorse," tolled in honor of the resting place of the Founder of Liberty. But somehow tonight the solemn tones of the bell fell with deeper meaning upon the ears of one of the passengers, who viewed the desolation from the deck in the mellow light. Her heart had already been torn over the sad plight of the old plantation, but how to save it was the question that burdened her mind now as the funereal notes rang out over the waters.

That passenger was Mrs. Robert Cunningham, formerly Miss Louise Byrd, born at Alexandria in

1794, whose father and grandfather had been associated as vestrymen with General Washington at old Christ's Church. She was on her way to Philadelphia from her home in South Carolina, and as she stood reverently, prayerfully wondering what could be done, like the flash of a meteor across the sky came the thought that the women of America could save it. She communicated this idea to her daughter, an only child, who had been rendered a hopeless invalid by a fall from a spirited horse in her early youth. It took fire in that invalid breast, and with her pen she started the movement. She vowed to do it, and never once did she falter. The sequel to that vow is stamped all over this beautiful shrine today; and the name of Ann Pamela Cunningham is emblazoned in the glory that is reflected about it.

But this was no easy task. From her invalid's chair, through difficulties untold and even despite ridicule, she carried her resolve into effect. So strong was the sentiment at that period that women should be seen and not heard that she made her public appeals under the guise of "A Southern Maiden."

Women brave and true all over the country rallied to her call. Contributions came from every quarter, but obstacles unforeseen arose from time to time. In March, 1856, she set out in her chair in great pain for Richmond that she might enlist the aid of Edward Everett, who had gone there to deliver his renowned eulogy on Washington. Mr. Everett encouraged the effort by turning over the entire proceeds of this lecture for the cause; and so strong a champion did he become that he subsequently increased the fund by $69,964.

At length on March 19, 1858, both houses of the Virginia legislature passed an act incorporating the "Mount Vernon Ladies' Association of the Union." However, new perplexities now arose when Mr. Washington refused to sell the estate to them, and announced that he would sell it to the Commonwealth of Virginia only. Miss Cunningham refused to be thwarted after all these toilsome years; so she set out once more with Mount Vernon as her destination, determined to learn the nature of Mr. Washington's objections to the Association. From Charleston to Baltimore she went by boat, and was received kindly at Mount Vernon, but Mr. Washington firmly refused to change his decision, which seemed to be based on sentiment. She was taken back to the boat landing, but an unseen Hand must have been guiding, for the boat had gone, and she was compelled to return to the mansion for the night. During the evening's conversation, the underlying reason for Mr. Washington's opposition was disclosed. He felt that the movement was designed to reflect on him. To her joy she was able to remove this false impression and thus carry the day.

Disappointments and delays had by this time cooled the ardor of the earlier hours of the movement but, nothing daunted, she set out with renewed zeal to revive interest; and April 6, 1858, stands out as the red-letter day which made the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association of the Union the owners of Mount Vernon. By this time Miss Cunningham was so helpless that the pen had to be placed in her hand and she had to be lifted and supported while she affixed her signature to that fateful document. Thus this beautiful shrine was saved to the Nation and her efforts were crowned with victory after five weary years. Though she lay back on her pillow exhausted she was content. The first step of the great purpose had been accomplished.

The purchase involved the sum of two hundred thousand dollars, and in addition to this it had to be restored to what it was in Washington's day. Next came the tug of fund raising. Outbuildings must be replaced, lawns and gardens remodeled, a sea wall built, and beautifying touches everywhere added. Relics and furnishings had to be collected in order to bring back the atmosphere of bygone days, and this was no slight expense.

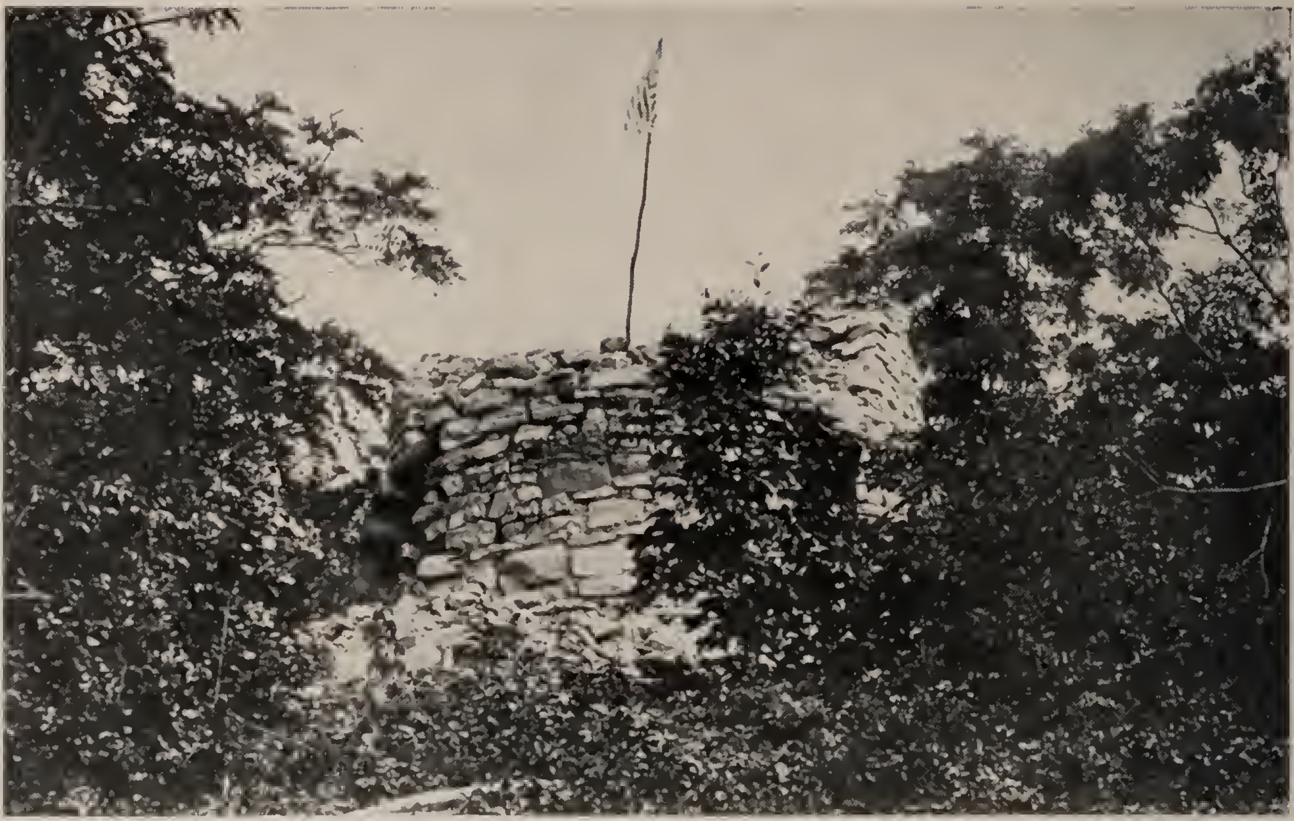
How marvelously it has all been accomplished the visitor of today can testify. True, many things are wanting, but it is an inviolable rule that nothing be accepted that does not relate to Washington and to Mount Vernon.

In this shrine and in the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association of the Union, Ann Pamela Cunningham has a fitting and enduring memorial. She remained as regent until one year before her death, which took place on June 1, 1875, at her own beautiful Rosemont plantation, near Laurens, South Carolina. This was her parting admonition to the Association, as she laid down her trust:

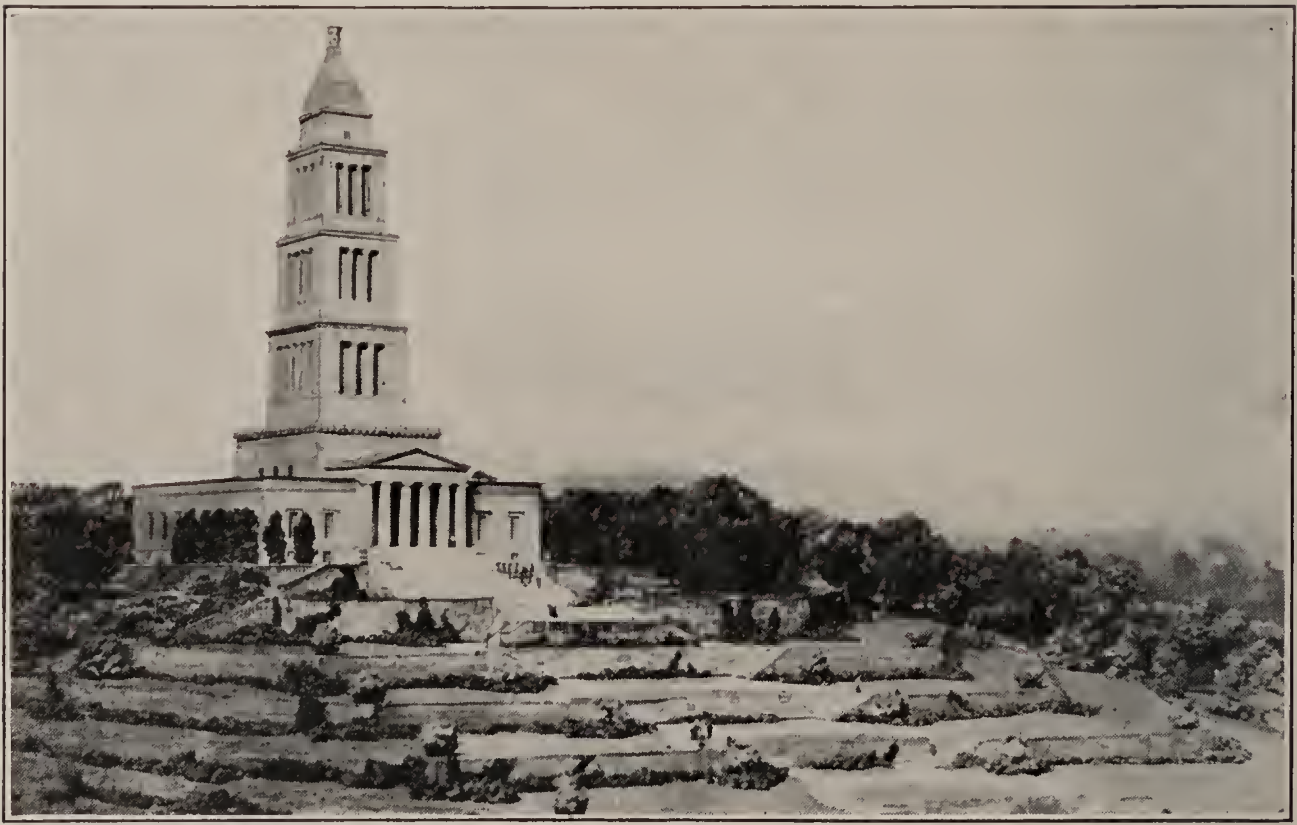
"Ladies, the home of Washington is in your charge; see to it that you keep it the home of Washington. Let no irreverent hand change it, no vandal hand desecrate it with fingers of progress. Those who go to the home where he lived and died wish to see in what he lived and died. Let one spot in this grand country of ours be saved from change! Upon you rests this duty."

The visitor of today cannot help being impressed with the sacredness in which this admonition has been kept. Surely Mount Vernon was never more beautiful within and without than it is just now on the eve of the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of the Father of his country, and never nearer to just as he left it.

The original two hundred two acres, purchased by the Ladies' Association, have been added to from time to time by smaller tracts from generous donors, and by the recent addition of a considerable tract, the acreage now approximates four hundred twenty.

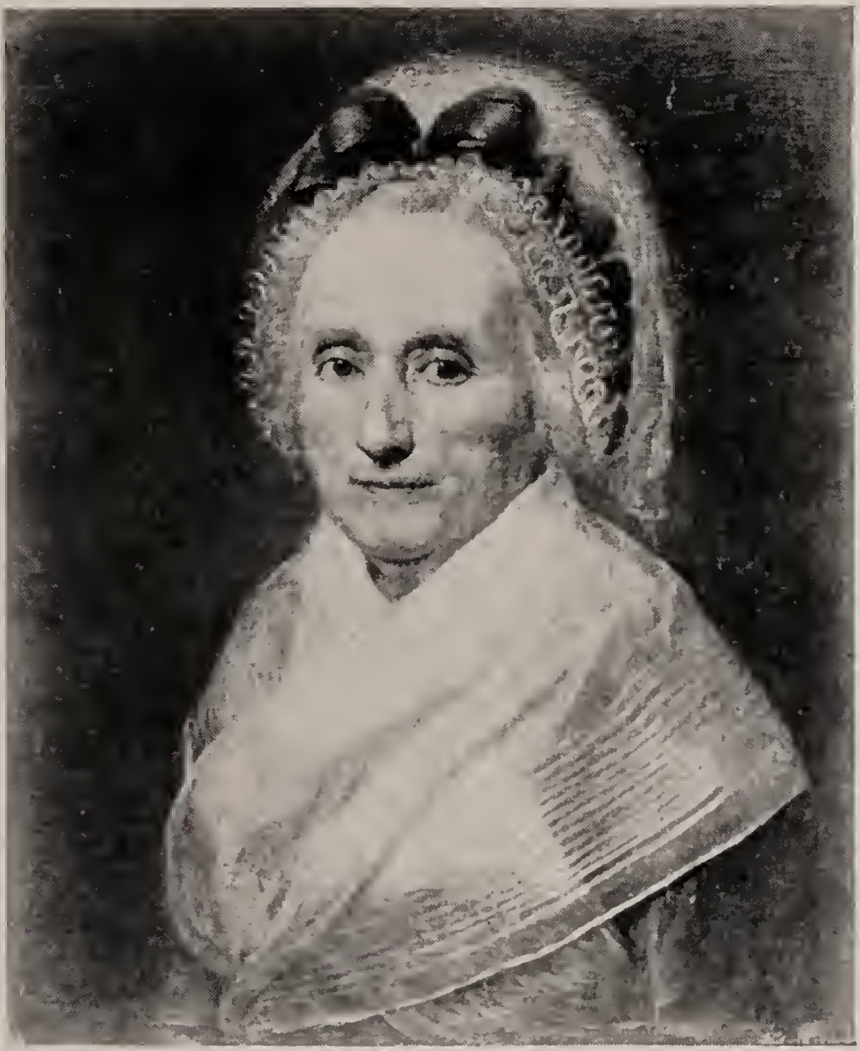


Ruins of first monument erected to General Washington on top of South Mountain, near Frederick, Maryland



By courtesy of G. W. M. N. M. A.

The Masonic Temple at Alexandria. Latest memorial to General Washington



Portrait owned by Lanier Washington

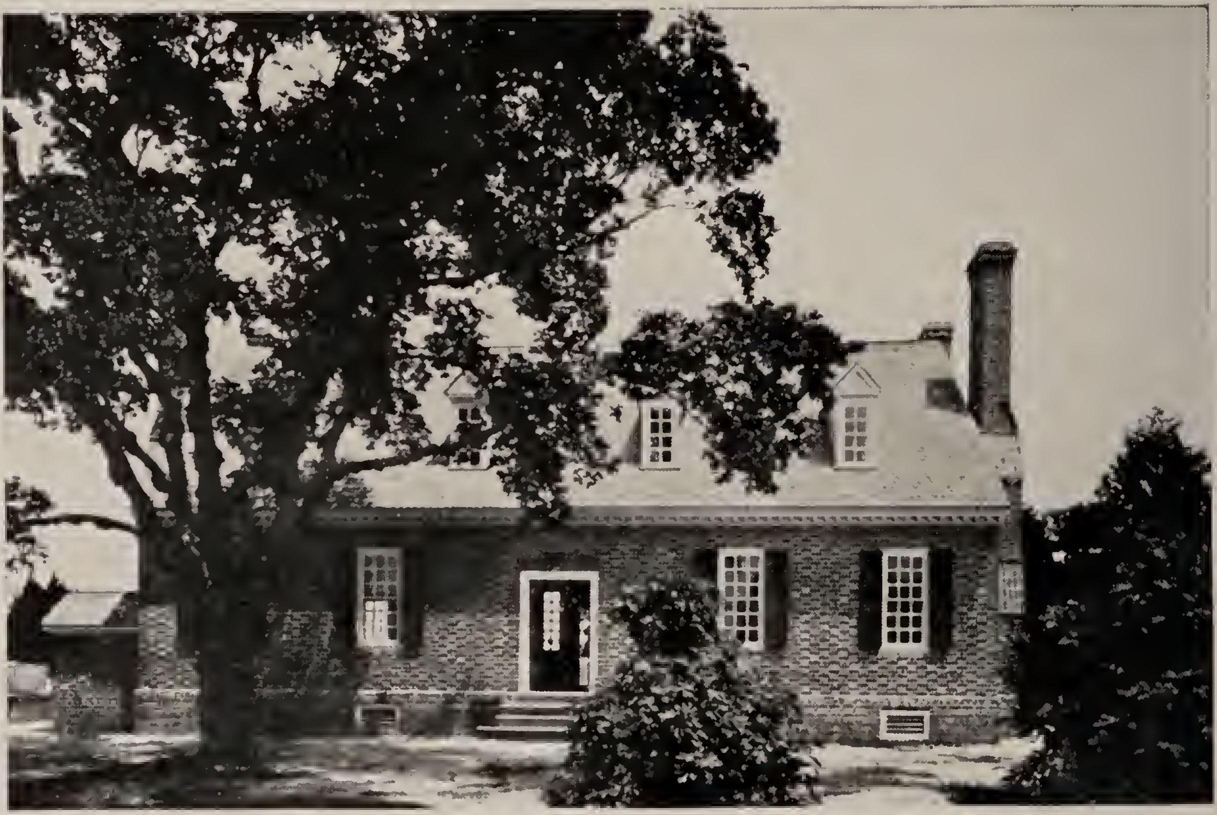
Mary Ball Washington

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Aye, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod!
They have left unstained what there they found—
Freedom to worship God!

—MRS. HEMANS

This is the portrait which lays claim to being the only true one of Mrs. Washington. We are not reproducing it because we know anything of its authenticity, but because of its interest and of its striking likeness to General Washington.



Bicentennial Commission

The new Wakefield—1932
View from Garden, showing hackberry and fig trees

Landscape view at the new Wakefield, birthplace of George Washington—1932

American Ancestry of General Washington

AS THE founder of this immortal name in the New World, John Washington, the emigrant, at once becomes the outstanding figure in this ancestral drama of the "Father of His Country," the chief actor in the family background.

It is a matter of regret that notwithstanding diligent research throughout the years, this interesting figure is still somewhat veiled in the mists of the past. Conflicting statements still remain which defy positive proof to clear them; and in such instances one can but give both stories and pass on, for who at this late day can say which is true?

According to the best authority, John Washington came to Virginia from England near the year 1656, as second mate on the "Arch Sarah," a trading vessel commanded by Edward Prescott. There is even some evidence that he had made a voyage here before this time. If we are to believe a statement which he later made as to his age, he was then a young man of twenty-seven, and tradition insists that he brought with him a wife and two children. However, since history does not confirm the existence of this English wife, we must leave the matter here. The mother of his children is the chief concern of posterity.

It is generally accepted that upon his arrival in Virginia he found lodging in the home of Nathaniel Pope, a wealthy and influential citizen of Westmoreland County. His first entry of land was made on Bridges Creek, where he became influential in both civil and military affairs. He served as justice of the peace, as member of the Colonial Assembly, in various expeditions against the savages, and thus stamped his name in the annals of Westmoreland County for all time. Unfortunately, the record of his marriage has not been upturned so as to settle all dispute as to when it occurred.

Nathaniel Pope had among his possessions a fair daughter and it was not long before John Washington claimed her as his bride. The exact date of that fateful event is still to be disclosed, but it is a matter of record that in May, 1658, Nathaniel Pope gave the power of attorney to his daughter, "Anne Pope als Washington," which places the nuptials earlier than most historians are willing to admit. Then on May 1, 1659, we find Nathaniel Pope deeding a certain tract of land to his daughter "Anne Pope als Washington," and two weeks later, he names his son-in-law, John Washington, in his last will and testament. The date of the death of Anne Pope Washington is given as 1668, but this can hardly be verified. It is evident, however, that she was not living on September 4, 1675, when John Washington made his will, which was proved on January 10, 1677.

He requests that "my body be buried on ye plantation where I now live, by my wife ye is already buried, and two children of mine." He names his beloved wife Anne as one of his executors, and two sons, Lawrence and John, and one daughter, Anne, who later became the wife of Major Francis Wright, as beneficiaries of his will.

He gave to his elder son, Lawrence, "ye seat of land whereon Henry Flagg liveth, which I bought of John Watts and Robert Hedges, being by patent seven hundred acres; it being by my father Pope made over to me and my heirs lawfully begotten of my body." He also gave his water mill, the land at the head of Rosier Creek, and other tracts in this section to Lawrence, but the most important bequest to this son, Lawrence Washington, was his half interest in the five thousand acres, which is known to us as Mount Vernon.

To his second son, John Washington, he gave "the plantation whereon I now live," which he had purchased from David Anderson. This transaction sets aside the old tradition that this homestead was the wedding dower of Anne Pope Washington. He also gave to his son John the land next to that of John Foxall and several other tracts in this section of Virginia.

After making two bequests of land to his daughter Anne Washington he inserts this clause, "I give to my said daughter, which was her mother's desire and in accord with my promise, ye cash in ye new parlor, and the diamond ring, and her mother's rings . . . ." which indicates that the mother's death has occurred before this time. Then, after making various bequests in which he reserves his beloved wife's thirds, he requests that she have the bringing up of the daughter until Lawrence is of age or the daughter marries, which is another evidence that the wife, Anne, of the will, is not the mother of his children.

Thomas Pope, his "brother," as he terms him, and Martha Washington, his sister, are also mentioned in the will; and his brother Lawrence, his son Lawrence, and his wife Anne are named as executors. So, in the face of the evidence of his will, we cannot accept the theory that he later married Frances Appleton and did not change his will, as such a procedure is not in accord with the methods of a man like Lieutenant Colonel John Washington, as he is known in the Spencer-Washington grant for Mount Vernon. The fact that there were numerous John Washingtons with wives named Anne in that early period is doubtless responsible for much confusion.

But the one point that seems to defy verification is whether Anne Pope was maiden or widow at the time of her marriage to John Washington. Just when we are ready to cast aside all doubt of a former marriage, the shade of Walter Broadhurst rises again and insists that the fair Anne did once belong to him, and we have seen somewhere that General Washington left a statement that Anne Pope was the widow of Walter Broadhurst when John Washington married her. (See Pope chapter for further story.)

Another error, which is hoary with time and constant repetition, is that Wakefield, the birthplace of General Washington, is the old homestead of John Washington and one and the same tract that Nathaniel Pope gave to his daughter as a wedding gift. References to the clauses of John Washington's will, above quoted, are sufficient to prove the incorrectness of this story, for he willed the plantation where he lived to his son, John Washington, whose will rises from its dust-covered hiding place in testimony that he reared a family of his own, who in turn inherited this estate, which was on Bridges Creek. Wakefield is on Pope's Creek, and so far as records disclose was never a part of the possessions of John Washington. But this is

The True Story of Wakefield

Lawrence Washington, the elder son of John Washington I, purchased a tract of four hundred acres from the Liston heirs of Bristol, England, in 1695, almost twenty years after the death of John Washington. On June 16 of this same year, 1695, he writes to Markham, the agent for the heirs: "Sir:— I herewith deliver you a copy of your conveyance of

Liston lands I bought." He then complains that "One hundred pounds is a great deal of money to lay out on a piece of land without timber and houses tumbling down."

In less than two years after this purchase of the Liston tract, Lawrence Washington bequeathed it to his son, Augustine Washington, the father of George Washington. Lawrence Washington died in 1697, before he could have made many improvements on it, and it is safe for us to conjecture that Augustine Washington must have built Wakefield.

It was the Liston tract that received the marker of George Washington Parke Custis in June, 1815, when he sailed for Pope's Creek in the "Lady of the Lake," his own topsail schooner of ninety tons, with a freestone slab inscribed:

> Here, the 11th of February (old style), 1732,
> George Washington was born.

He placed this marker, enfolded in the Star Spangled Banner, upon a crude sort of pedestal, fired a salute with a piece of cannon, and sailed away amidst the reverberating echoes. A few scattered bricks from an old chimney served to identify the spot which had once been the hearthstone about which these infant feet pattered.

It was the Liston tract that the Government after careful survey selected for its identification monument, long after the Custis marker had disappeared at the hands of souvenir hunters. And it was seventy acres of this Liston tract, adjoining the eleven and three-fourths acres belonging to the Government, that the Wakefield Association procured in February, 1924, for the purpose of restoring it to what it had been on that eventful February 22, 1732, when the Fates so strangely fixed its destiny in the annals of the world.

Wakefield became the home of Augustine Washington, the brother of Lawrence, the builder of Mount Vernon, upon his marriage to the beautiful heiress, Anne Aylette, and he inherited it in 1743 by the terms of his father's will. With Wakefield now assured its rightful place among the national shrines, he steps from the shadows of obscurity into the limelight of history, as the head of the present Wakefield branch of the family.

Augustine Washington II

Augustine Washington, son of Augustine and Jane Butler Washington, was born at Wakefield in 1720. He was educated at Appleby in England, with a view to the study of law, but upon his return to the Colonies was captivated by the charms of Miss Anne Aylette and soon settled down to the life of a planter at Wakefield, where he died in 1762 and where he lies buried with his forefathers. Those of his children who lived beyond childhood were William Augustine; Anne, who was married to Burdette Ashton; and Elizabeth, Mrs. Alexander Spotswood.

William Augustine Washington, his only son, became the master of Wakefield at his death. Here the Washington lines united and strengthened when William Augustine claimed as his bride Jane Washington, the daughter of John Augustine Washington, the half brother of his father. They were royal hosts for this old mansion on that Christmas Eve in 1780, when it was burned amidst the festivities. The supposition is that the fire originated from a spark from the cook stove which caught in some cottonseed that had been spread out upon the loft for drying. A table which is said to have been saved from the burning building by Mrs. Washington at the peril of her life is now to be seen at the new Wakefield. It belonged to Mrs. Harry L. Rust, the president of the Wakefield Memorial Association, and the founder of this movement, who died during the summer of 1931, before its completion.

An inventory still on record at Westmoreland courthouse of the household effects at this mansion eighteen years before it was burned suggests affluence and a house far beyond the cottage size, as has been heretofore represented.

After the destruction of Wakefield, William Augustine Washington removed to Blenheim, not far distant, and his son, George Corbin Washington, inherited the mansion. In 1813, he sold it to John Gray, whose son, Atchinson Gray, transferred it to Daniel Payne. In 1846 it passed from the Payne heirs into the hands of John F. Wilson, of Anne Arundel County, Maryland, and by a trick of Cupid came back into the Washington family when Mr. Wilson gave it to his son, John E. Wilson, whose wife was Betty Washington, the granddaughter of William Augustine Washington.

Parts of the estate have been owned and occupied by members of the family throughout the years. The Wakefield Memorial Association purchased the initial seventy acres of James and William Latane, direct descendants of this line.

According to the Wakefield Association, which has left no stone unturned in its effort to establish hidden facts, George Corbin Washington, in making his deed to John Gray in 1813, "reserves sixty feet square of ground on which the house stood in which George Washington was born" for the purpose of having the spot marked by a monument. Then in 1858, Lewis William Washington, son of George Corbin Washington, being the sole owner of the site, conveyed it to the Commonwealth of Virginia as being the exact ground, sixty feet square, upon which the house had stood when George Washington was born. A monument was erected here. In 1882 Virginia transferred this site to the United States Government, and in January, 1930, Congress passed the appropriation bill for the rebuilding of the replica and for the removal of the monument to another site.

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., holds in trust near two hundred fifty-four acres of the ancient Washington lands, which includes the site of the old home of John Washington, the emigrant, adjoining the new Wakefield, and which will become an integral part of this memorial shrine at the pleasure of the Government. This National Monument is now under the guardianship of the National Park Service of the Interior Department of the Government.

The old family burial ground, where sleep the father, grandfather, and great-grandfather of General Washington, is in the midst of cultivated fields here. Thirty members of the family, gathered from the scattered graves, have been reinterred in the old vault upon the site, and this ancient wall has been removed.

The old Washington burial ground near Wakefield

Descendants of John Washington

LAWRENCE WASHINGTON (1661–1697), the elder son of John Washington, the emigrant, is of more moment to us, since he was the head of the Mount Vernon line and the inheritor of that part of the estate.

He was born, lived, and died at Bridges Creek, where he lies buried. He was married in 1691 to Miss Mildred Warner, daughter of Colonel Augustine and Mildred Reade Warner, but his span of life was brief, and she was left within a few years with three small children, John, Augustine, and Mildred Washington.

Not long after the death of her husband, she took her children and went to England for the purpose of settling the estate, and there she was soon married to George Gale, of White Haven. After giving birth to one child, who died in infancy, she found a grave in January 1700/1, and Gale brought the Washington children back to America and settled in Maryland.

John Washington (1692–1743), the eldest, was married to Miss Katherine Whiting, of Gloucester County, Virginia. At Highgate they lived and died, and there they rest. The gravestones disclose that Katherine Whiting Washington was born on May 22, 1694, and died on February 7, 1743.

They were the parents of Warner Washington (1715–1791), who was a close friend as well as cousin of General Washington and is frequently mentioned in Washington's diary. It was their daughter, Katherine Washington, who was the first wife of Fielding Lewis. The other children were Henry, Augustine, Lawrence, Mildred, and Frances. The daughters were married to two brothers by the name of Thornton.

Mildred Washington (1696–?), the only daughter of Lawrence and Mildred Warner Washington, was first married to a man by the name of Lewis, according to the chart drawn by General Washington for Sir Isaac Heard of England in 1792, and the gay Roger Gregory, who is generally known in history as her first husband, becomes number two. He died early leaving her with three daughters, Frances, Mildred, and Elizabeth Gregory, who became the respective brides of three brothers, Colonels Francis, John, and Reuben Thornton.

After the death of Mr. Gregory, Mildred Washington Gregory stamped her name in another romantic chapter in Colonial history when she became the wife of Colonel Henry Willis, the founder of Fredericksburg, and one of its most distinguished citizens, who had been a rival of her first husband.

Colonel Willis must have been a romantic old codger himself, for we have it on the very good authority of *The Willis Family* by Charles and Henry Willis, that he courted all three of his wives as maidens and married them as widows. Anne Alexander, widow of John Smith, of Purton, whom he married on November 2, 1714, was number one in line. Mrs. Mildred Howell Brown came second, with October 30, 1726, as the nuptial day. She died in November, 1732, and two months later Mildred Washington Gregory took her place at the doughty Colonel's side. She had manifested such unusual grief at the grave of his wife that it occasioned comment, and when it was mentioned to her she replied, "Yes, I loved my cousin, who bore my own name, but that is not all. I know that old Henry Willis will be down to my house." True to her tearful prophecy, he was there in one brief month and "No!" he would not take. In the terms of modern parlance he "parked" on her front doorstep until she capitulated; and on January 23, 1733, two months after the grave closed over his second wife, he bore her off in triumph. Her first husband had rescued her in her youthful days, but it seemed imperative that she must marry him to be "rid of him." History, however, justifies the union, which contributed one brave colonel to the American Revolution in the person of Lewis Willis, their son, who was born in 1734. They were also the parents of two daughters, Isabel, who became Mrs. Clayton, and Anne, the wife of Duff Greene. Colonel Willis had ten children by his other marriages, and he reared John Smith, the son of his first wife. His second wife is said to have been the daughter of John Washington, the son of the emigrant, but proof is wanting, as his will mentions no daughter.

Augustine Washington I

Augustine Washington, the second son of Lawrence and Mildred Warner Washington, was born in 1694 at Bridges Creek, and there grew to manhood as a planter. He is described as a man of commanding presence and sterling character. He was educated at the Appleby School in England, and became very prominent in Colonial affairs. He was a large landowner, and was at one time a member of the House of Burgesses.

Jane Butler, daughter of Attorney Caleb Butler, of Westmoreland County, was the wife of his youth. They were married on April 30, 1715, and she died on November 24, 1728. Of the four children born of this union, but two lived to maturity, Lawrence and Augustine. Butler died in youth and Jane in childhood.

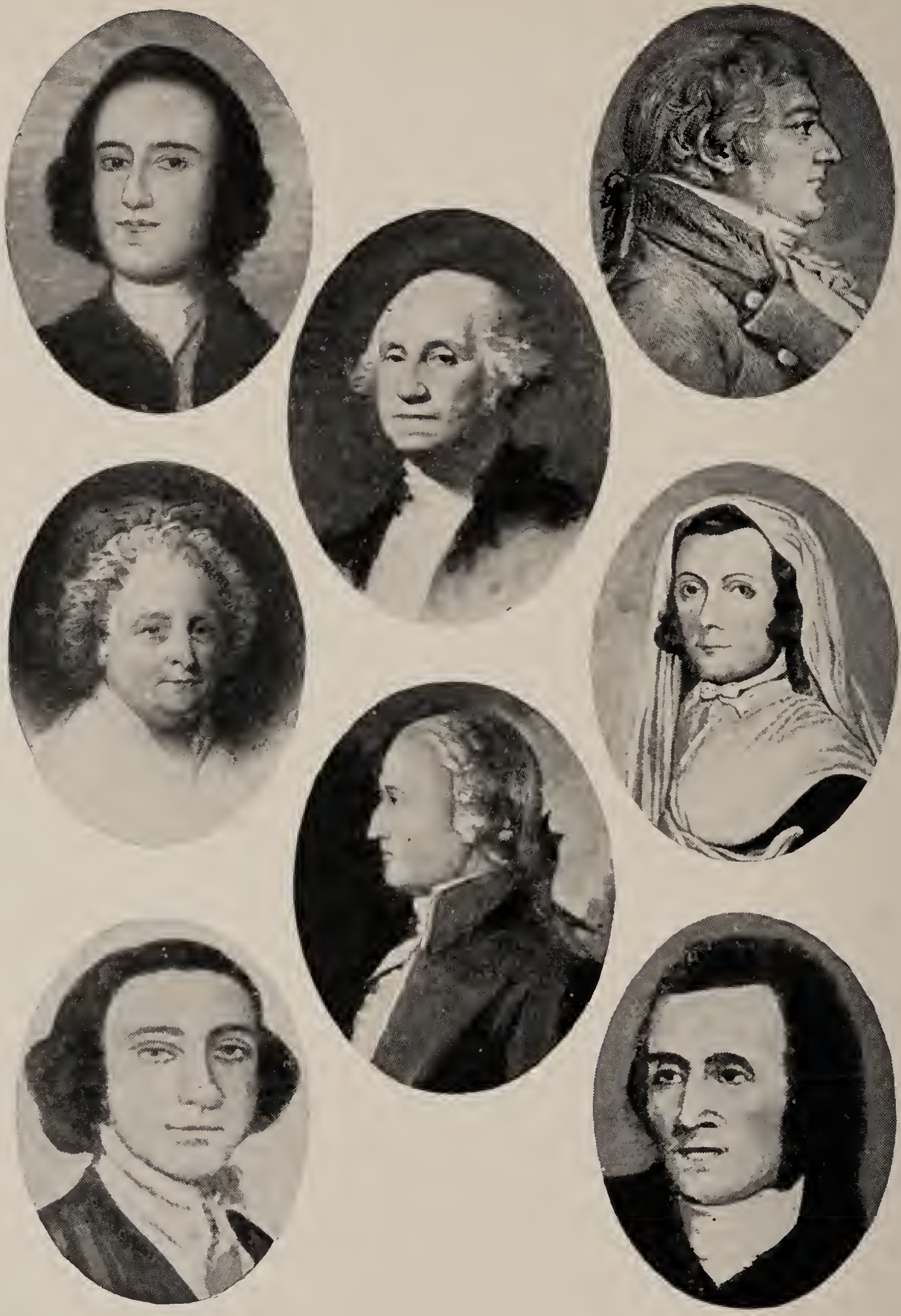
By and by this handsome young widower met the far-famed "Rose of Epping Forest" and on March 6, 1730, Augustine Washington and Mary Ball were married. Where the nuptials took place, we do not know, but that she was the mother of our hero, "The Father of His Country," places her name high on the pinnacle of fame.

Their children were as follows: George (1732–99), Betty (1733–97), Samuel (1734–81), John Augustine (1736–87), Charles (1738–99), Mildred (1739–40). General Washington was the last survivor of the family.

Augustine Washington continued to live at Wakefield after his marriage to Mary Ball until 1734, when they removed to what is now Mount Vernon. Fire destroyed the home at Mount Vernon near the year 1740 and they then removed to the Pine Grove or Ferry Farm, just across the river from Fredericksburg, which Augustine Washington had purchased of Margaret Grant, executrix of the estate of William Strother—a tract of two hundred and eighty acres—on November 3, 1738, and which Conway says is one and the same with the place so frequently referred to as the "Upper Place" in Washington's diary.

A controversy has arisen as to whether or not this is the place where George spent his youth, but records stand firm in their declarations that it is. Augustine Washington's will verifies this beyond cavil, as he lived on the Strother farm when he made his will on April 11, 1743, the day before he died.

So it was here on the Pine Grove or Ferry Farm that the cherry tree fairy tale had its conception;



Six sons of Augustine Washington

Lawrence Washington
Augustine Washington
General Washington
Martha Washington
Hannah Bushrod Washington
John Augustine Washington
Samuel and Charles Washington

here across the river flew the Spanish-dollar myth; and here in the old pasture field the spirited young horse fell under its gallant rider and would-be conqueror.

Mr. Washington died when George was but a lad of eleven years, leaving the shaping of his destiny to the strong-minded mother. However, the boy was deeply attached to his noble father and many of his characteristics were stamped upon him. He was absent when his father became so ill, but reached his bedside in time for recognition. April 12, 1743, was a sad day in the Washington home at Pine Grove, but Mrs. Washington remained here to rear her family. George, it seems, soon went to Wakefield, where he became a member of the household of his elder half brother, Augustine Washington, and Mount Vernon later entered into his youthful experience. Augustine Washington rests in the family burial ground near Wakefield.

Sons of Augustine Washington

We have heard much of Lawrence, the builder of Mount Vernon; George Washington, the founder of liberty; and Betty Lewis, the queenly mistress of Kenmore. Augustine now comes into his own as the head of the Wakefield line and John Augustine as the ancestor of the later owners of Mount Vernon; so justice demands that Samuel and Charles Washington, who have been so overshadowed by the renown of their brothers have a place here, for they were the heads of the Charlestown, West Virginia, branch of the family, and there today the hosts are their descendants.

Samuel Washington, they tell us, did not find the pathway of life so smooth. He passed through many phases of lights and shadows, Cupid and death playing a large part in his brief life, which began at Wakefield on November 16, 1734, and ended at Charlestown during the autumn of 1781, the closing year of the American Revolution. He was married five times. Miss Jane Champ was his first wife and there were no children. In 1759, he was married a second time to Miss Mildred Thornton, daughter of Colonel John Thornton and granddaughter of Mildred Washington. Thornton A. and Samuel Washington were the children of this union. Lucy Chapman, wife number three, had no issue. Then came Anne Steptoe, daughter of Colonel William Steptoe and widow of Willoughby Atherton, as number four, and the mother of the following named children: Ferdinand, George Steptoe, Lawrence Augustine, and Harriet, who became Mrs. Andrew Parks. It is this George Steptoe and Harriet Washington who are mentioned so often in the General's diary, as they spent much time at Mount Vernon. Mrs. Victoria Perrin was wife number five. She survived until 1783. They had no issue.

Charles Washington, the youngest son of the family, has a lasting memorial in the name of Charlestown, West Virginia, for this quaint little town was laid out upon his estate and given his name, and beneath its shadow he rests. He died just a few months before the General in 1799. Charles Washington must have been born at Mount Vernon, as the family record says that event occurred on May 2, 1738, and history affirms that Augustine and Mary Ball Washington lived there at this time, and until a year or so later. His wife was Mildred Thornton, daughter of Colonel Francis Thornton, of the Mildred Washington line of Thorntons, and his children were George Augustine, Samuel, Frances, who was married to Colonel Burgess Ball, and Mildred, who became Mrs. Hammond.

John Washington II

John Washington (1663–97), the second son of John the emigrant, has been so overshadowed by the illustrious line of his brother Lawrence that history has almost entirely overlooked him, although he is the progenitor of some very prominent ones of the name.

He fell heir to the old plantation of his father, as we already know, and he and his brother died the same year, each naming the other as one of the executors of his will. The younger John Washington's will was proved on February 23, 1697, and his wife Anne is also named as one of the executors. The will is dated January 22, 1697, and leaves "the plantation I now dwell on at Appomattox" (Westmoreland County) to his beloved wife Anne. In case of her death this plantation is to go to his son John and his heirs. The following sons and no daughters are named in the will: Lawrence, John, Nathaniel, and Henry Washington.

Henry Washington's will, made on February 2, 1757/8, was proved on November 8, 1758. Bailey Washington, who is named in history, was one of his sons; John was another. He names his grandson Lawrence first in his will, and his daughter-in-law, Eliza Washington, is a beneficiary, which indicates the death of his eldest son.

Lawrence Washington, the Emigrant

Lawrence Washington, the emigrant brother of Colonel John Washington, has also contributed to the prominence of the Washington line in America, though so little has been recorded of him. There was evidently a strong tie between the brothers, as each, like the Lawrence and John just mentioned, named the other as executor of his will, and both died the same year.

Lawrence Washington, the emigrant (1635–76), was first married in England on January 26, 1660, to Mrs. Mary Jones. They had one daughter, Mary, who fell heir to his English estate by the terms of his will. He evidently came to America several years later than his brother. Some place the date about 1667, which cannot be far wrong.

His American wife, whom he married soon after his arrival, was Miss Jane (Joyce) Fleming, a Virginia girl, and the two children of this marriage named in his will are John and Anne Washington.

The son John Washington, of Chotank Creek, born on August 2, 1671, was married on March 15, 1692, to Miss Mary Townsend, and their children were: John Washington, who married Miss Massey and inherited the paternal estate on Chotank; Mary Townsend, Mrs. Burdette Ashton; Robert Washington, born September 16, 1700, who married Miss Sarah Fossiker; Townsend, whose wife was Miss Elizabeth Lund; and Lawrence Washington, who married Sarah Lund, sister of Elizabeth, and was shot to death by a minister of the parish, dying without issue.

Townsend Washington was born on September 16, 1705. Upon his marriage to Elizabeth Lund on January 1, 1727, he settled at Green Hill, the seat of the Lunds at the head of Chotank Creek, where he died on December 31, 1743. Mrs. Washington survived until 1778. They were the parents of Lund Washington, who for twenty-five years (1760–85) was the efficient manager of Mount Vernon.

Lund Washington was born on October 8, 1737. According to a notation in the back of his wife's diary, from which this information comes, he was at an early age appointed manager of a large estate in Albemarle County, Virginia, which belonged to the Berkeleys. Two years later, Colonel Henry Fitzhugh assigned him to the management of his estate, Ravensworth, in Fairfax County, Virginia. His next appointment took him to Mount Vernon, where his faithfulness to duty won lasting renown. After leaving Mount Vernon, in 1785, he retired to his estate, Hayfield, near Alexandria, where he died in July, 1796, after several years of painful affliction.

He was married in 1780 to his cousin, Miss Betsey Foote, whose diary verifies the birth and death of the three little daughters born of this union. The first was stillborn; the second, Lucinda, came in 1784, and went the next year. In 1788 another Lucinda came, but she remained only one year, and illness claimed three months of this brief time. Strange to say, days are not recorded for these births. The diary did not seem to be kept daily; entries were made only periodically.

At her death Mrs. Lund Washington left the estate to her nephew, William H. Foote, who died without issue and left it to a charitable school fund at Alexandria.

Nathaniel Pope

NEXT in importance to John Washington in this ancestral galaxy comes Nathaniel Pope, who, though evidently a man of means and influence, has little left to record concerning him. Whatever his accomplishments may have been, his chief glory lies in the fact that he was the father of Anne Pope Washington.

We first find him serving as a Maryland juror as early as 1637; then as a member of the legislative body in that colony in 1641/2. He secured a land grant near Saint Mary's Bay in 1639; another tract of two thousand acres was assigned to him in Maryland by Mary Troughton on April 7, 1643. He figured prominently as a sympathizer of Captain Edward Hill of Virginia in the dispute over the governors, and withdrew to Virginia about this time. We still find him in Maryland in 1648, but two years later in Virginia he is referred to as "Nathaniel Pope, of Appomattox, gentleman," In 1654 he obtained a grant of one thousand acres on Pope's Creek in Westmoreland County. Again in August 1657, he is spoken of as "Lieutenant Colonel Nathaniel Pope." It was about this time that John Washington appeared upon the horizon of the New

World and began his ceaseless line of interest, when Fate unobserved entered into the compact.

Nathaniel Pope, in his will, dated May 16, 1659, and proved on April 20, 1660, left to his son, Thomas Pope, the plantation called "The Clifts," and "the land the testator lives on and that lying at the head of Appomattox creek" to his son Nathaniel Pope. John Washington and William Hardridge, his sons-in-law, were also mentioned.

In 1709, Joanna Pope, of Briston, England, widow, gives to her son, Nathaniel Pope, of Pope's Creek on the Potomac, the power of attorney in the management of her plantation, The Clifts, which leads to the conclusion that another generation of the family bearing the same name is in possession of the ancestral acres.

Again the shade of Walter Broadhurst, the alleged first husband of Anne Pope, rises to a point of justice and demands a reply to the question,

Who Was Walter Broadhurst?

"Youth servant to Marnd Snow, Mr. Walter Broadhurst with 2 servants" is the record of his arrival in the Maryland Colony under date of March 13, 1638. Then in August 1640, he demanded three hundred acres of land freehold for transporting himself into the province in 1638 with two able servants called Oliver Gibbons and William Prinley. So that brings him to Maryland shortly after Nathaniel

Pope, and their names are associated in jury service and in various other ways in the early history of that colony.

He, like Pope, became entangled in the controversy over the governors, and he is accused of saying at the home of Surgeon Thomas Gerrard in June, 1647, that Maryland had no governor, that Captain Hill of Virginia was the governor. So he, too, removed to Virginia, and was elected to the legislative assembly in 1650, to represent Northumberland County, which included what was set apart as Westmoreland County that same year.

According to Edward D. Neill, D.D., Broadhurst was thirty-four years old at that time and was the husband of Anne Pope. Toner, in his *Writings of Washington,* edited by W. C. Ford, claims that Broadhurst died in 1656 and that his will was probated in England in 1658, which, if true, leaves the field clear for the Washington romance upon the arrival of the emigrant.

Neill also states that he had a son, Walter Broadhurst, who returned to England after the marriage of his mother to John Washington and became the warden of Lilles Hall Church. In the Northumberland records reference is made to a suit which was brought by Anne Broadhurst, relict of Walter Broadhurst and administratrix, on September 30, 1659. So it seems more than probable that Walter Broadhurst did possess the fair Anne Pope, but in the absence of the marriage record or other positive proof to set aside the contention, we let the matter rest here. However, our personal convictions are that she was widow rather than maiden when John Washington led her to the altar.

The Martiaus

Let us now turn the pages of the calendar back to more than thirty years before the arrival of John Washington, to the coming of Captain Nicholas Martiau, the very first ancestor of General Washington to plant his banner on American soil. He was a native of the little kingdom of Belgium, and he crossed to Virginia as early as 1623, to become a towering figure in Colonial affairs. He is recorded as one of the speakers of the first gathering of organized resistance to Government oppression in the Virginia Colony, and he once held title to the site of Yorktown, where his descendant was to strike the final blow to British oppression more than a century later. Thomas Nelson, who was an active participant in the Siege of Yorktown, was also his descendant.

He served in the House of Burgesses from Kiskyachi and the Isle of Kent (1623–33) and was justice of the peace of York (1633–57). In his will, dated March 1, 1656, and proved on April 24, 1657, in York County, he divides his estate among his three daughters, Elizabeth, wife of Colonel George

Reade; Mary, wife of Lieutenant Colonel John Scarbrooke; and Sarah, wife of Captain William Fuller, the Governor of Maryland.

It was by an act of the General Assembly in 1691 that fifty acres of the original Martiau tract were purchased for the port town on the York River, from Martiau's grandson, Benjamin Reade, for ten thousand pounds of tobacco. The town of York, now Yorktown, was laid out in September of that same year (1691) by Lawrence Smith, surveyor, into eighty-three half-acre lots, and it had a population of three thousand five hundred during the Revolution. The monument was unveiled there in 1885.

In verification of the nationality of Captain Nicholas Martiau (1591–1657), which has been in doubt, we quote from Baron de Cartier, the Belgian ambassador to the United States, in his address before the Annual Congress of the Daughters of the American Revolution in April, 1927:

"Moreover, we can make the proud boast that your great founder, the incomparable leader of the American Revolution, George Washington, had Belgian blood in his veins, because one of his ancestors was Nicholas Martiau, a Belgian from our Walloon provinces who came to Virginia about 1623. Martiau was a man of influence in Colonial affairs and took an important part in maintaining the rights of the Colonies to self-government. One of his estates was a large plantation in Virginia on which the battle of Yorktown was eventually fought. His great-granddaughter married Lawrence Washington, the grandfather of George Washington. Hence the Belgian captain, Nicholas Martiau, was the great-great-great-grandfather of the 'Father of His Country.'"

Captain Martiau was also the ancestor of the Nelsons. He is buried at Yorktown.

The Reades

Colonel George Reade (1600–71) now falls into this ancestral line by his marriage to Elizabeth Martiau. He came to Virginia in 1637 as secretary pro tempore and rose to distinction as a member of the House of Burgesses—from James City in 1649, and from Gloucester in 1656. He was the son of Robert and Mildred Windebank Reade, who traced their descent to some of the early English kings. Mildred Reade was the daughter of Francis Windebank, the obnoxious secretary of Charles I, and Robert, the brother of Colonel George Reade, was private secretary to Sir Francis, his uncle.

Fate kept this ancestral procession steadily moving onward when his youngest daughter, Mildred, yielded her heart to the keeping of Colonel Augustine Warner, Jr. The other members of the Reade family were Robert, Francis, Thomas, Benjamin, Elizabeth, wife of Captain Chrissman, and Margaret, who was married to Thomas Nelson.

The Warners

The Warners, too, trace back to the early English kings. Colonel Augustine Warner I crossed to Virginia near 1628, and planted his family tree with unmistakable hand, for he became the second American ancestor of General Washington. Colonel Reade was the third.

Warner Hall, ancestral home of the Warners and the Lewises

Colonel Warner first settled in York County, and soon became a member of the Assembly; but he later acquired a large estate on the Severn River in Gloucester County and there founded Warner Hall, which was one of the most noted homes in Virginia at the close of the seventeenth century. This estate included in part a tract of land that had once been owned by the Chiskiack Indians.

Colonel Augustine Warner I was born on November 28, 1610, and died on December 24, 1674. His wife, Mary ——, who was born on May 15, 1614, died on August 11, 1662. There seems to be no full record of his family, but his daughter Sarah, who became the wife of Lawrence Townley, was the ancestor of General Robert E. Lee, through the Grymeses, and Colonel Augustine Warner II was his son.

It was upon his son, Colonel Augustine Warner II (1642–81), that the father's mantle fell. Colonel Augustine Warner II not only inherited his father's name and magnificent old Warner Hall, but he upheld his standard of integrity and ability in the outside world. As a member of the Assembly, he was designated as "Speaker of the House" in order to distinguish him from his father.

He was born on June 3, 1642, and entered this noted ancestral line when he claimed Mildred Reade as his bride. Their sons, Augustine, George, and Robert Warner, all died in youth, but the daughters were spared for a different fate, and through their descendants they still live in some of the leading families of the land.

Mildred, as we already know, will ever hold her place in history as the grandmother of the Founder of Liberty; for she was the wife of Lawrence Washington. Mary was Mrs. John Smith, of Purton;

and Elizabeth, the heiress of Warner Hall, was Mrs. John Lewis, the ancestor of Fielding Lewis, the builder of Kenmore. [See Lewis line in Audley chapter.]

The visitor to old Warner Hall today reads the following inscriptions on the tombstones in verification of the Warners' early claim here:

Augustine Warner Gent.,
Deceased ye 24th day of Nov. 1674,
aged 63 yrs., 2 mos, & 26 d's.
Tho' dead while most men live, he cannot die.
His name shall live fresh as their memory;
His worth is highly shown in living well
When future ages of his life shall tell.

Mary Warner, wife of Augustine Warner Gent.
was born May 15, 1614, and dyed ye 11th
daye of August 1662.
Here lyes entombed ye Phoenix of her type,
Here rare virtues . . . dym,
Tho' dead, ye Phoenix never dies away.

Here lyeth ye body of Coll Augustine Warner,
son of Augustine and Mary Warner.
Who was born ye 3d daye of June 1642,
and dyed ye 18th Daye of June 1681.

G. W. Bicentennial Commission

Epping Forest—birthplace of Mary Ball—showing original part of house, which is still occupied by Ball family—1932

G. W. Bicentennial Commission

Garden side of home of Mary Ball Washington at Fredericksburg

The Balls

LET US not forget that the maternal ancestors of General Washington have a place in this array of talent and influence, for they, too, were of the gentry. The blood of a noble race was their heritage.

The American Balls trace back to William Ball, who was mayor of Barkham (Borcham), noted as the place where William the Conqueror stayed his devastating hand in passing along from the dreadful field of Hastings. William Ball died in 1480, but it was Colonel William Ball of this line who came from Yorkshire, England, near 1650 and established his home at Millenbank on the Rappahannock in Lancaster County, Virginia. He soon became prominently known as a merchant and planter and was made colonel of the militia in 1667.

His marriage to Hannah Atherall took place on July 2, 1639, but she and the children did not join him in Virginia until 1667, it seems. He died in 1680, leaving two sons, William and Joseph, and one daughter, Hannah, who married David Fox. Richard, another son, died in youth.

Colonel William Ball II (1641–94) and his wife, Margaret Downman Ball, left a long line of descendants, among whom was Colonel Burgess Ball of the American Revolution. William Ball, their son, inherited Millenbank. It was Colonel Joseph Ball who was the ancestor of General Washington.

Colonel Joseph Ball

Colonel Joseph Ball lived at Epping Forest until his death in June, 1711. He was born in England on May 22, 1649, and twice took the marriage vow. Elizabeth Rogers Ball, his first wife, was the mother of his son, Joseph Ball, and his daughters, Esther (Mrs. Raleigh Chinn), Hannah (Mrs. Raleigh Travers), Anne (wife of Colonel Edwin Conway), and Elizabeth Carnegie. His second wife was Mrs. Mary Montague Johnson, of England. Mary Ball Washington was the only child of this union. The marriage occurred in 1707, and their daughter was born the following year, 1708.

In his will of June 5, 1711, he bequeaths to Mary Ball four hundred acres lying in the freshies of the Rappahannock, part of his patent of sixteen hundred acres. He also mentions his son, Joseph, his daughters, Anne Conway and Esther Chinn, and Eliza Johnson, "the daughter of my beloved wife," but he does not include Hannah Traverse or Elizabeth Carnegie. True, they might have died without issue, but this, and conflicting statements as to the family record, leaves a doubt as to the authenticity of the last two names.

Joseph Ball (1684–1760), the son, was an attorney who lived in England, where he was married on December 3, 1709, to Miss Frances Downman. They spent some years at Moratico, their Virginia home, but went back to England, where he died on June 10, 1760, at Stratford-by-Bow. With the death of Joseph Ball this male line ended. Frances, his only child to reach maturity, was married to Raleigh Dowman, and they returned to Virginia in 1765.

Mary Johnson Ball

Little is known of Mary Johnson Ball, the mother of Mary Ball, other than the fact of her English birth and the supposition that she was descended from the Montagues. She was a widow with two children, Elizabeth and John Johnson, when she became housekeeper for Joseph Ball. Many are the romantic fancies that have been woven about her name without the least fact to support them. That she was good and true and worthy to be the mother of such a woman as Mary Ball Washington and the grandmother of such a hero as General Washington is sufficient for us. Her name will live when many of royal blood are forgotten.

After the death of Mr. Ball, Mary Johnson Ball became the wife of Captain Richard Hewes, a vestryman of St. Stephen's parish, Northumberland, and removed to this parish with her three children, John and Elizabeth Johnson, and Mary Ball, who had not yet reached her fifth birthday. Captain Hewes died in 1713, and she followed him to the other world when Mary Ball was but thirteen.

Her will, which was unearthed by G. W. Beale of more recent years, is dated December 17, 1721. It was made at St. Stephen's parish and mentions Mary Ball, John Johnson, and her daughter, Elizabeth Bonim (Mrs. Samuel Bonim). John Johnson and George Eskridge are named as executors.

John Johnson did not long survive his mother, for his will was probated on February 22, 1726, in Westmoreland County. He left all that his stepfather had given him in Stafford County to Mary Ball, and a young dappled-gray riding horse besides. Mary was then just eighteen.

Mary Ball

After the death of her mother, Mary Ball doubtless lived with her half sister, Elizabeth Johnson Bonim, near Sandy Point. Major George Eskridge, who was one of the executors of her mother's estate and a lawyer of wealth and influence, lived at Sandy Point. Under his guardianship and tutorage she had such educational advantages as her station demanded.

Major Eskridge had a daughter, Sarah, who was a year older than Mary Ball, and they were companions and playmates. So it was in the Northern Neck of Virginia, under the guardianship of the good

Major Eskridge that Mary Ball spent her girlhood, and not at Epping Forest, as we have been so repeatedly told. It was at Northern Neck that she had her social triumph, for there is nothing to substantiate the claim of her being in England. It is with a pang of deep regret that we see the pretty story of the "Rose of Epping Forest" vanish with the other fairy tales under the searchlight of truth, but alas, the petals have one by one dropped from the queenly "Rose." Sadder still, the adored, golden-haired portrait and the letter extolling the beauty of "Molly" have been classed with the historical myths or as clever fiction, for family traditions and other facts confirm the statement that Mary Ball Washington never had a portrait, and that she was not pretty, not golden-haired or frivolous even in her youth, but stately in bearing, strong in character, stern, grave, and unswerving in her convictions, and honorable to a fault.

When or where she and Augustine Washington met is mere conjecture, for with his first wife he did not live far from the scenes of her girlhood, and might have been termed a neighbor of her guardian; so doubtless they had often met. She was in no hurry, however, to marry. When warned that she who walked through the woods with haughty spirit would have to stoop at last and pick up a crooked stick she went serenely on, but when her hour struck, she was ready for her task.

The spring flowers had scarcely begun to peep through their winter blanket when she plighted her troth with Augustine Washington on March 6, 1730. It was surely a far-reaching vow. He took her to Wakefield, that historic old mansion on the Potomac, about which so many pens have woven fancies without facts for nearly two centuries; and here we vision her playing the rôle of wife and mother to his two little sons, with evident satisfaction in a home all her own, but with pardonable curiosity as to the manner of woman who had preceded her as mistress of this mansion. One day she came across some interesting volumes of Sir William Hale's *Contemplations*, and upon the flyleaf she discovered the name of Jane Washington, her predecessor. Immediately she inscribed beneath it, "Mary Washington," and read and kept the book. Now it rests among the treasures at Mount Vernon. Augustine Washington survived the nuptial hour by thirteen years, leaving six children entirely to her care.

Strong and noble in her quiet simplicity, she has come down in history as the mother of Washington, for she refused to be swerved from the natural tenor of her way by any honors that might be conferred upon her son. When he rose to the highest pinnacle of fame, she accepted it as a matter of course, because "George had always been a good boy."

When he started out in the world to try his fortune alone, she sent him on his way with a heart overflowing with affection, veiled beneath a calm and dignified exterior. "Remember, George," she said, "God is our sure trust: to Him I commend you." When she was told of the surrender at Yorktown, with uplifted hands, she exclaimed, "Thank God! War will now be ended and peace and independence and happiness bless our country." She managed her farm down to old age and insisted upon living alone, though her daughter's palatial door was ever open to her. But when the war cloud of the Revolution began to lower, Washington persuaded her to move to Fredericksburg, where she continued to reside until the close of her life.

It was here that the Victor of Yorktown returned to embrace his mother after a separation of seven years. She was alone and busy with her domestic duties when he was announced. She bade him welcome with a fond embrace, inquired as to his health, noted the added furrows of care, spoke of friends of former days, but never a word as to his glory.

Fredericksburg hastened to pay him homage in the form of a citizen's ball, and Mrs. Washington in her usual equanimity attended. The foreign officers had been anxious to see the mother of their chieftain, of whom they had heard much, and, with their European standards of glitter and display as criterions of greatness, their surprise was complete when they saw a matron of queenly dignity in the very plain style of the old Virginia lady enter upon the arm of their hero, accept the highest attentions without the slightest evidence of elevation, bid the company good night at an early hour, saying, "It is time for old folks to be in bed," and leave upon her son's arm. Their first surprise turned to amazement that she should thus deport herself under the blaze of glory that shone about her son. It was never seen in this wise in the Old World, and one was heard to remark, "If such are the matrons of America, well may she boast of her illustrious sons."

When Lafayette was on the eve of his departure for home in 1784, he went to Fredericksburg to pay his respects to Mrs. Washington. As he approached the house, her grandson, who accompanied him, said, "That is my grandmother, sir." She was at work in her garden with a plain straw hat on her head when the eye of the distinguished Frenchman fell upon her. She greeted him cordially and said, "Ah, Marquis, you see an old woman, but come, I can make you welcome to my poor dwelling without the parade of changing my dress" (which was homespun for domestic service). Much as the Marquis had heard, he was struck with admiration at her quiet simplicity of manner when such unprecedented glory enveloped her son. It was when he eulogized that son and congratulated her upon being the mother of such a son, that she calmly replied that she was not surprised, for George had always been a good boy.

In 1789 when General Washington was leaving for New York to assume his Presidential duties, he went to Fredericksburg to tell his mother good-by. She was then in failing health from the malady that carried her away, and when he spoke of hastening back to Virginia after the new government had been instituted, she interrupted him by assuring him that he would see her no more, that age and disease were already preying upon her, and that her earthly life would not be long now. But she added, "I trust God that I may be somewhat prepared for a better. Go, George, fulfil the high destinies which Heaven appears to have intended you for; go, my son, and may that Heaven and a mother's blessing be with you always." This was too much for the strong man. Forgetful of all else, his head dropped to her shoulder and he wept, while her feeble arms encircled his neck.

On August 25, 1789, a few months later, she sank to rest at the age of eighty-one, and he was unable to attend the funeral. They laid her down to sleep at Fredericksburg, and long years after a white shaft was erected to her memory by the women, which bears the simple inscription

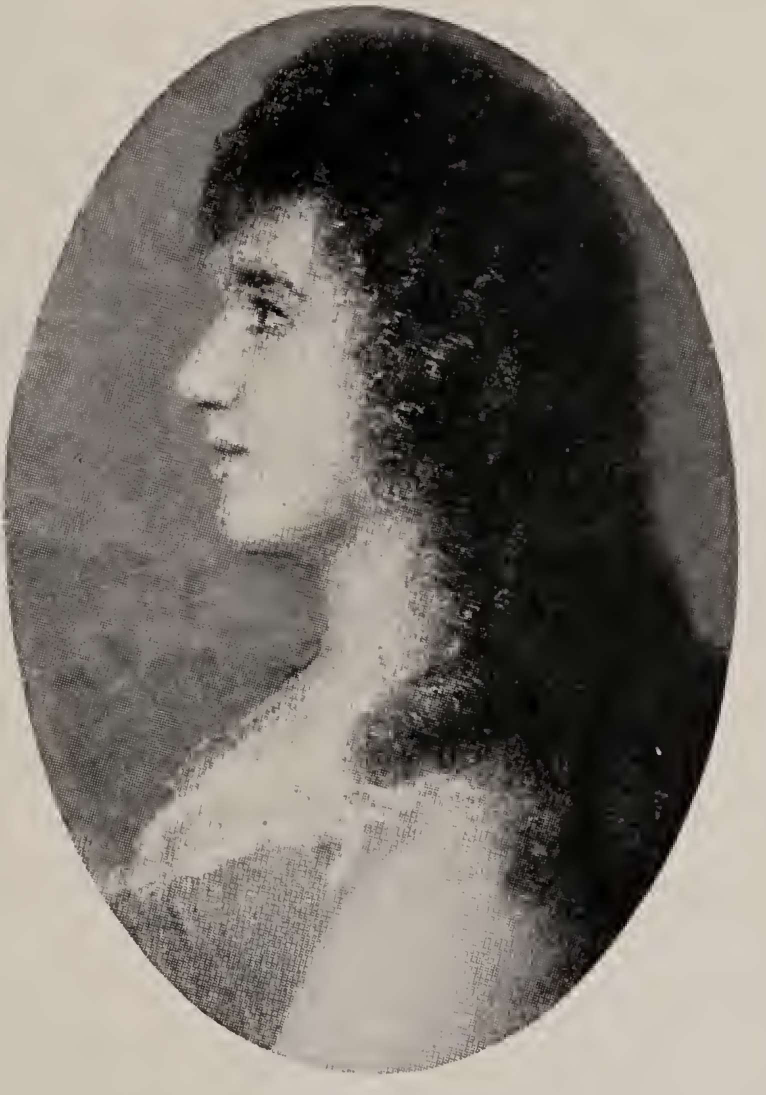
Mary, the mother of Washington

Her old home is now tended by a society of devoted women who will keep her memory green.

An incident in the life of the good guardian of Mary Ball Washington's youth should have a place here, as it was in honor of this guardian, Major George Eskridge, that she named our hero, her first-born, George Washington.

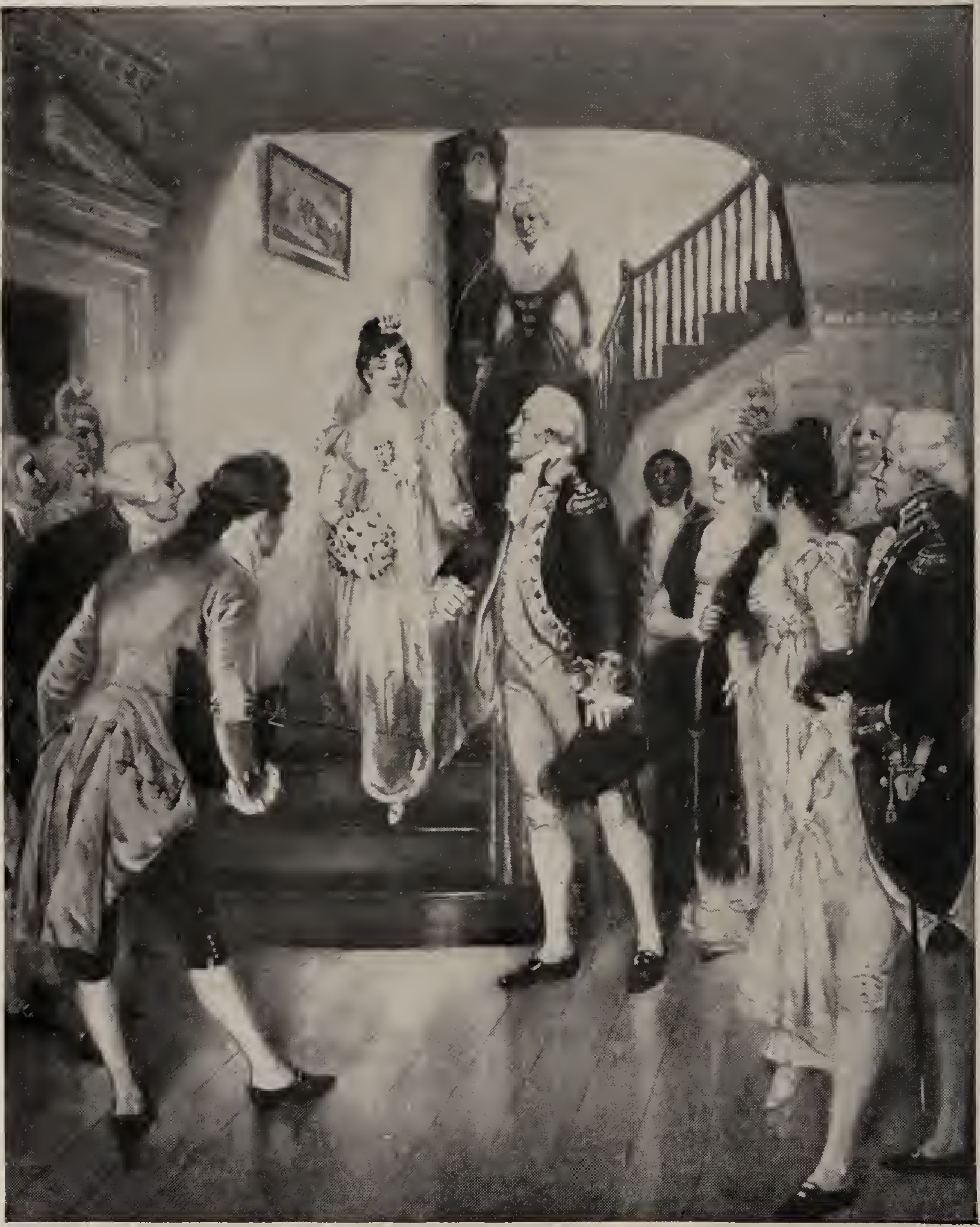
Major Eskridge was a native of the little country of Wales, and one day while sauntering along the shore on the northern coast, reading a book on law, of which he was a student, he was suddenly seized by a press gang, carried aboard, and brought to Virginia, where he was sold as a slave. For eight years he was in servitude to a planter, subject to harsh treatment and denied communication with home and friends. At the end of the time, he returned to England, finished his interrupted law course, and was admitted to the bar. He then came back to Virginia, where he obtained a grant of a thousand acres in the Northern Neck and there rose to eminence; but his greatest achievement lies in his kindness to the orphan girl, Mary Ball, who gave his name to her son and started it down the ages.

Nelly Custis
the beautiful ward of Mount Vernon
and the homes her presence hallowed



Nelly Custis

None knew thee but to love thee,
None named thee but to praise.
—Halleck



Nelly Custis on her bridal eve

Nelly Custis and Mount Vernon

AT THE very mention of the name of Nelly Custis, four old Colonial mansions simultaneously lay claim to her, and about each her memory clings as the trailing tendril to the wall. These are Abingdon, her birthplace; Mount Vernon, the theater of her childhood and youth; Woodlawn, the home of her married life and the triumph of her motherhood; and Audley, the scene of her widowhood and the evening hours of her life.

But Mount Vernon makes the strongest appeal for first place. It nursed her in babyhood, protected her in youth, crowned her with her orange wreath, and enfolded her to its bosom in death. It was the setting for the greatest events that have ever been recorded in the life of any American girl, and all other claims must yield to its mandates.

Her wedding marked the last anniversary of the birth of the "Father of His Country," and it was a red-letter day in the history of the old mansion. From the time the fair little three-year-old became a member of this household at the death of her father she had been the idol of the home, the pet of the great of this and other lands who came under Mount Vernon's hospitable roof, and now in the unfoldment of beautiful young womanhood, with the added charm of her bridal wreath, it is small wonder that "She was the center of all eyes, the theme of all praise." No other girlish figure in the annals of America has ever held such sway over the hearts of her countrymen as did the beautiful, vivacious Nelly Custis, the ward of Mount Vernon.

She was a child of nature and delighted in all things beautiful. She was the center of the stage at the dawn of our Republic, and many descriptions of her loveliness are left to us.

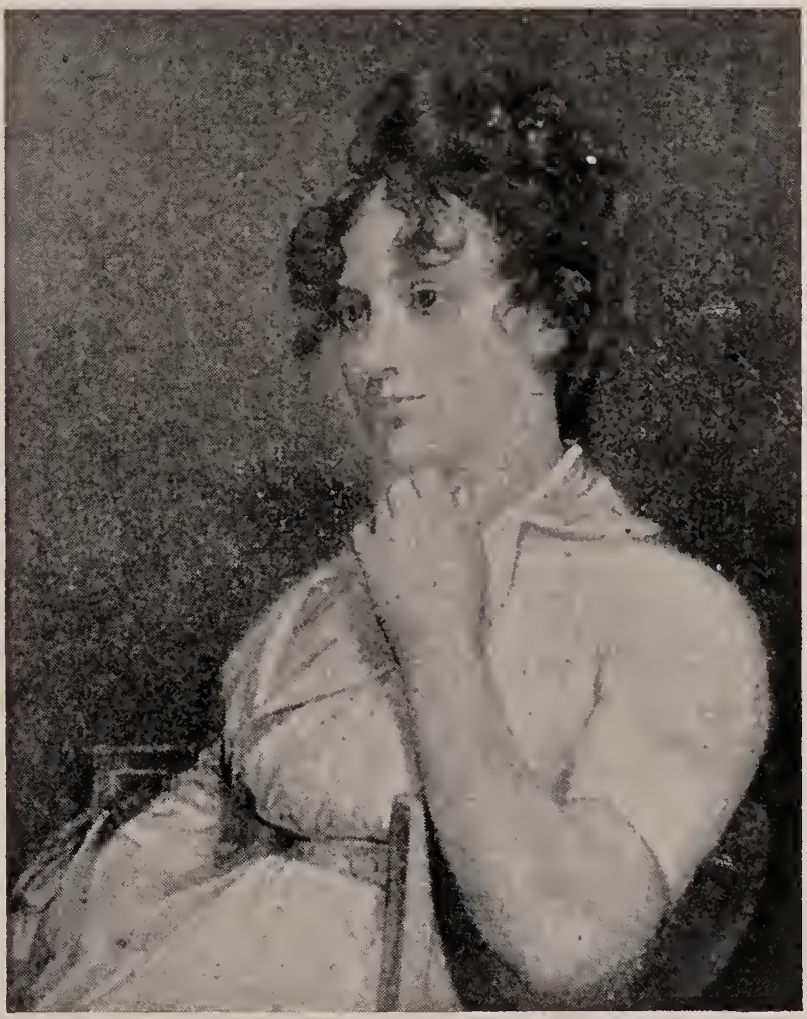
Latrobe, upon his arrival in 1799, said: "She has more perfection of form, of expression, of color, of softness of voice, and of fineness of mind than I have ever seen before."

Another describes her, as "One of those celestial beings, so rarely produced by nature, sometimes dreamed of by poets and painters. Her sweetness equals her beauty and that is perfect. She has many accomplishments. She plays the piano and sings better than the usual woman of America or even of Europe."

Still another says, "She was as witty as she was beautiful." And the sweet girlish face with its simplicity of youthful charm as reflected from her portrait verifies all that has been said of her.

Naturally gifted, highly educated, brought up under the refining influence of the first home of the land, with the additional advantages of several years in the Presidential mansions in New York and Philadelphia, she was well fitted for the duties that awaited her.

It is told that her romantic nature and her love for roaming alone in the forest under the moonlight gave her grandmother concern for her safety, and she exacted a promise from Nelly that she would not again go alone. But Mrs. Washington found cause for reprimanding her one evening for her broken promise. The child acknowledged her fault,



Nelly Custis at eighteen

offered some excuse, and was just leaving the room when General Washington said, "My dear, I would say no more. Perhaps she was not alone." This was too much of a challenge of her truthfulness for the little lassie. Reopening the door she had just closed and walking up to the General, she said, "Sir, you brought me up to speak the truth, and when I told Grandmamma I was alone, I hope you will believe I was alone." This was too much for the General. He rose and with one of his most magnanimous bows, said, "My child, I beg your pardon."

Her loving childish influence over the great man who oftentimes seemed so unapproachable to others was marked. Her sweet smile and little confidences whispered into his ear, while she held on to the button of his coat, brought her the pretty gowns and innumerable other things so dear to the girlish heart. How wonderfully her early pathway was brightened by flowers and sunshine, but the afternoon and eventide were deeply touched by sorrow and care!

February 22, 1799, the anniversary of her guardian, was set apart as the nuptial day. Many have been the pen descriptions of that brilliant scene in the drawing-room that night when the great chieftain, whose bier, ten months hence, was to supplant the nuptial altar of tonight, gave the bride away with such courtly dignity. But research does not verify these colorful descriptions.

The notation in Washington's diary under this date reads thus:

"Morning raining. Mercury at 30. Wind a little more to the northward—afterwards very strong from the northwest and turning clear and cold. The Rev. Mr. Davis and Mr. George Calvert came to dinner, and Miss Custis was married about candlelight to Mr. Lawrence Lewis."

The following day he notices the return of Mr. Davis after dinner.

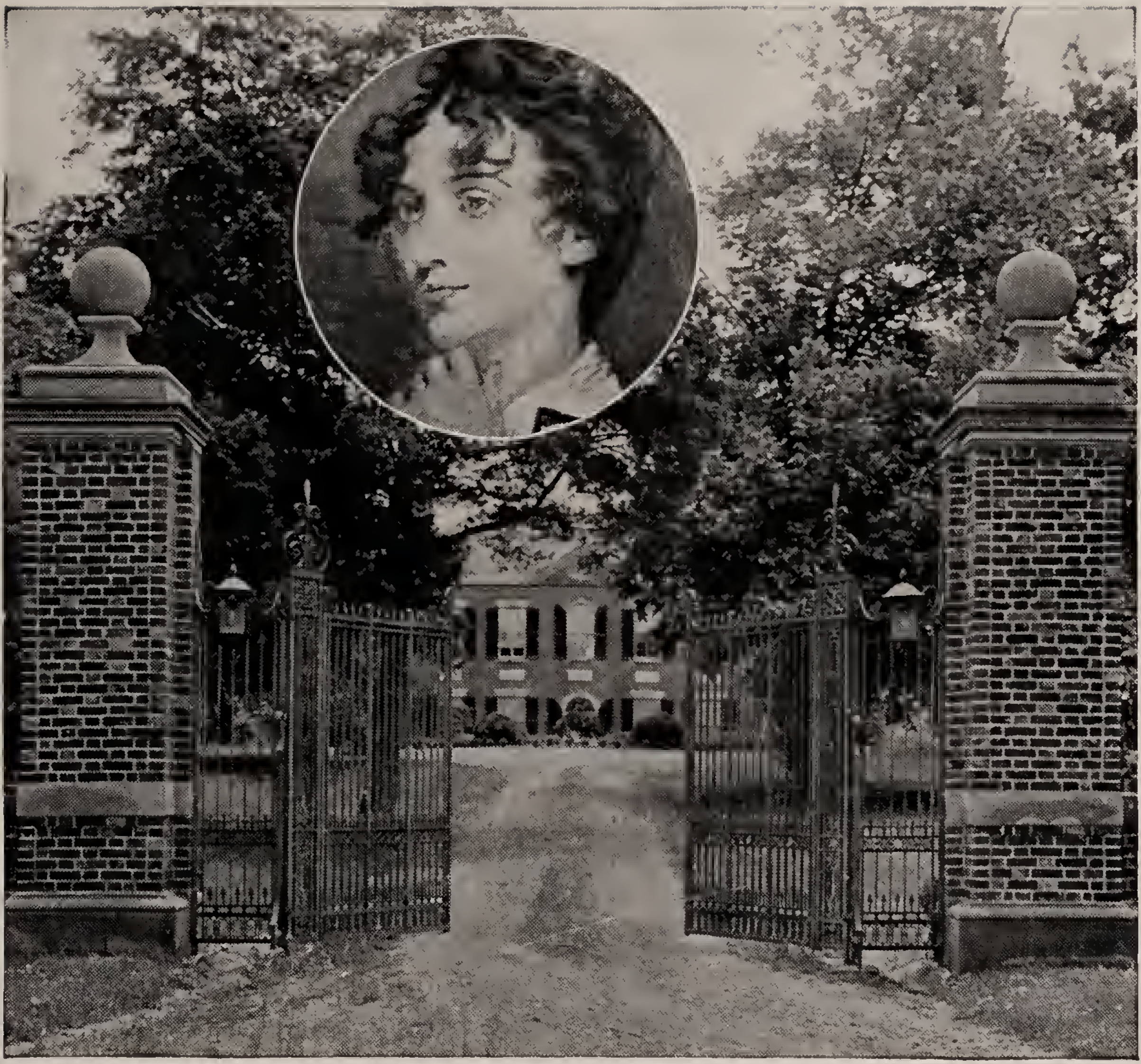
The impressions handed down in the family are to the effect that the marriage was a quiet one. Henry Daingerfield Lewis remembered hearing his grandmother tell of her marriage on General Washington's birthday, and of his giving her away, but she said nothing of the great throng of witnesses which have been so prominent in history.

However this may have been, Lawrence Lewis, the sixth child of Colonel Fielding and Betty Washington Lewis, was the fortunate bridegroom. He was a favorite nephew of General Washington's, but it is evident from the following letter, written to Bartholomew Dandridge, Mrs. Washington's nephew, on January 25, 1799, that the young couple had not taken him into their confidence:

"Lawrence Lewis is appointed a captain in the Corps of Light Dragoons; but before he enters the camp of Mars, he is to engage in that of Venus with Nelly Custis on 22d of month; they having, while I was in Philadelphia, without my having the smallest suspicion that such an affair was in agitation, formed their contract for this purpose."

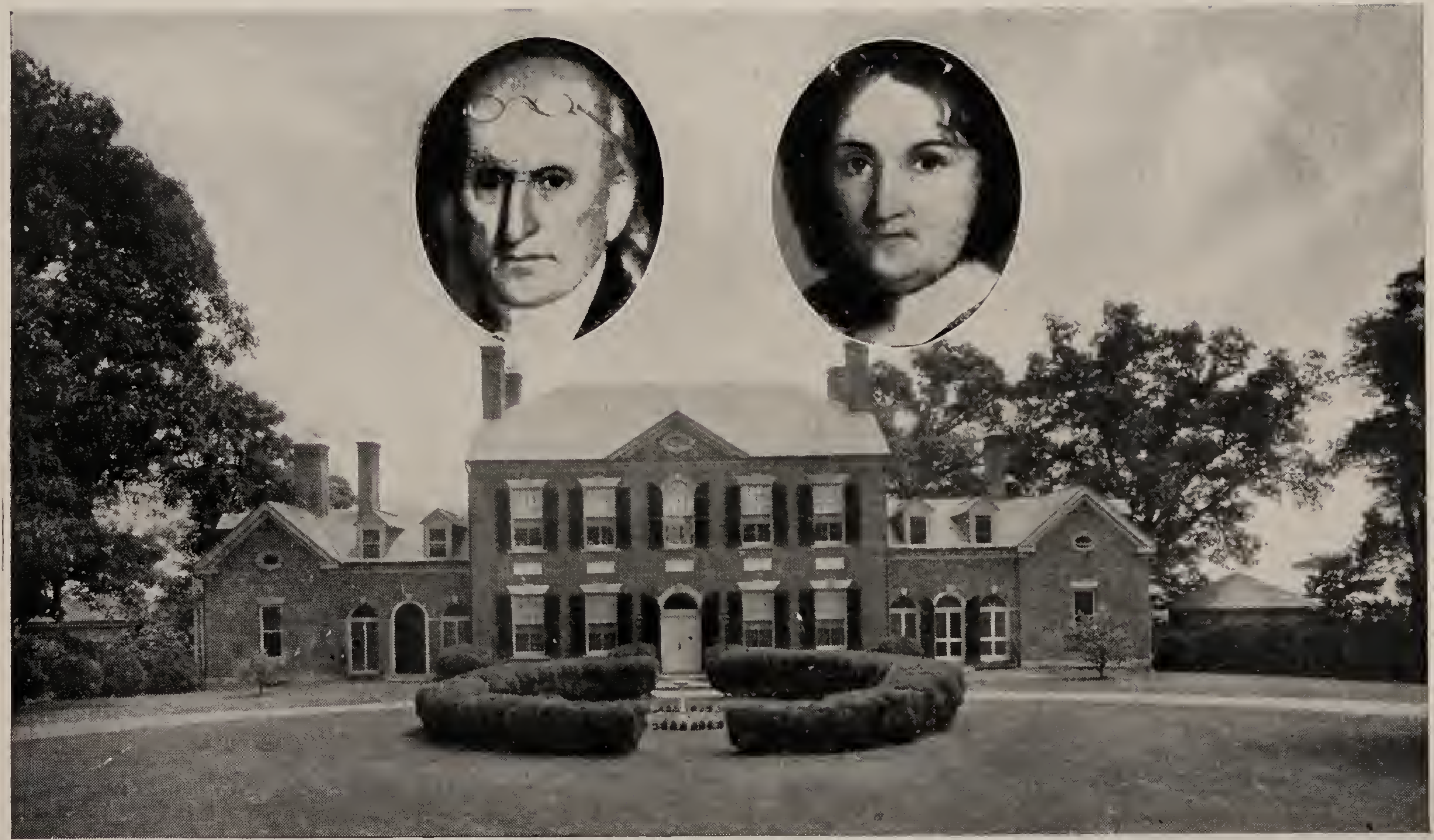
It was when his social duties had begun to weigh him down and he longed for quiet that he asked his nephew to come and relieve him of this task. And it was in the mansion, in the beautiful gardens, along the shady walks, in the quiet of sequestered nooks that love's old, sweet story was told. This was the culmination of the romance of these two favorites of the General.

It was here in the old mansion which had become so dear to Nelly that her first two daughters were born, Frances, the eldest, in time for the blessing of General Washington before he died. And it was naturally a great disappointment to her and her husband, and to Mrs. Washington, when they found that it had been transferred to others by the General's will and that they must leave its tender associations. However, they remained until after the death of Mrs. Washington.



Harris & Ewing

Nelly Custis at the gateway of Woodlawn



Buckingham

Woodlawn as it looks today, with portraits of Lawrence and Nelly Custis Lewis

Nelly Custis and Woodlawn

WOODLAWN is set apart in our minds as a wedding dower from General Washington to the beautiful girl he called his ward. But in his will it is "the residue of the Mount Vernon estate" not already devised to his nephew, Bushrod Washington, which he left to Lawrence Lewis and Nelly jointly, "together with the mill, distillery, and all other houses and improvements on the premises, making together about two thousand acres."

This was the tract he called his Dogue Run farm, and it was doubtless largely made up of the original Washington-Spencer grant; but in 1760, we find him noting in his diary that he has purchased two hundred and ten acres adjoining it; and two years later, one hundred and thirty-five more. So we are justified in thinking that it may have been made up from various purchases added to a portion of the original tract.

He also left to Nelly and Lawrence Lewis other lands and sufficient cash to establish a home in accord with their tastes and ideas of social standing, and Mrs. Washington added to this from the abundance of her resources, so that Woodlawn became the stateliest manor house of the Upper Potomac.

Doctor William Thornton, the designer of the National Capitol, was the architect. And Mrs. Thornton in her diary under date of August 4, 1800, gives us a glimpse of the location at that time. She first speaks of her visit to Mrs. Washington at Mount Vernon on that day and of her drive with others in Mrs. Washington's carriage to "see Mr. Lewis's hill where he is going to build. Dr. T. has given him a plan. The situation is fine, all in woods, from which he will have an extensive beautiful view." This sets aside the impression that the house was under way at the time of General Washington's death, or that there was another one here before that time.

The mansion took its place on Grey Heights, overlooking the Potomac and Dogue Bay, three miles inland from Mount Vernon. Its beautiful name comes from one of the Lewis ancestral homes in Virginia. Though it was far from being completed, the Lewises moved into it in July, 1802, a few months after the death of Mrs. Washington.

Some years ago while Paul Edward Johnson was repairing the foundation, he unearthed a round piece of wood with the name "L. Lewis, 1803" and a skull and crossbones carved upon it. He presented this to Mrs. Frances Truax Walker, of Accotink, who had so often played at Woodlawn when a child, and by setting pieces in to make it square, she now has a unique stand which she classes among her rare treasures.

Woodlawn was known far and wide for its generous hospitality. Its doors swung back to the great of every land, who came to pay homage to the ward of Mount Vernon. Among these was General Lafayette, who had "caressed her in her gay moods as a child in the home of his beloved commander." She possessed a kind and sympathetic understanding which endeared her to all alike and made her a favorite wherever she went. She was an adherent of the Episcopal Church faith and carried her religion into her daily life. It was her custom to have the domestics attend family worship both morning and evening. The toiler on the plantation, the weary wayfarer, the needy and distressed alike found in her a friend and helper and went their way to bless her.

Eight children were born of this union, but death robbed the cradle of four of them and claimed another just as she was budding into womanhood; so but two daughters and one son lived to the years of maturity. But despite these frequent shadows, the home life at Woodlawn was a beautiful one. By and by the time came for the flittings and one by one these children went out into the world to establish family altars of their own.

April 4, 1826, was set apart by the wedding of Frances Parke Lewis, the eldest daughter, to Colonel Edward G. W. Butler, and Woodlawn was never fairer or gayer than on this first nuptial occasion.

The following year brought Lorenzo Lewis, the son, and Miss Esther Marie Coxe to the nuptial altar. It was not until July 30, 1835, that the old mansion again threw wide its doors for the marriage of the youngest daughter, Mary Eliza Angela Lewis, to Charles M. Conrad, of New Orleans.

But the gaiety had already begun to wane. Age was creeping upon the parents. The receding echoes of a past that knew no equal became farther and farther away. With a world-wide fame it was no longer possible to meet the demands of such an estate. Beautiful old Woodlawn had begun to decline, and there were unhappy hearts there. Then just in sight was Mount Vernon, which had been so dear to the master and mistress of Woodlawn, sharing the same fate of overdemands from a well-meaning public, and this did not add to their happiness.

In September, 1839, the mother was called to the Southland to bid adieu to her youngest daughter, who had gone away as a bride four brief years before. Scarcely had the daughter been laid away at Mount Vernon when another blow fell in the death of the husband and father.

Lawrence Lewis died suddenly on November 20, 1839, while on a visit at Arlington. After he had found a place in the tomb at Mount Vernon Nelly Custis Lewis withdrew from the painful scene to Audley, where she spent her widowhood.

By the terms of the will of Lawrence Lewis, which was dated March 1, 1839, and admitted to record at Fairfax February 17, 1840, Lorenzo Lewis became sole heir to Woodlawn, with everything within the mansion and about the plantation. The estate at this time contained the original two thousand acres which General Washington had set apart jointly for Lawrence and Nelly. After making bequests of money and other lands to his daughters, he also left Audley to Lorenzo, with the reservation of Nelly's lifetime interest.

Few fathers have paid higher tribute to a son than the one of confidence implied in the last clause of the will of Lawrence Lewis, which reads:

"Lastly—I appoint my son, Lorenzo, executor of this last will and testament—the high opinion I entertain of his prudence and integrity and affection for his mother and sisters will not permit me to impose on him the trouble of procuring sureties for the faithful discharge of his duties—and, I, therefore, direct that security may be dispensed with, and that no appraisement of my personal estate shall be required."

But Lorenzo did not long survive his father, and Woodlawn, left alone, suffered the consequences of neglect. It is said that as early as 1845 it was wholly forsaken, that not a white man lived upon it, and but few slaves remained in rickety cabins. Here and there a patch of ground was under cultivation.

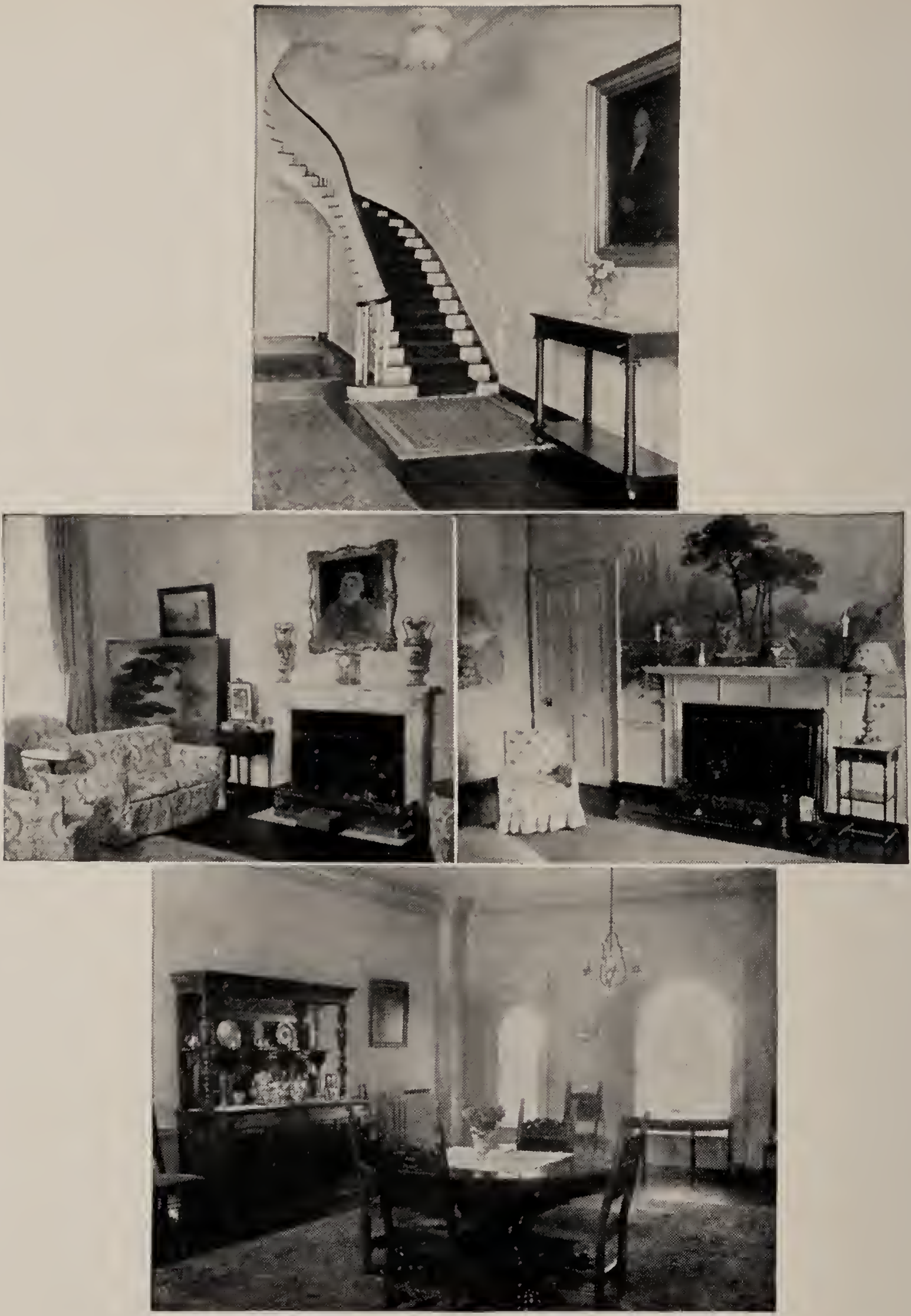
No grass had been sown, no hay harvested, and the fields were overrun with cedars, bramble, sedge, and sassafras. The fences were gone, and the taxes were now about thirty dollars annually. The buildings alone had cost $140,000 forty years before.

At this crucial period, on October 9, 1846, Lorenzo Lewis entered into a written agreement with Joseph and Chalkley Gillingham for the sale of the estate. But he died before the deed had been delivered, and, in order to make legal conveyance to the purchasers, suit had to be brought. So the making of the title was vested in Lawrence B. Taylor, commissioner, acting with Mrs. Esther Marie Lewis, widow of Lorenzo Lewis, at a term of the court at Fairfax on August 22, 1848. Mrs. Lewis received $16,630 from the purchasers, before delivering the deed, which was signed by her and Mr. Taylor. Thus beautiful old Woodlawn passed from the Lewis family into the hands of Jacob Troth, Chalkley and Lucas Gillingham, and Paul Hillman Troth, who have sometimes been termed the Jersey Company. In the years that followed came change of ownership, deeds of trust, and division of the estate in such complication that it would be difficult to trace it. The greatly reduced tract was just about in ruins when the Land River Improvement Company of New Alexandria came into possession of it.

It was under this ownership that "its grandeur in decay" made its appeal to Paul Kester, the noted author and playwright, of New York; and on March 26, 1901, he bought the "Woodlawn Mansion Tract" from this company for $8,000. Under the care and skill of the Kesters, the spirit of other days began to return, its beauty and culture were revived. Noted personages once again crossed its threshold. The Kesters had lived and written all over the country, and while Vaughan was restoring the mansion, he was plying his facile pen on this second romance, *The Fortunes of the Landrays.* It was here in this library that Paul Kester dramatized the far-famed *When Knighthood was in Flower* for Julia Marlowe during the winter of 1902, when she and her little dog "Taffy" spent off-stage hours here.

But the Kesters did not remain long. On June 13, 1905, Paul Kester transferred his title and rights to Miss Elizabeth Sharpe, of Princeton, New Jersey, and withdrew to Gunston Hall, where Vaughan's brilliant career was cut short on July 4, 1911.

Miss Sharpe's title called for only a little more than sixty-five acres, so greatly reduced had been the tract, but she added several smaller tracts to her original purchase and otherwise improved and beautified the place. However, death intervened on June 6, 1924, and her heirs and executors sold it to Mrs. Bertha Underwood, wife of former Senator Oscar Underwood of Alabama, on May 18, 1925. The Underwood title includes 169.19 acres in all, including the 65.60 of the "Mansion Tract."



Harris & Ewing

Interior Views

Stairway

Drawing room Peacock room

Dining room

The Woodlawn of Today

WHAT a terrestrial paradise one finds in the Woodlawn of today! It has become a veritable Eden under the artistic touch of Senator and Mrs. Oscar Underwood, who have not only added to its beauty and charm, but have revived much of its old-time spirit of Southern hospitality. Here the Present clasps hands with the Past in combining the luxuries of the early period of our Republic with the comforts of today in one of the most magnificent mansions that this age has inherited. In one corner, the touch of the first mistress seems to linger; in another, that of the present one, until they merge into one great picture of the beauty and culture of yesterday and today. Never since the palmy days of Nelly Custis has the old mansion reached its present standard. The Kesters began the laudable work; Miss Sharpe with her unlimited means carried it on; but the Underwoods know no bounds in their artistic touches.

Stately it stands in its wonderful natural setting, so little altered that it at once claims the attention of the stranger who knows nothing of its history. The main building is sixty by forty feet, with spacious halls and apartments, and ample wings united to the main part by corridors. The old floors, fastened with pegs in the central portion, are still in perfect preservation. There are twenty well-furnished rooms on the two floors and closets and baths galore. The inimitable old stairway in the front hall still leads to the chambers above. The old-time lock, so huge in its dimensions, is still upon the office door which swung back at the touch of Lawrence Lewis for almost forty years, and which serves Senator Underwood just as comfortably today. The drawing-room and library are but little changed. Many of the original mantels and decorations are still intact, while others are copies. The Georgian type of architecture is considered very fine, but the superior carving of the Italian mantel, which was the gift of the designer, Mr. Vaughn, to Nelly Custis Lewis, stands out by itself. The Lafayette chamber, the Japanese and other rooms, are in accord with bygone days; but for charm the peacock room surpasses them all. So perfect in its colorings and blendings of tints, so gardenlike with its roses and peacocks, it seems almost incredible that it could have retained such beauty for a century and a quarter. The dining room with its unique furniture, screens, and grandfather's clock is the work and taste of the present mistress. Wady Wood was the architect. The servants' quarters, with their picturesque hollyhocks without, have been restored to what they were in Nelly Custis's time; and the occupants gather "about the cabin door" at twilight with their banjos and Southern melodies with as much delight as they did in those far-off days.

What a panorama of historic interest and natural charm the River Lawn commands! There is Dogue Bay and the site of the old mill, and Mount Vernon but one mile distant by airline. A like distance by air on the right is old Belvoir (now Fort Humphreys). Here on this lawn stands the weeping box of other days, and the great trees of the primitive forest like wardens guard the door. Turning to the right, we pass Drury Lane with its colorful peonies and other flowers of yesterday, as we stroll round to the front lawn, so parklike with its great oaks, honey locusts, pines, cedars, tulips, and Norway spruces. Beneath the shade of these trees is the picturesque garden that Nelly Custis tended with such care. The boxwood that encircled it is still here, but the maize within the circle has given place to flowers more in accord with the taste of the present mistress.*

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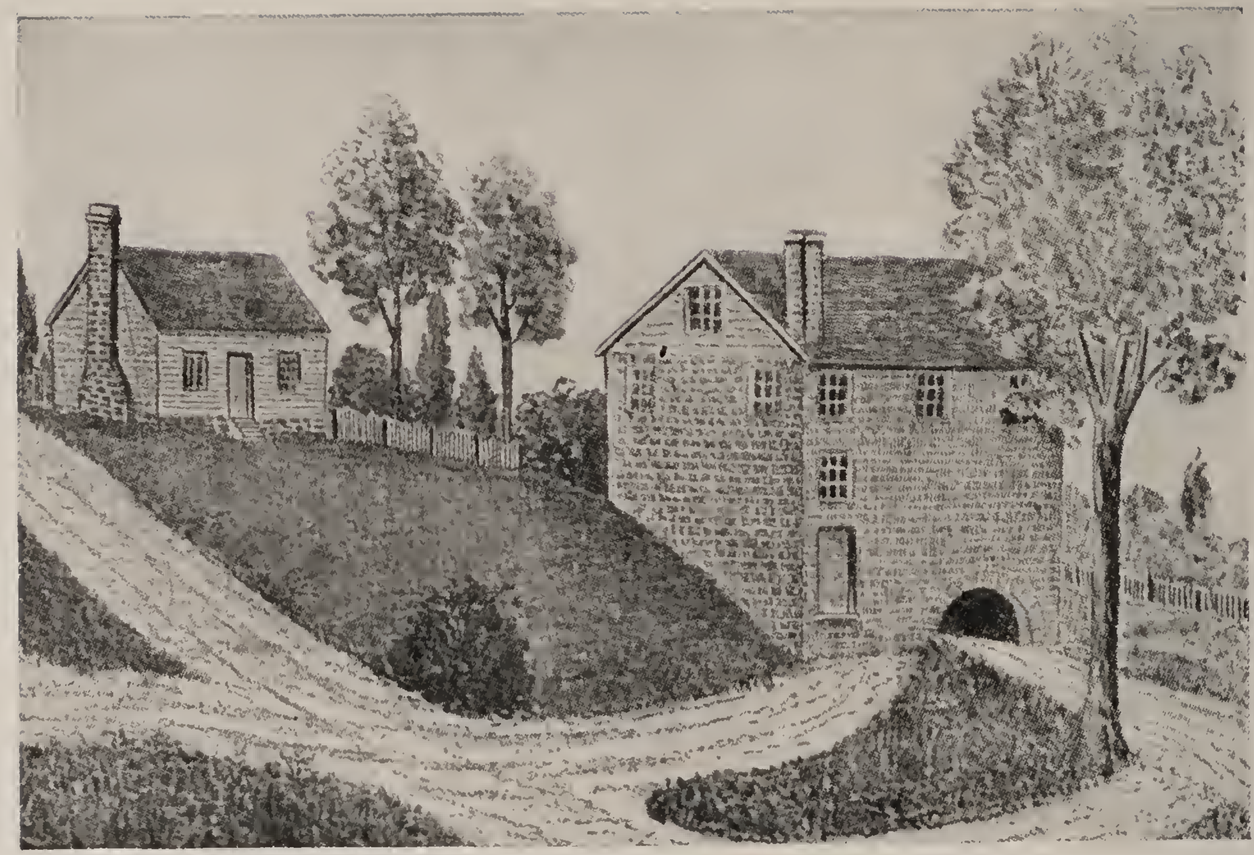
*Since the above was written, death has again visited Woodlawn and left its pall. Senator Oscar Underwood passed from life in February, 1929, but Mrs. Underwood will still retain the mansion.



Old Dogue Run Mill

Harris & Ewing

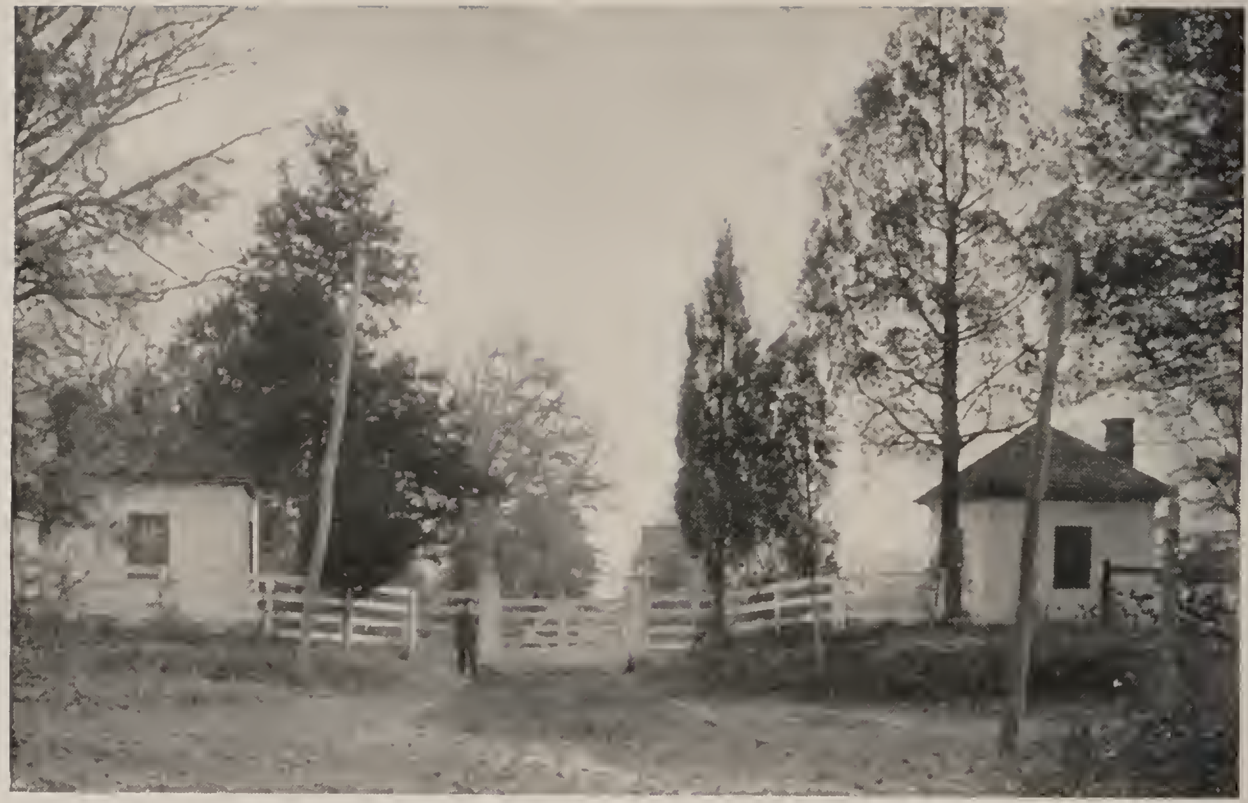
View from Woodlawn overlooking the Potomac and the site of the old mill

Dogue Run Mill

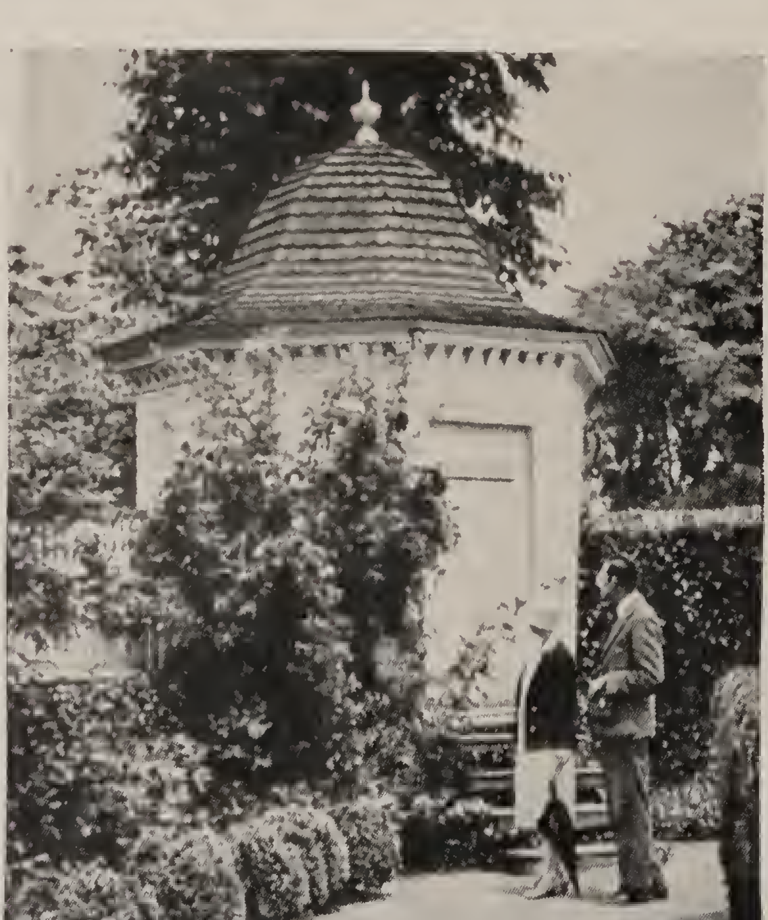
AS ONE overlooks the site of old Dogue Run Mill from Grey Heights today, it seems to plead not to be forgotten here, and there are whispers in the air that it may be restored to what it was when the Father of his Country owned and loved it. Tradition has it that it was at this mill that General Washington performed his last earthly task, and the old sycamore that so proudly lifts its head above the ruins today, boasts that it held the reins of the General's horse throughout the years that he visited the mill.

Built by Augustine Washington as early as 1734, inherited by George Washington from his half brother, Lawrence, 1752, willed to Lawrence Lewis and Nelly Custis by the General, 1799, we just about have its early history.

It passed with the rest of the Woodlawn estate from the Lewis family, and near 1850, after years of vicissitudes, its wheels became silent and it was torn down. By and by the site was sold at public auction; but about 1926, Dr. F. M. Dillard, of Alexandria, came into possession of eight acres of the estate, including the site of the mill, with a hope of restoring it.



The old lodge gateway to Mount Vernon



The little school-house in the gardens at Mount Vernon where the children received first instruction

The Woodlawn Family

SO LITTLE has been written of the descendants of Nelly Custis and Lawrence Lewis that one pauses and wonders. For they are now a veritable host, and some of their names appear high up on the scroll of fame; yet how few who read know their identity or dream of the wonderful traditions that they are carrying down the line.

As we already know, Frances Parke Lewis, the eldest child, was born at Mount Vernon in time for the blessing of General Washington; and in 1803 we catch another glimpse of this dainty little lady through a letter written by her mother to a close friend. The letter reads in part:

"We live at Woodlawn in a small part of our intended house; it is small and rather inconvenient, but we are pleased with our house; and our poor little Frances is a constant comfort. Had my Martha and my little son lived, we should have been as fortunate parents as any in the world, but they are much more fortunate in being spared the trials which attend everyone in life."

Frances Parke Lewis glided through her school days with perhaps little more incident than the average girl of her time, but when her bridal day came Woodlawn was scarcely less festive than Mount Vernon had been on the occasion of the nuptials of her mother. Colonel Butler, her husband, bore her proudly to the Southland, and they were the parents of seven children. She died on June 30, 1875, and he survived her by thirteen years. Both rest at Pass Christian, Mississippi.

Colonel Edward G. W. Butler (1800–88), the husband of Frances Parke Lewis, came of a distinguished family, too. He was the son of Edward and Isabella Fowler Butler, and at the death of his father, which occurred at Fort Lebanon, Tennessee, while in military service, he was placed under the guardianship of President Andrew Jackson. With the love of the military as a heritage, he was graduated from West Point and served with honor in the Mexican War.

The Butler Family

Of the seven children born of the union of Colonel Edward G. W. Butler and Frances Parke Lewis but four lived to maturity; so let us follow them briefly and trace the line to the present.

Major Edward G. W. Butler, Jr. (1829–61), did not marry, but he contributed another page of courage and gallantry on the field of battle to the Butler family annals of America. The University of Virginia, Harvard, and the law school at New Orleans, were his alma maters. He served as secretary of legation at Berlin for several years, but resigned this position at the opening of the Civil War, enlisted in the 11th Louisiana Infantry in behalf of the Confederacy, and "died gloriously" on the field at Belmont, Missouri, in 1861. From *The Butler Family of America* by W. D. and J. C. Butler, we learn that he sent this message to his father by General Polk, "I died like a Butler in the discharge of my duty." In delivering this message to the father, together with the lifeless body, General Polk said, "You have reason to be proud of such a death." General Lee later wrote, "I still grieve over the death of your gallant son; his message through General Polk proves him a hero." He rests in the family burial ground at Pass Christian, Mississippi.

Eleanor Angela Isabel Butler (1832–66) was married on May 12, 1854, to Colonel G. McWillis Williamson, of Louisiana, who was sent as United States minister to Central America. He survived her by many years, dying in 1892. They had six children, Isabella (Mrs. Arthur Hodges); George, Evelyn Angela, William McWilliamson, and Anne McWillis, who did not marry; and Caroline Butler Williamson, who became Mrs. F. B. Pierson.

Caroline Butler (1834–76) was married on May 9, 1853, to William Turnbull, of Louisiana, and their sons, William Butler and Daniel Turnbull, are now living in South Dakota.

Major Lawrence Lewis Butler (1837–93), the youngest son of Colonel Edward and Frances Parke Lewis Butler, was graduated from the University of Virginia, and completed a law course at Paris. He served the Confederacy on the staffs of Generals Polk and Wright, and after his return to civil life was married on March 11, 1869, to Miss Mary Susan Gay, daughter of Congressman Edward J. Gay, of Louisiana. He settled down to the practice of law at New Orleans for the first few years of his wedded life, and then, 1873, removed with his family to St. Louis, where Mrs. Butler died on March 26, 1882. He survived her by a number of years, but both rest at St. Louis. They had five children, who were as follows:

Frances Parke (1869–), their eldest daughter, became the wife of Mayor John Ewens, of Vicksburg, Mississippi, and their only child, Frances, is Mrs. Edward Twiss, of England. Edward Gay Butler, of Boyce, Virginia, is the second child of Major Lawrence Lewis Butler, and to him we are indebted for much of this interesting information. He and his wife, Emily Mansfield Butler, have no children. Lavina Hynes Butler is Mrs. Wyatt Shallcross, of St. Louis; Anna Gay, Mrs. Richard C. Plater, of Nashville, Tennessee; and Mary Susan Butler, Mrs. George Whiting, of Baltimore. All are sending out another generation to call Nelly Custis blessed.

The Conrads

Mary Eliza Angela Lewis, the youngest daughter of Lawrence and Nelly Custis Lewis, survived her wedding day by only four years; so her line is brief, and is now extinct so far as we can determine. After her death, on September 21, 1839, her two little sons were cared for by Mrs. Lorenzo Lewis, at Audley. Charles M. Conrad, 1837–83, was married to a Miss Penn, of Baltimore, and had issue. Lawrence Lewis Conrad, 1839——, was married to Miss Minnie Worthington, of Baltimore, and they had two children, Marie and Charles Conrad. Marie was married to Dr. Louis Lehr, of Worthington Valley, Maryland, but she died, 1921, without issue, and Dr. Lehr has since followed her. Charles died single, so the line seems to end here. Mrs. Lehr left quite a collection of her ancestral treasures to Mount Vernon.

Charles M. Conrad erected the white shaft in the little inclosure, just outside the tomb at Mount Vernon. At his death in New Orleans on February 11, 1878, his inscription was placed upon the shaft.

Authentic Record of the Lewis Family

The following record of the family of Lawrence and Nelly Custis Lewis is a facsimile of the one inscribed in the Martha Washington Bible, with occasional bracket additions of deaths:

In this old record, which is now in printed form in the Library of Congress, we read, "This Bible was

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See Audley for family of Lorenzo Lewis.

presented to H. L. D. Lewis by his aunt, F. Parke Butler, July 31, 1852."—just sixteen days after the death of Nelly Custis Lewis. The autograph of Martha Washington appears in this record three times. "Martha Washington 1789" is inscribed near the top of the title-page of the New Testament, and the autograph of H. L. D. Lewis, Audley, 1852, is on the title-page of both the Old and the New Testaments.

Lawrence Lewis, born 4th April, 1767 [d. at Arlington Nov. 20, 1839]. Eleanor Parke Custis born March 31, 1779 [d. at Audley July 15, 1852]. Married at Mount Vernon on Friday, February 22, 1799, in the presence of General and Mrs. Washington.

Their Children

1. Frances Parke Lewis, born at Mount Vernon on Wed. Nov. 27, 1799. Baptised in February 1800. Her sponsors, Eleanor Stuart, Mr. & Mrs. Charles Carter, Mr. & Mrs. Law, and Mr. G. W. P. Custis.
2. Martha Betty Lewis, born on Wed. August 19th, 1801 at Mount Vernon. Baptised June 10th, 1802. Her sponsors, Mr. and Mrs. T. Peter, Mr. G. Tucker and Mr. Custis. Died June 19th after three weeks illness, aged ten months.
3. Lawrence Fielding Lewis, born on Wed. August 5th, 1802 at Westernview, Culpepper county. Died immediately after his birth.
4. Lorenzo Lewis, born at Woodlawn, Fairfax county on Sunday, Nov. 13, 1803. Baptised in Alexandria July 8, 1804. Sponsors, Mr. & Mrs. Custis, Mr. & Mrs. G. Tucker, Mrs. Sally Carter, and Mrs. Jane Boynton.

5. Eleanor Agnes Freire Lewis, born at Woodlawn on Thursday, August 8th, 1805. Her sponsors at Baptism, Mrs. E. P. Law, Dr. W. A. Daingerfield, Chevalier and Madame Agnes Frances Freire, of Portugal; Mr. & Mrs. Hodson, of Alexandria. Died 28th October, 1820, aged 15 years.

6. Fielding Augustine Lewis, born at Woodlawn, Sunday July 2, 1807. Baptised on Sunday, January 10, 1808. Died March 27, 1809, aged 20 months.

7. George Washington Custis Lewis, born at Woodlawn on Wed. February 14, 1810. Baptised July 8, 1810. Died December 16, 1811, aged 22 months.

8. Mary Eliza Angela Lewis, born at Woodlawn on Thursday, April 1, 1813, at 2 o'clock a. m. Baptised in May by the Reverend Dr. Muir. Her Sponsors, L. and E. P. Lewis.

Frances Parke Lewis married E. G.W. Butler, April 4, 1826, at Woodlawn, and the children of this marriage were:

1. E. G. W. Butler, born Dec. 4, 1826, d. Sept. 23, 1827, aged 9 mos.

2. Two daughters still born Feb. 29, 1828.

4. E. G. W. Butler, born on June 4, 1827. Baptised at Woodlawn 25th of same month.

5. Eleanor Angela Isabella Butler, born on February 7, 1832, at Dauboque, La.

6. Caroline Butler, born on August 21, 1834.

7. L. Lewis Butler, born on March 10, 1837.

Lorenzo Lewis was married June 6, 1827, to Esther Marie Coxe, of Philadelphia, and their family consisted of six sons:

1. George Washington Lewis, born Feb. 12, 1829, at Philadelphia. Baptised at Woodlawn, June 25, 1829.

2. Twin sons, Lawrence Fielding and John Redman Coxe Lewis, born April 18, 1834, at Audley. [Fielding died unmarried January 25, 1857.]

4. E. D. P. Coxe Lewis, born Feb. 7, 1837.

5. Charles Conrad Lewis, born at Audley, Oct. 28, 1839. [Died March 1859, aged 20 years.]

6. Henry Llewellyn Daingerfield Lewis, born April 25, 1843, at Audley. [Died Dec. 17, 1893, at Audley.]

Mary Eliza Angela Lewis married Charles M. Conrad, of New Orleans, July 30, 1835, at Woodlawn. [d. September 21, 1839.] Their children:

1. Angela Lewis Conrad, born at New Orleans March 17, 1836. Died March 25, 1837, a seven months babe.

2. Charles M. Conrad, born at the bay of St. Louis, August 14, 1837, a seven months babe.

3. Lawrence Lewis Conrad, born at Pass Christian, July 3, 1839.

Major Lawrence Lewis died at Arlington on November 20, 1839, in his 73d year.

Lorenzo Lewis died at Audley, August 27, 1847.

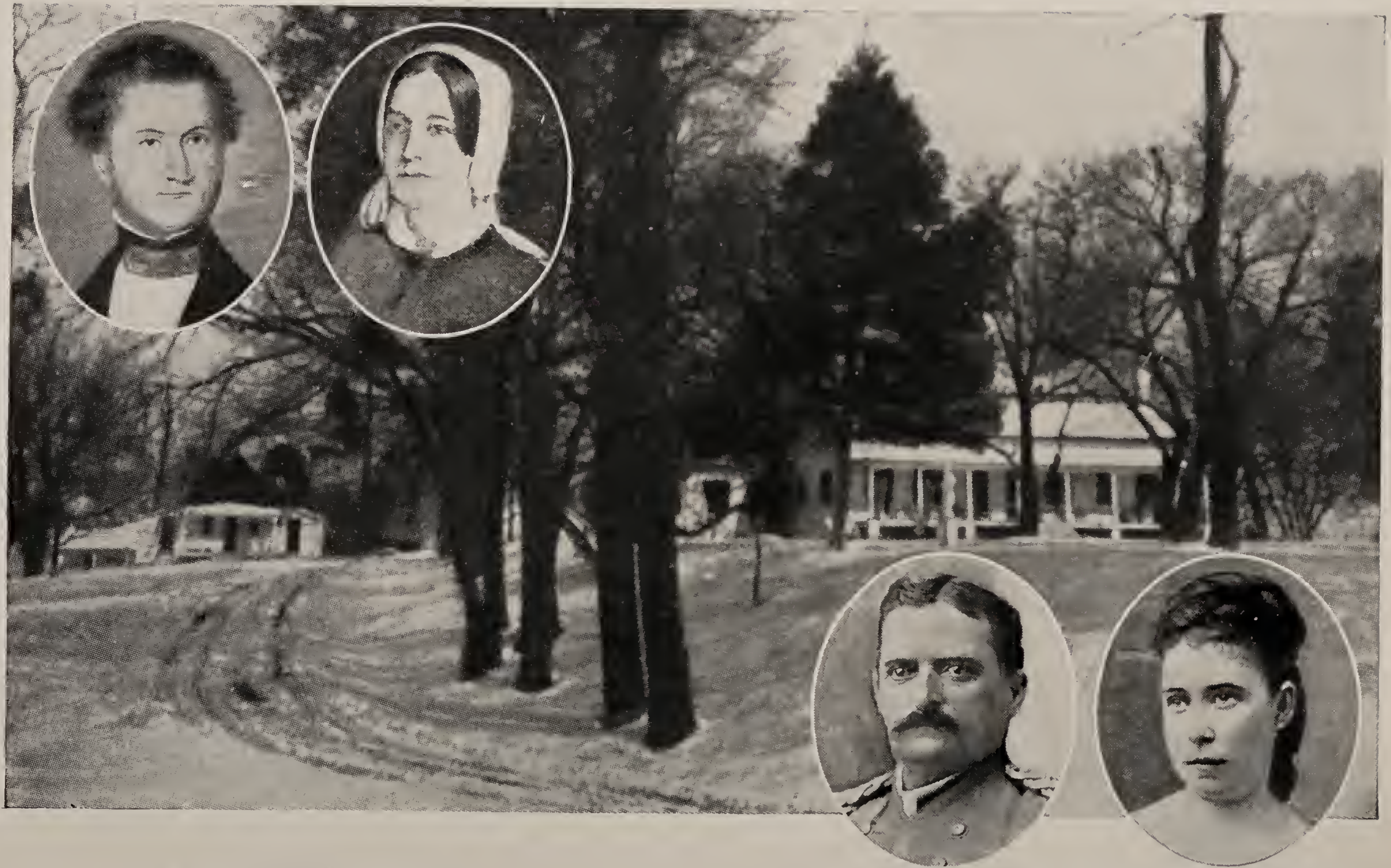
Mrs. Esther Marie Coxe Lewis died at Audley, June, 23, 1885, in her 81 year.

Martha Washington died at 12 o'clock p. m. May 22, 1802.

[Frances Parke Lewis Butler died June 30, 1875.]

Mrs. Wiley and daughters Peggy and Patsey

To Mrs. Carter Penn Lewis Wiley, the great-granddaughter of Nelly Custis, who made the way possible for the first authentic story of quaint old Audley, this chapter is lovingly inscribed.



Lorenzo and Mrs. Lewis

Audley as it looks today

Major and Mrs. H. L. D. Lewis

Nelly Custis and Audley

BUT THE scene shifts from Woodlawn to Audley, quaint old Audley so ideally nestled in the quiet, meandering valley of the beautiful Shenandoah under the shadow of the Blue Ridge Mountains in Clarke County, Virginia, and about its unpretentious walls we weave another garland in memory of the graceful old age of the beloved Ward of Mount Vernon.

Lorenzo Lewis had established his home here not long after his marriage to the wealthy Miss Coxe, of Philadelphia, and they had enlarged and beautified Audley. When the decline of dear old Mount Vernon and Woodlawn began to weigh heavily upon the heart of Nelly Custis Lewis, she spent much of her time in this quiet retreat away from the painful scenes, and at the death of her husband, which so closely followed that of her youngest daughter, she found a haven here for the remaining thirteen years of her life. And whatever may be its other distinctions, Audley must ever live in American history as the last earthly home of the idolized Ward of Mount Vernon.

What a treasure of interest her presence has contributed to this old mansion! What pretty tales of romance and adventure it might add to our story—to the annals of our country—if its walls could be persuaded to speak! It was at this very hearthstone that she recited over and over again the stirring events which she had witnessed in the early hours of our young Republic and dwelt upon incidents in the life of the "Father of His Country" as she alone knew them. One writer observes, "When that fair, smooth brow of the great Artist's picture had been imprinted with the lines of threescore and ten years, and those clustering curls had changed their brown to threads of snow, how she must have seemed like some saintly messenger to those who eagerly listened to her as she brought from memory's far-away shore historic scenes which had passed before those sparkling eyes in the heyday of her youthful life." Her vivacity, which made her the life of any company, and traces of her beauty, remained as long as she lived.

A writer, who visited Audley late in the eventide of her long life, bears testimony to the graciousness of her old age, and to the youthful charm and vivacity that still lingered in her wonderful conversational powers.

July 15, 1852, was her crowning day. Surrounded by her loving daughter-in-law and her grandchildren, she sweetly fell asleep at Audley. The cheerful, sunny nature that had made her life one gentle benediction made her memory a lasting joy.

Where Nelly Custis Sleeps

Back to Mount Vernon

It was a "bright summer day when a lonely hearse, followed by a single carriage, was seen wending its way along the Virginia highway from the Shenandoah to the Potomac." That "lonely hearse" was bearing all that was mortal of Nelly Custis back to Mount Vernon, back to the scenes she loved so well. It was late at night when the little party reached its destination. The casket was placed in the drawing-room where she had been crowned "as the fairest of the land" with her bridal wreath more than fifty years before. While she lay in state many came to pay tribute and to witness the interment in one of her favorite nooks. She rests just outside the tomb of her beloved guardians, beneath a simple white shaft which bears the following inscription:

> Sacred to the memory of
> Eleanor Parke Custis Lewis,
> granddaughter of Mrs. Washington,
> and adopted daughter of General Washington.
> Reared under the influence of the "Father of His Country"
> this lady was not more remarkable for the beauty of her
> person than for the superiority of her mind.
> She lived to be admired and died to be regretted on the
> 15th of July, 1852, in the 74th year of her age.

Another taller shaft in the same inclosure marks the grave of her daughter, Mrs. Charles M. Conrad.

Audley Continues to make History

But the story of Audley does not end when Nelly Custis was borne back to Mount Vernon, for a generation of the Lewis family was yet to be born here. Some interesting chapters were yet to be written into the family records.

Audley cannot boast of its architecture or of its particular Colonial style, for it is just a low, rambling, unpretentious English brick, catching the rays of the morning sun through the snow-capped mists of the Blue Ridge Mountains and reflecting the purple of the twilight hue in all its picturesqueness. But what other old mansion holds within its grasp such a casket of historic jewels? Or what other makes so strong an appeal to the heart and to the pen as quaint old Audley with its surpassing settings of nature, and its wonderful traditions?

It is not definitely known when it was built, but the land where it stands was surveyed by the youthful Washington. The older part of the mansion was built by Warner Washington I, near the year 1765, and it took its musical name from Hugh Audley, who appears somewhere on the family tree. The builder died in 1791, and he evidently left it to his son, Warner Washington II, as Lawrence Lewis states in his will that he bought it of Warner Washington.

Warner Washington II doubtless found it too small for his increasing family, as several of his children were born here, and he built an addition. Lorenzo Lewis continued the enlargement and improvement which gave it its present appearance. It was the back portion that was built before the Revolution; the hall, Nelly Custis's room, and the front were added after that period.

Lawrence Lewis willed it to his son with the reservation of Nelly's dower rights, but Lorenzo Lewis died in 1847, five years before his mother, who left the mansion and one hundred and sixty-five acres to her favorite grandson, Henry L. Daingerfield Lewis, then only nine years of age. However, his mother, Mrs. Lorenzo Lewis, continued to live here until June 23, 1885, when she died at the age of eighty-one.

Sacred memories of the Civil War hang about this surpassing valley where many a soldier, both of the North and of the South, gave his lifeblood for the principles he espoused. Mrs. Lorenzo Lewis was the occupant of Audley during these dark and stormy days. Four of her sons wore the gray and three of her brothers, the blue, but both sides alike, mindful of the significance of the place, held it in sacred trust, free from harm, because of its connection with Mount Vernon and those dear to the "Father of His Country."

Lawrence Lewis leased it to his son soon after he came into possession of it, and Lorenzo Lewis and his wife spent almost their entire married life under its roof, where five of their six sons were born. Two generations of the Lewis family have gone out from here into the various avenues of life to better the world, and this old mansion has contributed its quota of talent and honor to the state, to the nation, and to the country at large.

But four of the sons of Lorenzo and Esther Marie Coxe Lewis lived to marry; so let us follow this quartet briefly:

George Washington Lewis (1829–85), the eldest, was married on March 25, 1852, to Miss Emily Contee Johnson (1832–1909), daughter of Reverdy and Mary Bowie Johnson, of Baltimore, and they lived and died within the shadow of Audley. Both rest in the Episcopal Churchyard at Berryville. Thirteen children made up their household. Lorenzo Lewis, 1853–87, married and left one son, Lorenzo; Reverdy Johnson I, 1854, died in childhood; Mary Bowie, 1855–86, did not marry; Esther Marie, 1856–1931, was Mrs. Samuel McCormick, of Berryville, and her family consisted of a son and daughter; Emily Contee, 1887–1931, was Mrs. Edwin A. Stevens, of Castle Point, New Jersey; Reverdy Johnson II, 1850–1928, and his wife, Alice Powers, had no children; Louise Travers I, died in childhood; Charles Conrad Lewis, 1862——, was twice married and his widow and son are of Clarke County, Virginia; Louise Travers II, 1863–1912, died unmarried at Rome, Italy; William Travers Lewis, 1865, was a prominent banker and attorney, of Berryville—he died some years ago, leaving his wife, Laura Garrett McGuire, but no children; Ella Johnson, 1867–1926, was the wife of McKinney White of Baltimore, but she had no issue; Robert E. Lee Lewis, 1869, of New York, is the only survivor of the family; Maude Lewis, 1871–1926, was Mrs. Fenton Whiting of Berryville, who left no children.

John Redman Coxe Lewis, the second son, and his wife, Maria Freeland Lewis, of Richmond, had four children, but Mrs. Julian Marshall of New York City is the only survivor of the family.

Edward Parke Custis Lewis, 1837–92, was a colonel in the Confederate Army, and, a prisoner of war for fifteen months. He served as minister to Spain under the Cleveland administration, and his death occurred on September 3, 1892, at his home at Hoboken, New Jersey.

He was first married on March 23, 1859, to Miss Lucy Ware, 1839–1866, of Berryville, and they were the parents of the following named children: Eleanor Angela, Lawrence Fielding, John G. Ware, Edward P. C., and Lucy Ware, all of whom died in childhood, except Lucy Ware who became Mrs. Charles McCormick, of Berryville.

On June 1, 1869, some three years after the death of his first wife, he was married to his cousin, Mrs. Mary Picton Garnett of Castle Point, New Jersey, and four children were born of this union: Edwin Augustus Stevens Lewis, who died leaving two sons, Edwin and Walter Lewis; Esther Maria, who became Mrs. Charles M. Chapin, of New York; Julia Stevens, Mrs. James Cummings, of Levanto, Italy; and Eleanor Parke Custis, Mrs. Q. von Devorzak, of Florence, Italy.

Last of the Lewis Line at Audley

THE FAMILY of H. L. Daingerfield Lewis claims more than a passing notice, as they were the last in the distinguished line to occupy Audley.

As we already know, Henry Llewellyn Daingerfield Lewis, youngest son of Lorenzo and Esther Marie Coxe Lewis, fell heir to the mansion and one hundred and sixty-five acres of the estate of his grandmother. He had been her pet, her favorite, and his name is closely intertwined with hers about the mansion.

Here he was born on April 25, 1843, and here he lived and died. It was here that the idolized grandmother upheld him in her arms during the christening service, and it was her loving hands that fashioned the dress and the cap for this occasion which are still heirlooms in the family. It was to beautiful old Audley that he brought his bride on a fair spring day, and it was in this old mansion that nine of their twelve children were born. So Audley, as some trusted friend, shared the sunshine and shadows of his entire life from the time he was laid in the cradle until he was borne to the Episcopal churchyard at Berryville.

Mr. Lewis figured prominently in the affairs of church and state, held the rank of major on the staff of General Stewart, one of the noted pickets of the Confederate Army, and was promoted to the colonelcy on the staff of General Fitzhugh Lee, at the close of the Civil War.

Miss Carter Penn Freeland, of Richmond, Virginia, was the woman he vowed "to love and cherish." The nuptials took place at St. Paul's Episcopal Church, at Richmond, on April 26, 1871, and was one of the fashionable events of the season. The Richmond Enquirer gives the following account in part:

"St. Paul's last evening was crowded with the beauty, fashion, wealth, and intelligence of the city on the occasion of the marriage of Captain Daingerfield Lewis, of Clarke County, Virginia, a descendant of the Washington family, and Miss Carter Penn Freeland, daughter of John Freeland, Esq., of this city. Seldom has Richmond witnessed a more splendid array of stylishly dressed ladies and gentlemen than were there assembled.

"Fair maidens seemed no more intent on witnessing the impressive ceremonies than were the grave matrons and even gray-haired gentlemen. . . .

"Merry and delightful music at the appointed hour, halfpast eight, announced the arrival of the bridal party, and of course there was a flutter of fans and all eyes turned toward the doors where first came the family consisting of Mr. and Mrs. John Freeland, father and mother of the bride; Colonel J. R. C. Lewis and Lady, brother of the groom and sister of the bride; Honorable James Lyons and Lady; and Mr. and Mrs. Corbin Warwick.

"Next came three little girls, Misses Maggie and Marie Freeland, and Lillie Pleasants, strewing flowers in the path of the bridal party. This was a very pretty feature of the occasion, and was as novel as the one that followed.

"Instead of the groom's attendants. . . .coming into the church with the bridesmaids leaning on their arms, according to American custom, in imitation of the English fashion they preceded them and were followed by Misses —— all in white tarlatans made with full trains and overskirts, looped with flowers and each wearing white roses in her hair.

"Then came the bride elect in splendid bridal costume leaning on the arm of the groom. The bridal party being arrayed around the altar, which was profusely decorated with the rarest and most fragrant flowers. The Reverend Doctor Minnegrode made the happy couple one according to the solemn and impressive ritual of the Episcopal Church. The blessing pronounced and congratulations over, the party moved from the church to the sound of more joyous music, and St. Paul's was soon as quiet as if there had been no unusual ceremony within its sacred walls."

In this marriage two of the oldest and most aristocratic families of Virginia were united, and this proved to be a fortunate attachment. Mrs. Lewis was a gracious type of Southern womanhood; the gentility of a fine old race was reflected in her charming manner, and she and Major Lewis were "royal hosts" at Audley. But trials awaited her. She was subject to the severest test when Mr. Lewis suddenly "put out to sea" on December 17, 1893, leaving a large family of children. But she proved equal to the test, and sent these children out into the various avenues of life to uphold the high standards of the family and to make the world better by their having moved in it.

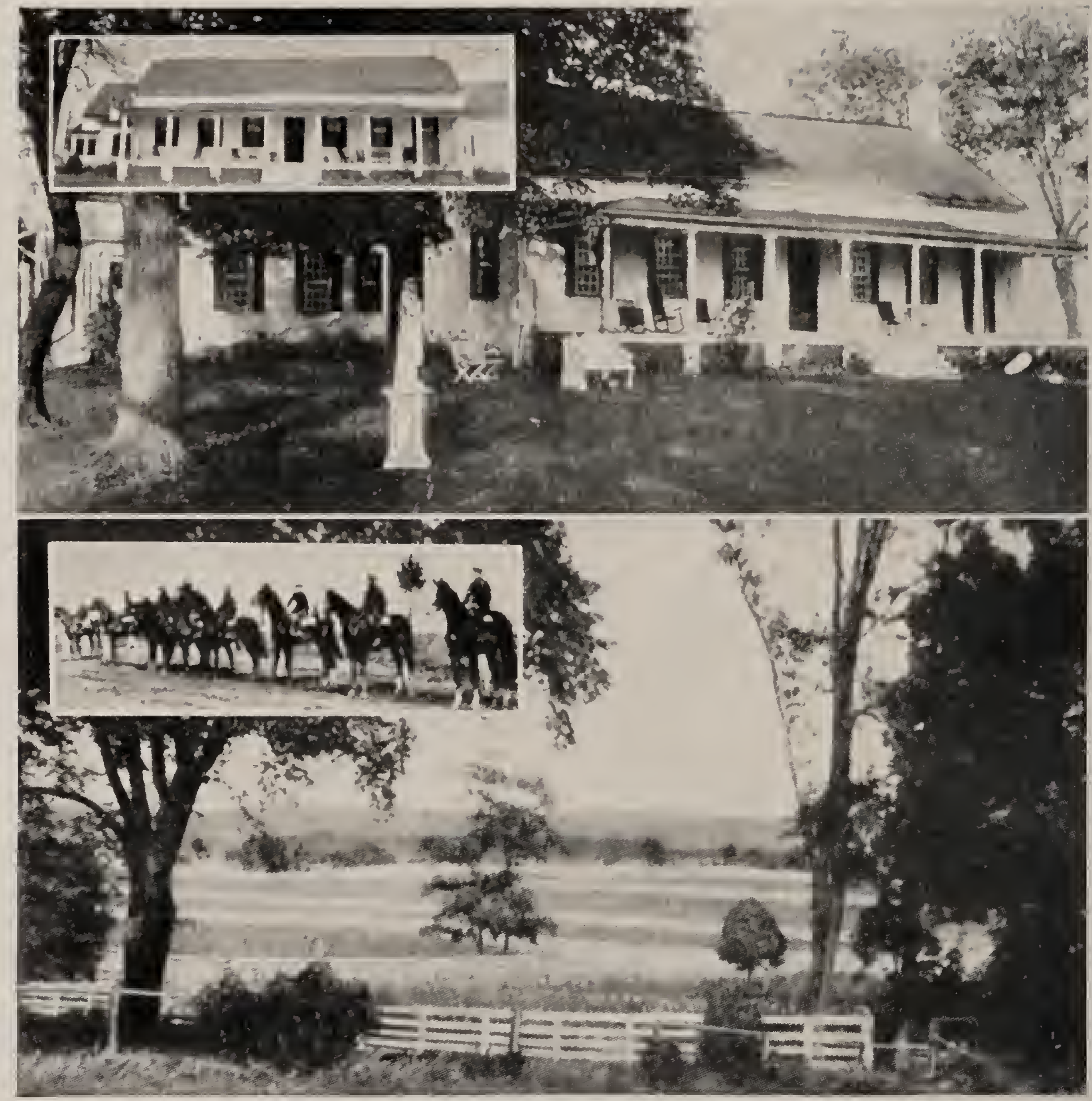
The daughter of John and Rosalie Warwick Freeland, she was born at Richmond on March 11, 1853, and was educated in her native city and at Baltimore. She died on December 3, 1915, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Wylie Moore at Charlotte, North Carolina, but they made her grave in the family plot in the Episcopal churchyard at Berryville, beside that of her husband.

Death has made sad inroads in this family circle. But five of the twelve children survive; namely, James Freeland Lewis, St. Petersburg, Florida; H. L. Daingerfield Lewis, New York City; Esther (wife of Dr. Wylie Moore); Fielding Lewis, Charlotte, North Carolina, and Carter Penn (Mrs. W. H. Wiley), Hackensack, New Jersey.

John Freeland, 1887–94; Lorenzo Conrad, 1874–79; and Willie McGuire, 1892–93, all died in childhood; Edward Parke Custis Lewis, 1879–96, while a student of the Virginia Military Institute; Mary Picton, 1883–1905, when just coming into young womanhood; Rosalie, 1872–95, was the late Mrs. Frank Tilford, of Washington, D. C.; and Margaret, 1889–1920, the wife of Thomas Bolling Byrd, who died at the birth of her little daughter, Margaret Lewis Byrd. Mr. Byrd belongs to the noted Byrd Family of Virginia; he being a brother of the former governor, and of the hero of the north and the south poles.

Little Margaret Byrd, Patsey and Peggy Wiley, James F., Jr., and Page Lewis, the children of James Lewis; and the little son of Mr. and Mrs. Fenton Whiting, are quite a start for another generation of these noted family lines.

The Lewis family of the present generations can certainly lay claim to an illustrious array of forbears. With Nelly Custis and Lawrence Lewis as great-grandparents; Betty Washington and Fielding Lewis, Martha Custis Washington and Mary Ball, a little farther removed as great-great-grandparents; General Washington as grand-granduncle in the natural line, and as great-great-grandsire by his marriage, we have a blending of ties that cannot be duplicated.



Audley as we see it today. The insert in the picture at the top is the author's own kodak snap of the mansion

The Audley of Today

Mrs. Lewis remained at Audley until 1903, when she and the heirs sold the estate to James Cummings. In 1921 the Jones brothers, Bernard B. and Montford, bought it and turned it into a modern horse-breeding and training farm with the improvements of several large barns and other conveniences incident to such a farm. Montford Jones died in August, 1927, and Bernard B. Jones is now the sole owner of the beautiful, old plantation, which claims such an interesting place in our national life.

The Audley of today stands but little altered, save for these improvements distant from the mansion. It is said to be the only remaining one of Colonial times that has not in some way been changed.

The mists of the Blue Ridge Mountains are about it as of old; the beautiful old park of horse-chestnuts, cedars, pussy willows, holly, and other trees adorns it as it did in olden days. The springhouse, cellar, well, tower, and other outbuildings are still here under the quiet shade in their quaint coolness, and the old blacksmith shop has been transformed into an office for the company.

The great corridor with its long wings on each side, the floor of oak, dark with time, are unchanged. The furnishings within are in accord with the past, but electric lights and modern baths have made their inroads without disturbing the atmosphere of yesterday.

In the room where Nelly Custis Lewis met that old conqueror Death hang the portraits of General and Mrs. Washington and the painting which sets forth her own loveliness in her bridal robe. In this portrayal, she is descending the stairs on that fateful February evening and is taking the arm of the great General to be led to the altar.

It was a glorious day in early November when the autumn hues on forest and flower were losing their colorful luster that we first beheld this historic place. Awed by its beauty and picturesqueness, even under a November sky, we visioned what the full glow of the springtime or the early bridal robes of summer must add to such a scene.

Buena Vista, too, a few hundred yards distant on a part of the original estate, has been greatly enlarged and improved under the present ownership.

The mansion, so quaint and old-fashioned, is built all on one floor with a hall sixty by twenty-five feet, and is especially adapted to juvenile games. Many a youngster treasures the memory of fun and frolic here. Then there are still so many things to remind one of the once-beautiful girl of Mount Vernon in her declining years. Among them is a cat that she embroidered with her own enfeebled hands. How interesting was the story so often told by the old mammy of yesterday to the eager little ones who gathered about her to hear her extol the virtues and beauty of Nelly Custis. Hear her say: "Now look at that cat hangin' on the wall! No, 'tain't a real cat, honey, but don't blame me for thinkin' so. Nelly Custis embroidered that cat." Then she would continue with her endless adjectives of praise, and with other incidents she loved so well.

Another story that lingers about the mansion is that of Austen Ferrell, an old colored servant who came down in the Lewis family and who outlived the last master of Audley. He was cared for by John Lewis at Buena Vista, and it was his daily task to wield the hammer in the old blacksmith shop at Audley. His mother had been the maid of Martha Washington and many were the reminiscences that he treasured. He often reminded the children that General and Mrs. Washington and Betty Lewis had been within the walls of Audley and had walked over this land and loved it. President Cleveland used to drive to Audley and take the old fellow back to the White House for a visit. He died at Buena Vista at the age of ninety-six.

Warner Washington

Let us say a word in conclusion concerning Warner Washington, the builder of Audley, as he was a member of the illustrious family who were to continue its history for so many years.

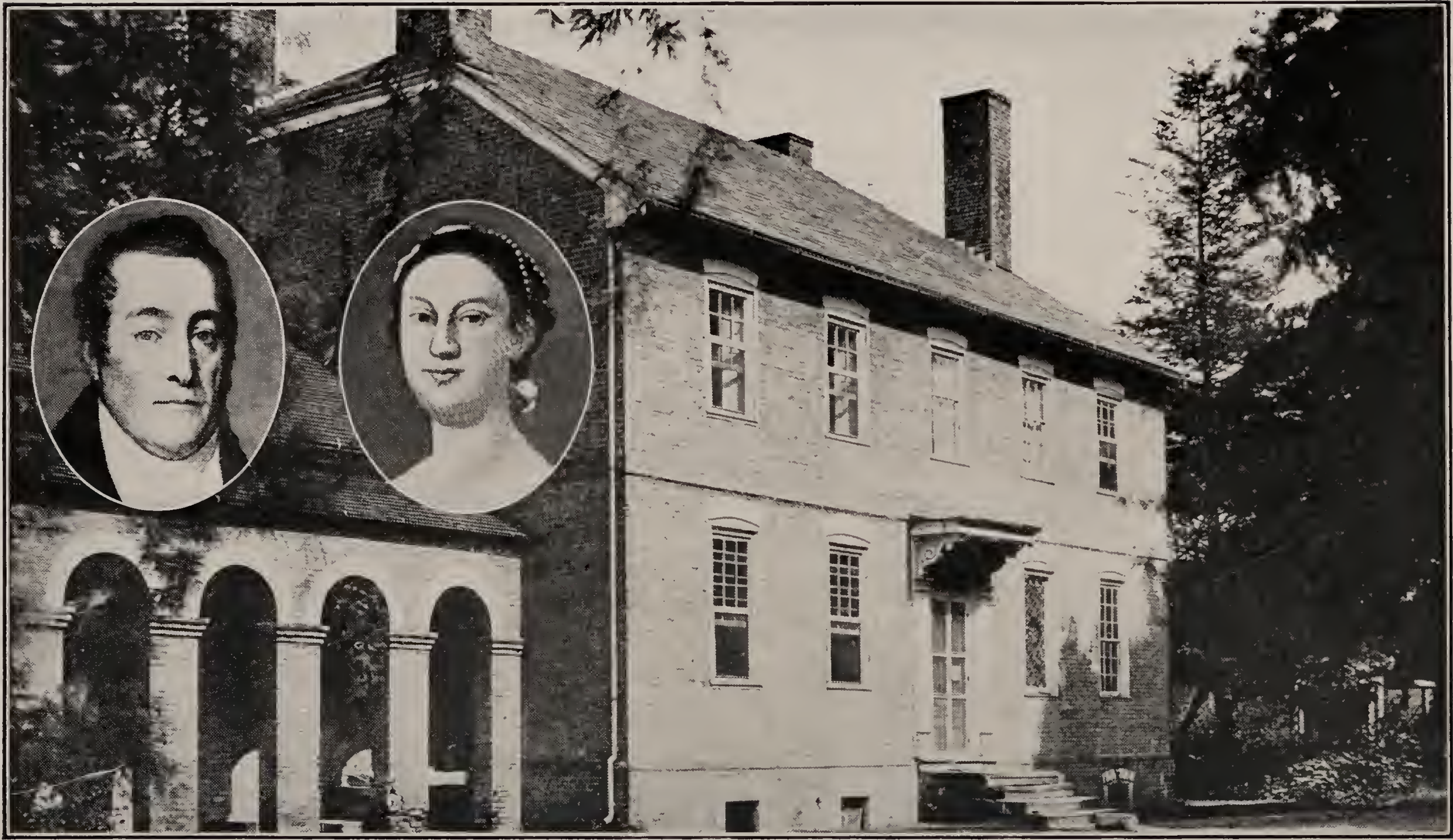
Warner Washington I (1715–91), brother of Catherine Washington, the first wife of Fielding Lewis, was a first cousin of General Washington, and a very close friend, judging from the many times he is mentioned in the diary of the General. He was the son of John and Catherine Whiting Washington and the grandson of Lawrence and Mildred Warner Washington.

Warner Washington I married Miss Elizabeth Macon, daughter of Colonel William Macon, of New Kent County, Virginia, and Warner Washington II, their only child, was born on April 15, 1751. The mother did not long survive. Warner Washington I then married Miss Hannah Fairfax, daughter of William Fairfax, of Belvoir, and a number of children came of this union. Not long after his second marriage he removed to Clarke County, where he is accredited with the building of Audley near 1765. Hannah survived him, and in the churchyard at Old Chapel the visitor today reads on her gravestone that she died in 1828, as the wife of Peter Beverly.

Warner Washington II (1751) was a mere lad when his father removed to Clarke County, and though he evidently inherited Audley and lived there for years, we also find him at Fairfield, at Clifton, and at Llewelyn, where he died.

His first wife, Frances Whiting, daughter of Francis and Frances Perrin Whiting, of Gloucester

County, died at Clifton in 1794, after giving birth to nine children. Then on June 13, 1795, we find him vowing to love and cherish Sarah Warner Roots. Audley was evidently their home, as the genealogy of the family gives the following children born at Audley in Clarke County: Reade (May 18, 1796), Elizabeth, Fairfax, William Herbert, Alexander H., and Mary Herbert Washington (1808). He had sixteen children in all. He evidently removed from Audley when he sold it to Lawrence Lewis in 1826.



Kenmore, with portraits of Fielding and Betty Washington Lewis

The Lewises and Other Colonial Mansions

THE NAME of Lewis had lent the charm of romance and adventure to other old mansions before it reached Woodlawn and Audley to imprint itself anew in Colonial history. It had been attached to deeds of valor, courage, and daring on many a field of battle far back in the centuries, before it became identified with the empire builders of this wilderness, or the daring advocates of freedom.

It was near the middle of the seventeenth century when four brothers broke away from family traditions in Wales and cast their lot with the New World. They settled in Gloucester County, Virginia. Like many of the other families there are conflicting versions in their history, but we turn to the old gravestones at Warner Hall, the parent mansion of this line in Virginia, and base our authority upon the mute testimony of these inscriptions, which read:

> Here lyeth interred ye body of Coll John Lewis, son of John and Isabella Lewis, one of his Majesty's Honored council for the colony, who was born ye 30th of November, 1669, & departed this life on ye 14th of Nov. 1725.

> Here lyeth interred ye body of Elizabeth Lewis, the daughter of Col. Augustine Warner and Mildred, his wife,

> and late wife of John Lewis, Esq. She was born at Chesack the 24th of November, 1672, and was a tender mother of 14 children. She departed this life the 5th day of February, 1719/20, aged 47 years, 2 mos., and 12 days.

With this testimony, we must accept the statement that John and Elizabeth Warner Lewis are the progenitors of this Lewis line, and that it started at interesting old Warner Hall, which Elizabeth inherited from her father, and left Kenmore, Woodlawn, and Audley in its wake.

Warner Hall, as a center of influence and culture, was one of the most noted homes of Virginia, at the close of the seventeenth century. The estate originally belonged to the Cheskiache Indians, but was included in a grant made to Colonel Augustine Warner I. The mansion is supposed to have been started in a modest way, but gradually reached the proportions of an imposing manor house of forty rooms. Elizabeth Warner inherited it from her father and, by her marriage to Colonel John Lewis, gave it a new setting in Colonial history.

It is not known for certain who Isabella, the mother of Colonel John Lewis, was, and a complete record of his fourteen children is wanting. But among the number we find Catherine, Elizabeth, John, Charles (of the Byrd), Robert (of Belvoir), and Isabella, who became the wife of Doctor Thomas Clayton. But it is the line of Colonel Lewis's son John that is of moment to us.

John Lewis (1694), son of Colonel John and Elizabeth Warner Lewis, of Warner Hall, served as major in the Indian wars and as a member of the Virginia Council, and was otherwise prominent in Colonial affairs. He was married in 1718 to Miss Frances Fielding, daughter of Henry Fielding. They were the parents of Warner Lewis, of Warner Hall; Charles, of Cedar Creek; and Fielding, of Fredericksburg. His wife, Frances, died and he then married Priscilla Churchill, widow of Robert Carter, of Nominy.

Fielding Lewis (1725–82) of this line stands out preëminently as a patriot, as the husband of Betty Washington, and as the builder of the far-famed Kenmore. He was a man of sterling character, of wealth, and of influence. At the opening of the American Revolution, as manufacturer of arms for the Colonists, he staked his all for the cause of freedom and lost his fortune. On the very day of the triumph at Yorktown, October 19, 1781, we find him making his last will and testament, as the sun of his life is evidently hanging low in the western horizon, but he survived long enough to join in the spirit of rejoicing over the victory his arms and sacrifice had helped to win. On December 10, 1781, he added a codicil to his will, and on January 7, 1782, he resigned his earthly trust. Thus Fredericksburg lost one of her most honored, useful, and trusted citizens.

He had founded his home here shortly after his marriage to Catherine Washington, sister of Warner Washington I, the builder of Audley, in 1746, and had ever been a factor in public affairs. His wife died in 1749, leaving one son, John, and it was not long until he turned with wooing voice to her first cousin, the pretty Betty Washington, who did not listen so very attentively at first, we are told, as the thought of playing the rôle of mother to his little son did not appeal to her. But Fielding Lewis won in his conquest, and on May 7, 1750, the fair Betty Washington was crowned with her orange wreath. It was truly a charming maiden who stood at the altar on that bright May day, for she had not yet reached her seventeenth birthday. The ceremony took place at the Washington home at Pine Grove. The bride was given away by her brother, whose name was later to appear as General Washington. History justifies the wisdom of this step which has added so many interesting pages to our annals.

It was for the beautiful Betty Washington that Kenmore came into existence. It stands today as the fulfilment of a promise made to her by Fielding Lewis when she did not seem inclined to listen with favor to a wooer so much older. It reminds us, too, that that lover was the sort of man whose word was as good as his bond—even though given to a woman—and thus Kenmore has a significance all its own.

Fielding Lewis bought this tract where Kenmore now stands in 1752, of Richard Wyatt Royston. It was the youthful hand of George Washington that surveyed the tract of eight hundred sixty-one acres. For years this mansion was a center of culture and hospitality, and Betty Washington Lewis was known far and wide as its presiding genius. But it became so deeply involved in the cause of freedom that, after the death of Mr. Lewis, 1782, she kept a small boarding school for the education of her own younger children and others. By and by, however, the task became too great, and Kenmore passed into other hands. Both mansion and contents being sold in 1796. Seth Barton, ancestor of the Bartons of Fredericksburg, was the first occupant after the Lewises; but Samuel Gordon came into possession some years later, and he gave it its present name, "Kenmore."

It was with a sad heart that Betty Washington Lewis turned from the old mansion, which held so many tender associations, and went to Westernview to live with her daughter. On April 1, 1796, General Washington writes her that he feels sure that she will find more quiet and ease now than formerly. But she did not long survive the parting from Kenmore. She met the family enemy, a cold, one stormy day, while superintending some work about the mill, and death relieved her on March 31, 1797. She was buried at Westernview, but owing to the improper marking of the grave, it was lost, and for one hundred and thirty years lay unidentified. After long search it was found, and the fitting marker now atones in some measure for this long neglect.

To the Culpeper Minute Men Chapter, of Culpeper, Virginia, the world is indebted for this identification and marker, which was unveiled on June 7, 1928, in the presence of many notables. The monument is of Vermont marble and bears this inscription:

Sacred to the Memory of
Betty Washington Lewis
who was the wife of
Col. Fielding Lewis
and the sister of
General George Washington
Born at Wakefield, June 20, 1733
Died at Westernview, Culpeper County,
March 31, 1797
Erected by the Culpeper Minute Men
Chapter D. A. R.

Mrs. Fleming, of Fredericksburg, added a touch of color to the occasion by presenting a bouquet of old-fashioned flowers from the Kenmore garden, and a number of tiny maidens in Colonial costumes strewed garlands about the monument.

The Carter estate at Westernview had its vicissitudes in passing from owner to owner after the Carters sold it, and the mansion was finally destroyed by fire. The present owner, Alva O. Oldacre, not only coöperated in the rescue of the grave but he deeded the burial plot to the D. A. R. chapter.

For almost a half-century Kenmore remained in the careful hands of the Gordons. Then came change and vicissitudes, which finally stretched into years of neglect. But it was rescued, 1881, by W. Key Howard, junior, of the noted Maryland family, and under his artistic touch, its old-time atmosphere of culture and refinement was revived. But again, it was for sale. This time it awaited the effort of Mrs. V. M. Fleming and her daughter, Mrs. H. H. Smith, to arouse the patriotic spirit in its behalf.

So with the specific purpose of saving Kenmore in view, the Washington-Lewis Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution at Fredericksburg, with Mrs. Fleming as regent, was formed. At its organization on March 13, 1922, when the plans were disclosed to Dr. Kate Barrett, the state regent of Virginia, she gave her official approval to the movement; and almost immediately the appeal went out from this newly formed chapter to "Save Kenmore to the Nation."

Rapidly the women caught the spirit, and on May 7, 1922, scarcely two months later, the charter of the Kenmore Association was granted in commemoration of the one hundred seventy-second anniversary of the wedding of the youthful Betty Washington. Mrs. Fleming has been its president throughout, though she is now past her seventy-sixth milestone. Today Kenmore, the Millbrook of yesterday, is secure among the shrines of our land. All honor to the heroic women! Mrs. Barrett sleeps, but the spirit of Betty Washington Lewis again pervades old Kenmore and seems to move in accord with "the tender grace of a day that is dead."

The Kenmore Family

Betty Washington and Fielding Lewis were the parents of eleven children, six of whom survived childhood. The following record, taken from the family Bible, is said to be in the handwriting of Fielding Lewis himself:

> "I was married to Betty Washington, May 7, 1750. Children: Fielding (1751–), Augustine (1752–), Warner (1755–), George (1757–), Mary (1759–), Charles (1760–), Samuel (1763–64), Betty (1765–), Lawrence (1767–), Robert (1769–), Howell (1771–)."

In his will he names his wife, Betty; his sons, John, Fielding, George, Lawrence, Robert, and Howell Lewis; and his son-in-law, Charles Carter.

John, the first mentioned in his will, was the son of his former marriage. John's romantic capers in his five marriage vows are too lengthy for entrance here, but he was well and favorably known.

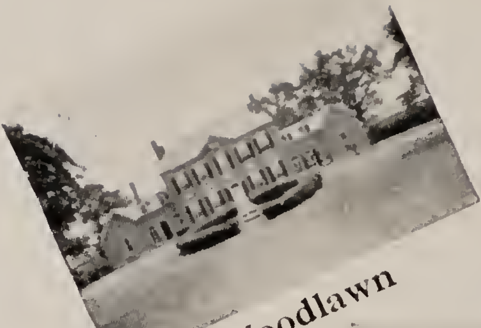
Fielding, the eldest son of Betty Washington, was married to Miss Nancy Alexander; George selected Catherine Daingerfield as his wife; Lawrence, as we already know, was married to Nelly Custis; and Betty was the wife of Charles Carter, of Westernview.

Robert Lewis was the first private secretary of President Washington. He played the rôle of escort for the family from Mount Vernon to New York in 1789, was temporary manager at Mount Vernon, and later business agent for his uncle. He was married to Miss Judith Brown, and they settled at Spring Hill, near Winchester, but finally removed to his native Fredericksburg, where he rests. Mrs. Ella Bassett Washington is his great-granddaughter. The Smoots of Alexandria are also descended from Robert Lewis and Judith Brown. One of their daughters was married to the Reverend Edward C. McGuire, and it was their daughter, Betty McGuire, who was the mother of W. A. Smoot, of Alexandria, and Lewis Smoot, of Washington.

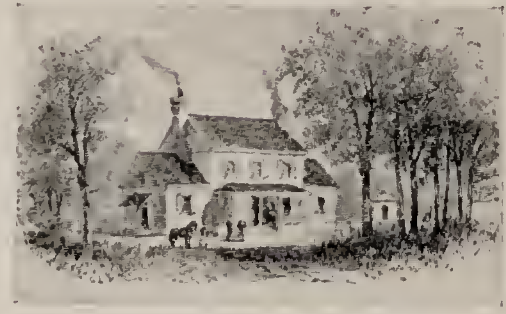
Howell Lewis, the youngest member of the Kenmore family, succeeded his brother as private secretary of President Washington in 1792. He was married in 1795 to Miss Ellen Hackley Pollard, of Richmond, and in 1812 they went to live in what is now Mason County, West Virginia, on the thirteen-hundred-acre tract of land left to him by his uncle's will. There they spent the rest of their lives.

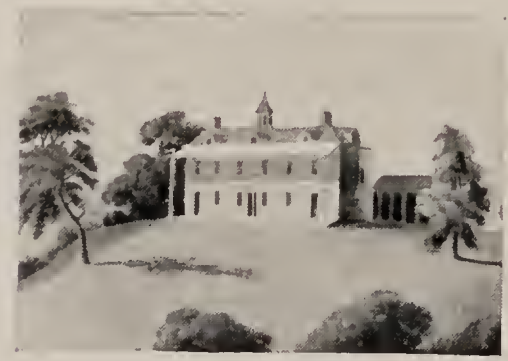
Thus we have the story of the Lewises of Warner Hall, Kenmore, Woodlawn, and Audley united into one great panorama of generations of interest. And thus, too, do we realize that each old Colonial mansion was in turn the parent of the one that followed.

Abingdon


Woodlawn

Arlington

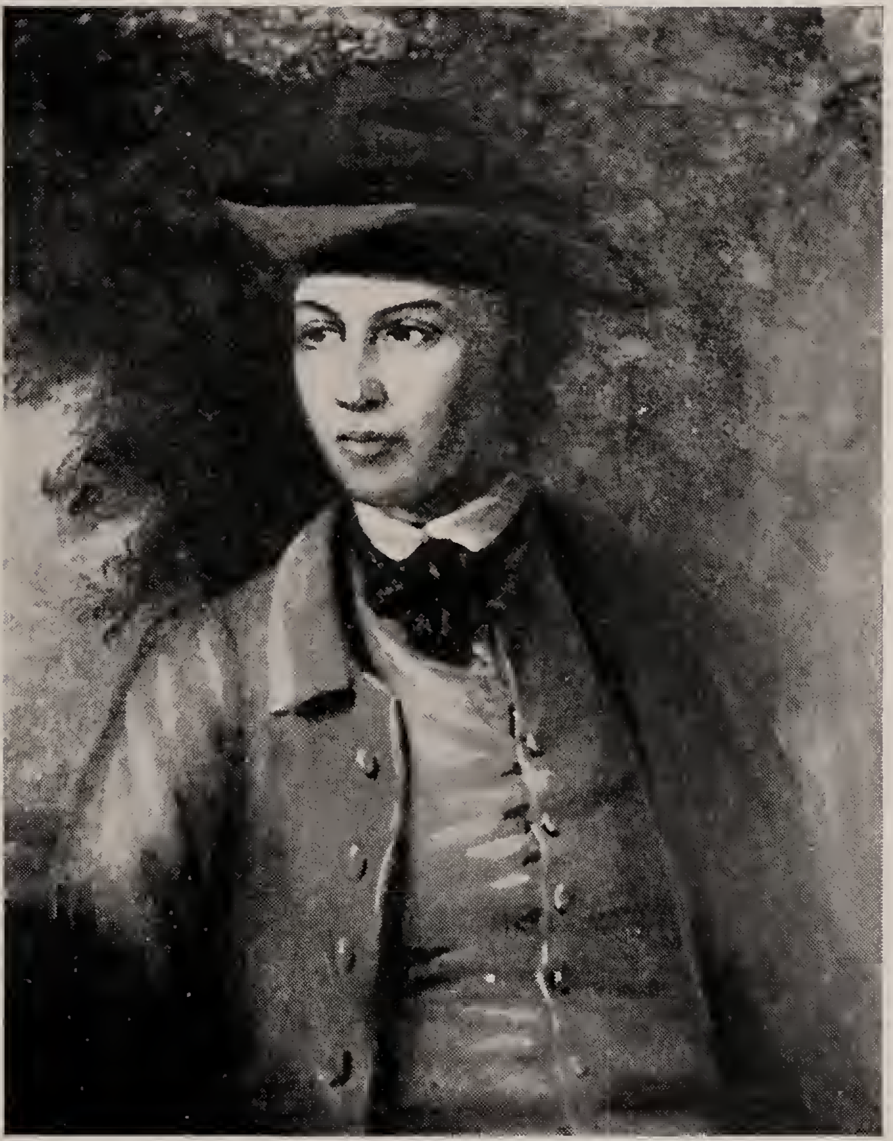

The White House


Mount Vernon

Audley

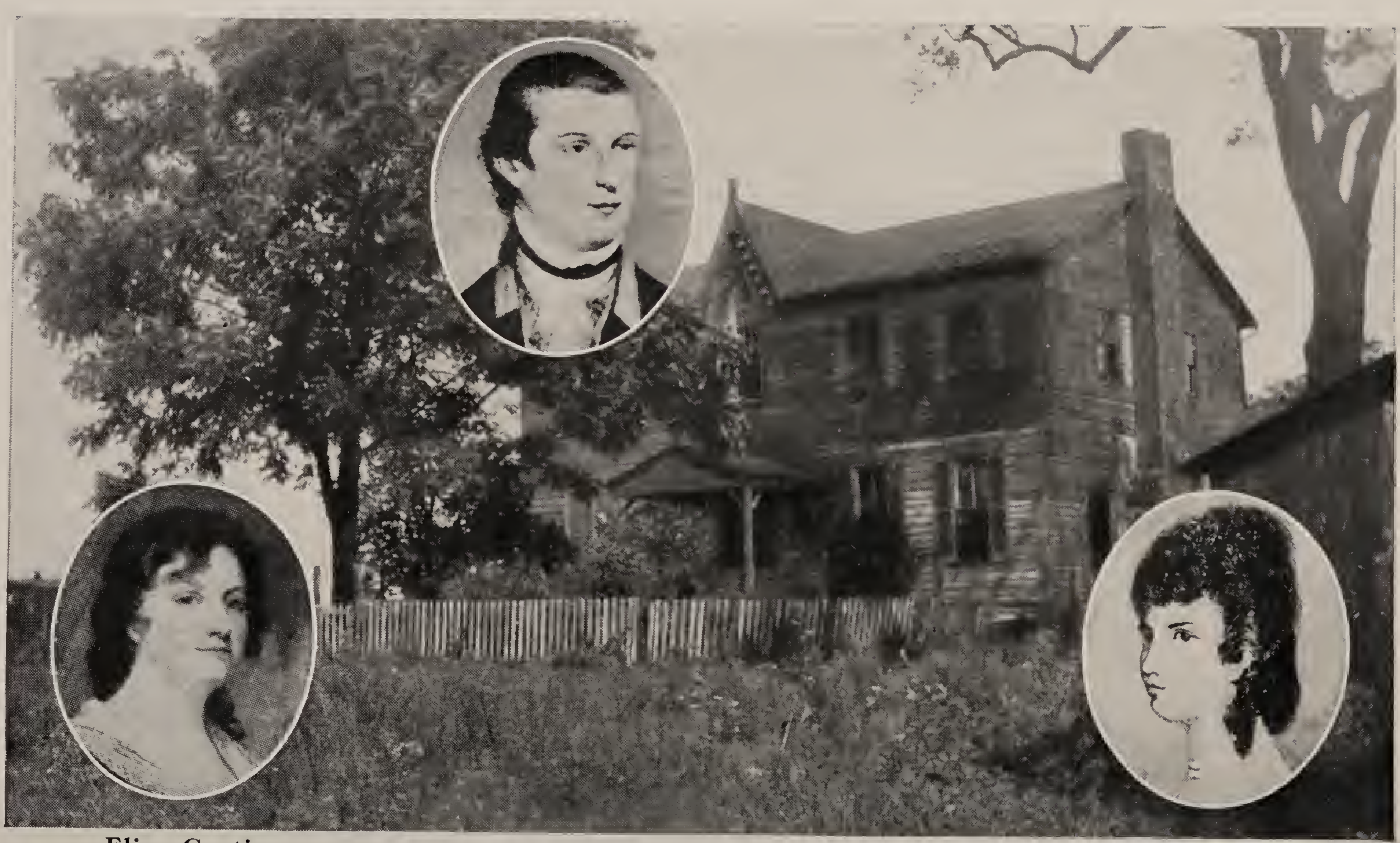
Tudor Place

These are descendants of the White House, but Mount Vernon was the guardian of them all



Eleanor Calvert Custis in riding habit

To Jack and Eleanor Calvert Custis
the founders of the Abingdon family



Eliza Custis

Martha Parke

Abingdon, with portraits of John Parke Custis and his daughters

Nelly Custis and Abingdon

ABINGDON, dilapidated old Abingdon, with its last breath insists upon a place here as it crashes to the ground after having defied the elements for almost two centuries. Nelly Custis was born here, though, owing to the illness of her mother, she was nursed at Mount Vernon almost from the day of her birth, and, despite the fact that the mansion has been permitted to pass out of the picture for the want of a preserving hand, her name will ever cling to the spot.

This old estate also fills another niche in our annals, for there was a time when no other mansion was so closely allied with Mount Vernon. It was here that Jack Custis, the ward of Mount Vernon, established his only home, and it was to this mansion that his young widow returned with her two eldest children after the tragedy of the American Revolution. Though few of us realize it, Abingdon was the fostering mother of Arlington, Woodlawn, Audley, and Tudor Place in old Georgetown, for the builders of these family altars were the children of old Abingdon, and the grandchildren of the noted White House. So let us dedicate this chapter to the parents of the later "Children of Mount Vernon."

John Parke Custis (1755–81), son of Martha Custis Washington, was a wild and wayward youth with more love for the fox chase and other sports than for his studies. His mother and Mr. Washington naturally had ambitions for him, and this disposition gave them much concern. At the age of eighteen, "Jackey" as he was known, was sent to King's (now Columbia) College, but the charm of Miss Eleanor Calvert, the second daughter of Benedict Calvert, proved too alluring for the satisfactory advancement of his studies, and General Washington, noting the progress of the romance with no little interest, on April 3, 1773, wrote Mr. Calvert concerning it:

After first dwelling upon the admirable qualities of Mr. Calvert's daughter, in whom he found no fault, he writes that he considers such a step unadvisable because of the youth, inexperience, and unfinished education of his stepson and ward. He frankly discloses to Mr. Calvert that the want of means is no handicap, for the young man has in his own right fifteen thousand acres of land adjoining the city of Williamsburg, none of it more than forty miles from that place. He has also several city lots, between two and three hundred negroes, and eight or ten thousand pounds upon bond and in the hands of merchants besides, "which is independent of his mother's dower, which will be added at her death." He gives the assurance that there is no need for worry from this source.

But despite the unfinished education and the protest of the elders, the debonair Jack Custis and the beautiful, vivacious Eleanor Calvert were wed on February 3, 1774, in the parlor of the old mansion at Mount Airy. General Washington attended, but his diary notation of the event is so brief that one gains no information beyond the monosyllabic mention under its proper date. We are told, however, that Colonel and Mrs. Washington received young Custis and his bride at Mount Vernon on March 1, following, and that a large company of the neighboring gentry attended the "infair."

There is no available record that Jack Custis and his bride left the Calvert home for the first four years of their married life. Washington frequently mentions them in his diary as visitors at Mount Vernon, but usually notes them as being from Maryland or mentions that some member of the Calvert family was with them. Abingdon does not enter into his notations until after the Revolution, when it so frequently occurs.

However, they did not take possession of Abingdon until Christmas Day, 1778. Their family at that time consisted of two little daughters, and Nelly was laid in her cradle on March 31, 1779, following. She was the only member of the family born at Abingdon, notwithstanding the many statements to the contrary. Fate had decreed that this circle was soon to be broken. The young master enlisted in the Continental Army, and the young mistress returned to the paternal roof at Mount Airy, where her son was born on April 30, 1781. A few months later camp fever laid the father low, and Abingdon was plunged into mourning.

Jack Custis served as aide-de-camp for General Washington and died on November 5, 1781. The fatal fever was upon him at the time of the fall of Yorktown, and he felt that he could die content if he could but see the surrender of the fallen chieftain's sword. His wish was gratified. He was supported to the ground where he could witness the spectacle, and was then removed to the home of Colonel Bassett at Eltham, about thirty miles from Yorktown, where his few remaining days were spent. (Mrs. Bassett, then dead, was a sister of Mrs. Washington.)

When all hope had vanished, General Washington was summoned. Attended by a single officer and a groom, he left headquarters at midnight and rode with all possible speed to Eltham, arriving just in time to witness the parting scene. Turning from the bedside to the weeping widow and mother, he said, "From this moment I adopt the two younger children as my own." It was a sad blow, coming as it did to shadow the great triumph while the camps were still resounding with the shouts of victory, but the Hand of Destiny must have ruled that hour.

By and by Eleanor Calvert Custis returned to her shadowed home at Abingdon and took up the broken threads of life with her two eldest daughters. Doctor David Stuart, who later served as one of the commissioners of the District of Columbia, was appointed administrator of the estate, and after two years of widowhood she became his bride. They continued to live at Abingdon until she lost it by litigation, and they then removed to Doctor Stuart's large estate at Hope Park, nearly five miles from Fairfax. She was the mother of sixteen Stuart children, for Nelly in writing a friend on one occasion said that her mother was recovering from the confinement of her twentieth child. This was in January, 1802.

Eleanor Calvert Stuart died on September 28, 1811, and rests with the family dead beneath the chancel of the quaint old Saint Thomas Church, not far from the scenes of her childhood. She was the last to be laid here. The vestry had forbidden any more burials, but the casket was carried into the chapel at the midnight hour. In digging the grave, after taking up the floor, the gold plate on the casket of Benedict Calvert was disclosed. Doctor Stuart survived her by four years.

A beautiful portrait of her in riding habit, which once hung upon the wall at Mount Airy, and which perpetuates her girlish charm, is still in existence.

The four children of John Parke Custis and Eleanor Calvert Custis were as follows: Eliza Parke Custis (1776–1832), who was married to Thomas Law on

March 20, 1796; Martha Parke (December, 1777–1854) who became the wife of Thomas Peter on January 6, 1795; and Eleanor Parke Custis, and George Washington Parke Custis, the "children of Mount Vernon." All left descendants.

Authentic Story of Abingdon

Many are the versions of Abingdon, but they are mere skeletons of fact adorned by fiction which, however pretty and readable, must be set aside by records. So let us turn to the true story of this old plantation, which is verified by the records of Fairfax and Arlington counties and those of Alexandria.

The first idol to be shattered, as we must see, is that Washington gave Abingdon to his stepson and that he was a frequent visitor there while Jack Custis was the master. The records show that Washington was at the head of the army during the entire time his stepson occupied Abingdon, and until after he was laid away. That the close tie between this old mansion and Mount Vernon belonged to the days after the Revolution, during the widowhood of Mrs. Custis and the Stuart régime, is disclosed in the frequent notations of Washington's diary. He also notes his summons as a witness in the litigation suit over the estate.

Abingdon, which is on the bank of the Potomac in Virginia almost directly across the river from Bolling Field, was a part of the original grant of

Robert Howson. He sold it to the Alexanders along with Arlington, and they were doubtless the builders of the mansion, which is now tumbling to decay. However, the Fairfax records tell us that on July 1, 1778, Robert Alexander and Robert Adams, the representative of John Parke Custis, entered into an agreement sale of the Abingdon estate to John Parke Custis.

This contract included the lands between the line commonly called the "north line," in the Robert Howson patent, and the Potomac River "including the plantation whereon the said Robert Alexander now lives, with all the appurtenances." The consideration was £4,800, payable at the expiration of twenty-four years from the date of delivery, which was designated as December 25, 1778. Robert Alexander and Robert Adams further agreed upon another tract in this section for John Parke Custis, which was to be paid for when title was made. This deed was recorded on August 21, 1781, just a few months before the death of Custis.

But the depreciation of the currency brought about by the Revolution caused Robert Alexander to become dissatisfied with the terms of the Abingdon sale, and under date of May 26, 1781, we find on the records at Fairfax the offer of John Parke Custis to do whatever is fair and right to bring about a satisfactory adjustment in silver or gold, instead of the depreciated paper currency, with compound interest on or before the expiration of the time. He offers, too, to give bond or surety, in order to end the dispute, to the amount of five thousand pounds in gold or silver, or to leave it to the arbitration of three disinterested persons. But death intervened before a satisfactory settlement had been reached, and long years of litigation involved the estate under the administrator, Doctor David Stuart. However, Robert Alexander finally won. Under date of March 24, 1791, we find this simple notation on record at Fairfax: "Robert Alexander *vs* David Stuart, adm of John Parke Custis dec'd. The suit is agreed." In Hening's *Statutes of Virginia*, Vol. XIII, we find an act of the Virginia Assembly under date of November 17, 1789, which fully explains the terms of this noted agreement.

Robert Alexander had agreed to take the property back for reasonable compensation for the use of it, which was considered by the administrator as better for the Custis children, but, as the heir-at-law was still an infant of tender years, no contract could be made, and the Assembly came to the rescue with this act:

"Be it therefore enacted by the General Assembly that any agreement or contract the said David Stuart, by and with the consent of George Washington, Esquire, to be expressed under the hand and seal of George Washington, Esquire, shall make or enter into respecting the surrender of said lands to the said

Robert Alexander shall be deemed and taken to be valid and effectual to all intents and purposes."

As further testimony that Robert Alexander took the estate back is his will, dated January 9, 1793, in which he leaves one half of the land, "which I formerly sold to John P. Custis, and upon which I now live, to my son, Robert, and his heirs forever." He further stipulates that his wife allot the same to Robert Alexander and give him the house at Abingdon, if his conduct warrants it. There were one thousand and ninety acres in the tract at this time.

In the meantime Mrs. Mariana Alexander, widow of Robert, was married to Thomas Trueman Greenfield, and on April 20, 1803, in accord with the power vested in her by her former husband's will, divided the estate equally between her two sons. But Robert Alexander must have defaulted in filial love, for she gave the five hundred and forty-five acres, together with the mansion, to Walter S. Alexander instead of to Robert as his father had intended. At Robert's death Walter became the sole heir of the estate, with the exception of sixty-eight acres that had been sold to Thomas Janney.

It does not seem that Walter Alexander ever lived in the mansion, as it was leased and tenanted by Peter Wise during his and later ownerships. However, on April 20, 1807, Walter S. Alexander sold the estate to Baldwin Dade, who in turn sold it to

Reuben Johnson on October 10, 1808 for $4,000. Johnson held title until December 21, 1829, when he sold to one John Withers, who, in 1833, transferred all rights to Alexander Hunter for $4,000, and for forty years it remained in the hands of the Hunters.

The Wises, who so long tenanted the estate, lived here when the Capitol was burned in 1814, and some of the descendants today recall the story told them by their grandmother, some generations removed, who witnessed the conflagration from Abingdon that night.

The Hunters

Alexander Hunter, who was marshal of the District of Columbia for years, was a great host for this historic mansion. He took delight in improving the estate, and noted personages enjoyed this retreat. Among them was President Jackson, who not infrequently stole away from official cares for a week-end rest at Abingdon, where politics and office seekers were tabooed.

But in the course of time, age reminded Alexander Hunter that he could not always remain, and on April 17, 1847, at his home in Washington, he made his last will and testament. Abingdon was left to his brother, Bushrod Hunter, with stock, furniture —everything within and without the mansion—until Bushrod's son Alexander should become of age. If this son did not live to reach his majority, the father was to retain it all. The appraisement of the personal property alone was $7,704.47, which added much to the value of the plantation.

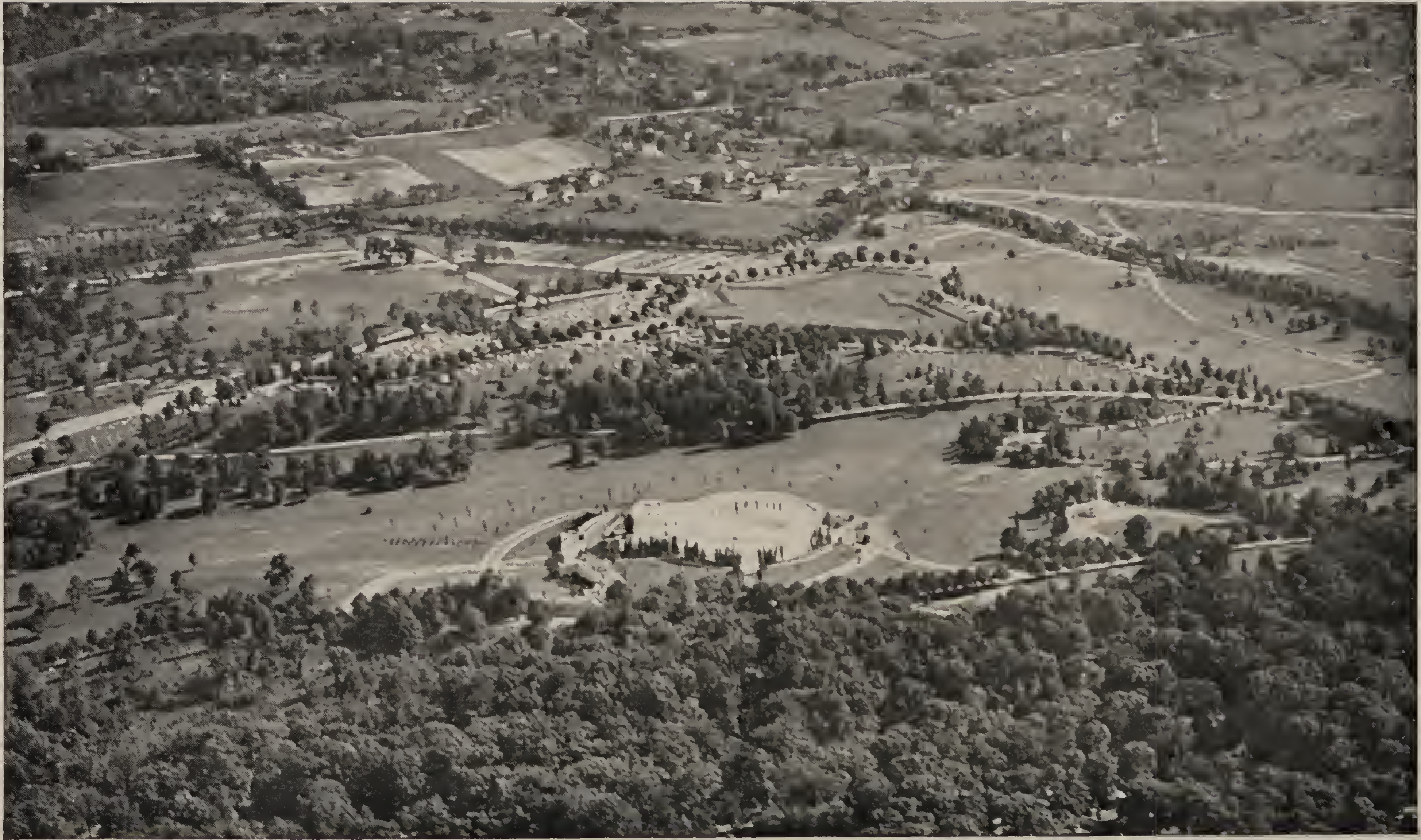
Alexander Hunter, Jr., lived to inherit Abingdon, but he enlisted in the Confederate Army at the opening of the Civil War, and like many another old estate, it was sold for taxes during his absence. L. E. Crittenden, an employee of the United States Treasury, bought it. After the war, Major Hunter brought suit and recovered it in the United States Supreme Court. General James A. Garfield, his lawyer, accepted as his fee forty acres and was planning for the building of a fine country home when, as President Garfield, the bullet of an assassin laid him low. For long years the heirs retained it, but the part on the side of the railroad track next to the site of the mansion, is now owned by the Richmond, Fredericksburg and Potomac Railroad Company, and Harry Miller has title to the remaining part on the other side of the track.

Major Hunter greatly reduced the tract by lot sales from time to time, and, in 1874, part of it was platted under the name of Abingdon Park and lots were again sold. The mansion finally became the property of the Washington Brick Company. In August, 1922, Lewis Smoot purchased it, with one hundred fifty-eight acres of the original estate, from the Abingdon Company for commercial purposes, and in August, 1924, transferred one hundred and ten acres, together with the tumbling old mansion, to the Richmond, Fredericksburg and Potomac Railroad Company. Before giving possession, however, he transplanted the historic box bushes to his own lawn at 2007 Wyoming Avenue, Washington City.

Upon our first visit to Abingdon some years ago, it was still inhabited, though parts of it trembled threateningly under one's tread. The old door of its palmy days, which stretched almost across the broad hallway, with its huge latch, was still intact, and in the midst of all this evidence of decay was a modern radio set with its striking reminder of our progress. The room where Nelly Custis was born was pointed out to us upstairs, and the place where Washington was wont to conceal his pipe on his visits to his stepson was likewise designated. Since Washington did not use tobacco he could hardly have needed a pipe, and since he was at the front when his stepson bought and moved to this home and could never have visited him here, these fairy tales must give way to facts.

On our last visit, May 21, 1928, in the fast-gathering twilight of a rainy evening, there stood old Abingdon completely dismantled! Its doors were gone, its windows were wanting, one corner stone had disappeared, as had the entire center of one of its outside brick chimneys, at the hands of souvenir hunters, and it held out a warning finger of danger on every side of approach. The old windmill was as silent as the walls. The two old locusts guarded the front. At the rear, which commanded such a magnificent view from the Potomac, two catawba trees bloomed as luxuriantly as they must have done in other days, giving impressive color to the somber scene of decay.

But Abingdon has fallen. It caught fire on March 5, 1930, from burning trash and was soon reduced to ashes. Thus its long history ends in tragedy.



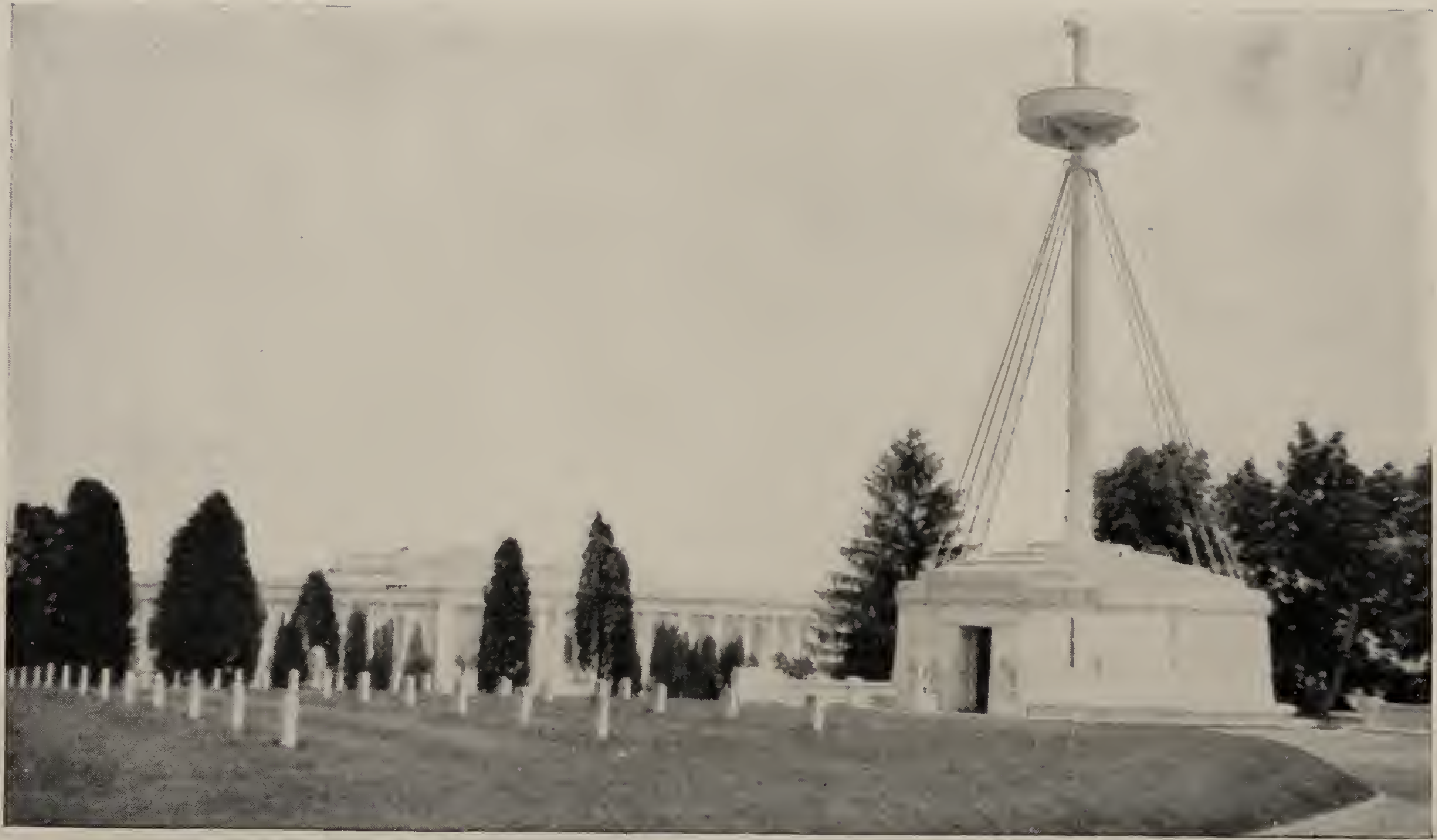
U. S. Army air service

Arlington Cemetery from the air

Arlington! beautiful Arlington!

Fort Myer Gateway

In this little corner I plant
a sweet Forget-Me-Not
to the memory of
The Nation's Heroic Dead



Carlock

The Field of the Dead, with the new amphitheater and the mast of the Maine

Arlington National Cemetery

ARLINGTON, beloved Arlington! How beautiful, enthroned upon the Virginia heights overlooking the National Capital and reflected in the quiet waters of the majestic Potomac! No other patriotic city of the dead under the blue above claims so large a toll. Here heroes of all ranks and of all wars, from the American Revolution to the great World War, lie enfolded, so close to the heart of the nation they gave their lifeblood to preserve.

Nature seems to have especially favored this spot for this very purpose; and what she in her generosity overlooked the landscape gardener with his magic skill has surely supplied, for it is a veritable Eden for the hosts that slumber here. Overshadowed by the magnificent forest, the long lines of white headstones, so uniform, stretch away into sunny openings, across plateaus, and down slopes, tacitly telling their sad story of willing sacrifice, broken hearts, and fondly crushed hopes.

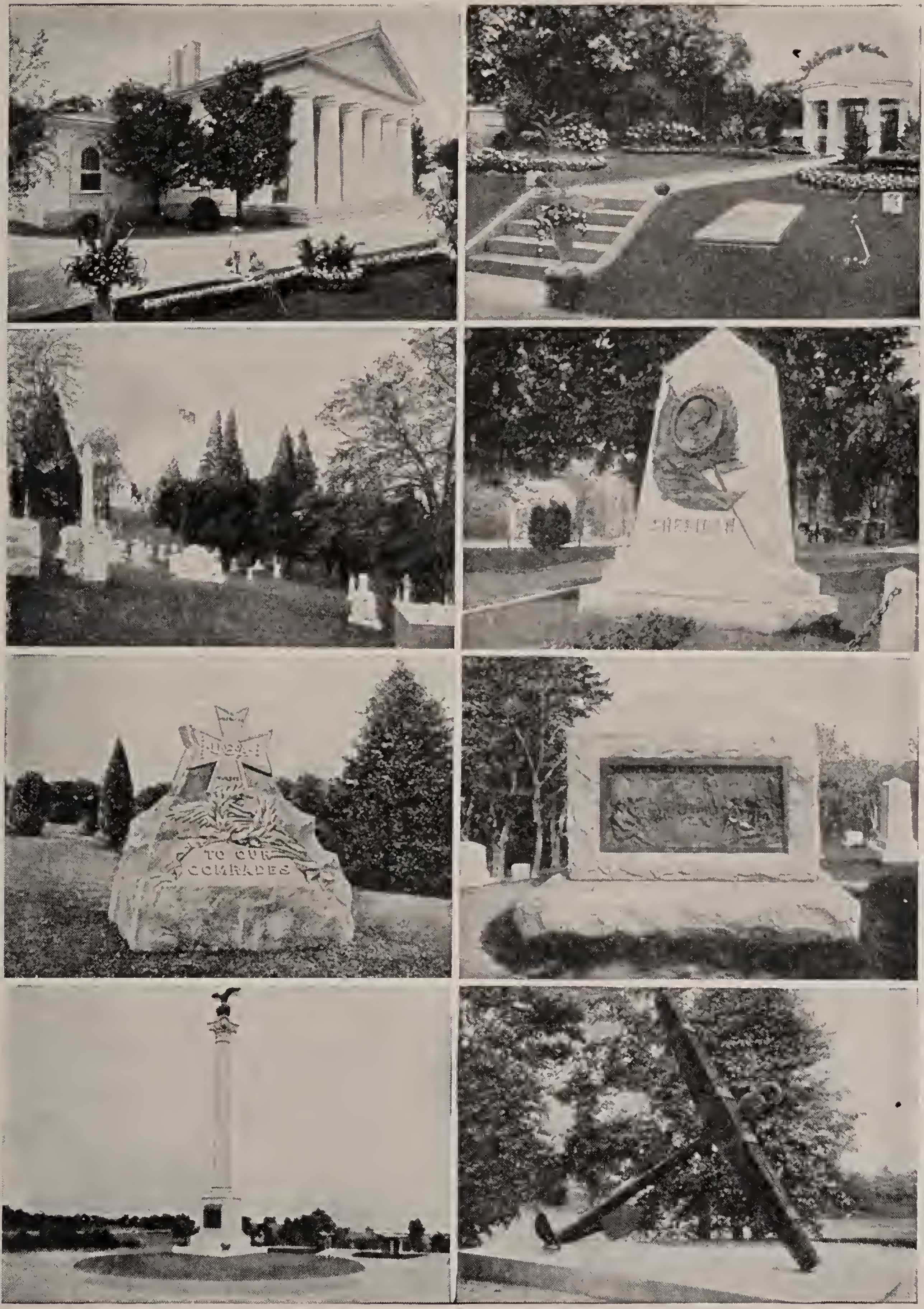
Costly monuments and imposing mausoleums mark the graves of officers and more favored sons, but all share alike the restful repose under the sound of the reveille and the bugle call of Fort Myer.

As one dwells upon the calm solemnity of the scene, Gray's beautiful lines come to mind:

> The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
> And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
> Await alike th' inevitable hour:—
> The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

The grounds, which are inclosed by a stone wall, are entered through handsome memorial gateways. Ornamental trees and shrubs have been placed among the primitive oaks, and velvety lawns with colorful beds of flowers crown the crest of the hill. Here we find the Temple of Fame, with the names of vanished heroes inscribed on its white columns, surrounded by a picturesque garden of flowers in which we trace the word "Unknown" and the names of officers. Just across the driveway is the great grave that contains the two thousand one hundred and eleven unknown Civil War dead, with its monument which tells the following pathetic story:

Beneath this stone
Repose the bones of two thousand one hundred and eleven unknown soldiers
gathered after the war
From the fields of Bull Run and the route to the Rappahannock.
Their remains could not be identified but their names and deaths are
Recorded in the archives of their country, and its grateful citizens
Honor them as of their noble army of martyrs. May they rest in peace.
September, A. D. 1866.


SHERIDAN
TO OUR COMRADES

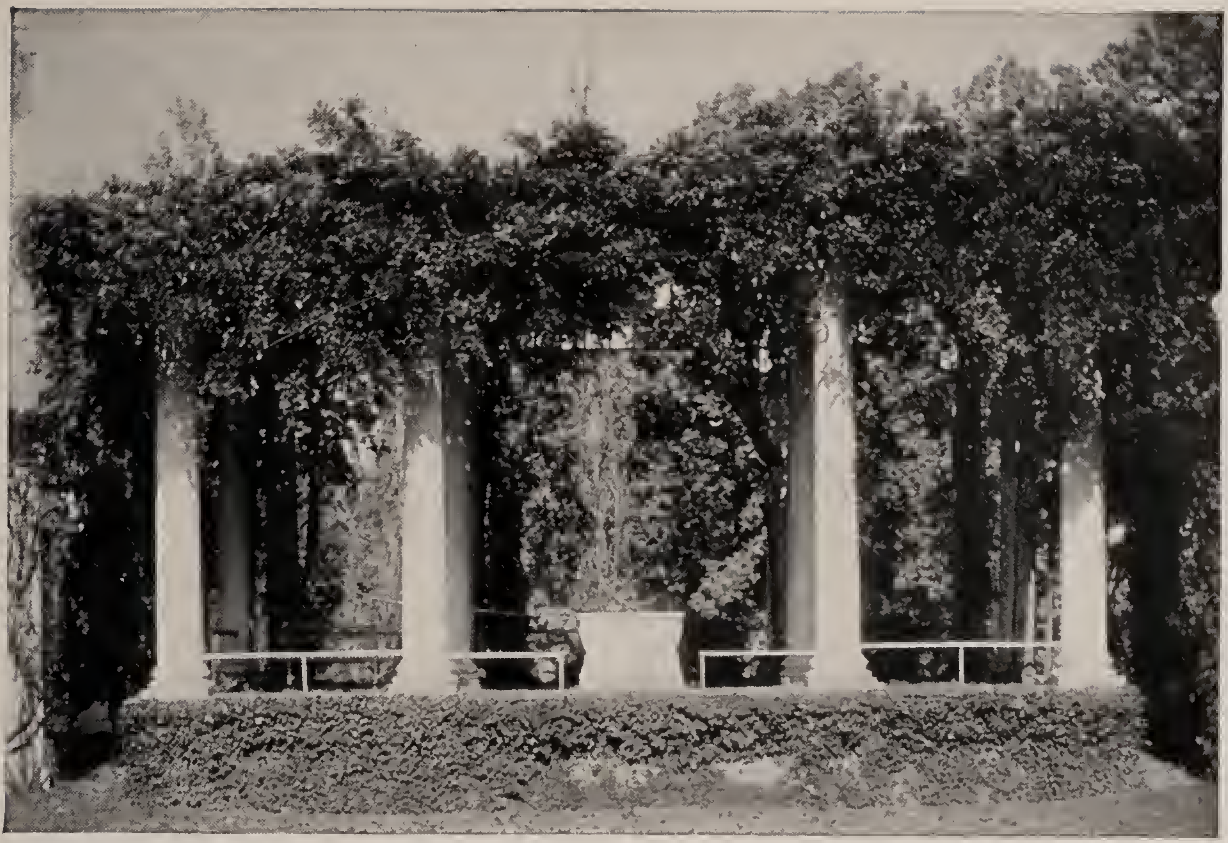
Arlington mansion
Officers' section
Nurses of Spanish American War
Soldiers' and Sailors' monument

Hall of fame
Sheridan monument
General Crook's monument
Anchor of the Maine

Near this temple is the sylvan amphitheater of other years, with its embankment of earth green with turf and rustic with trellised vines. It must ever be treasured for its associations, though it has given place to the more imposing amphitheater of marble, which was completed in 1920 at a cost of $825,000, and which will seat five thousand.

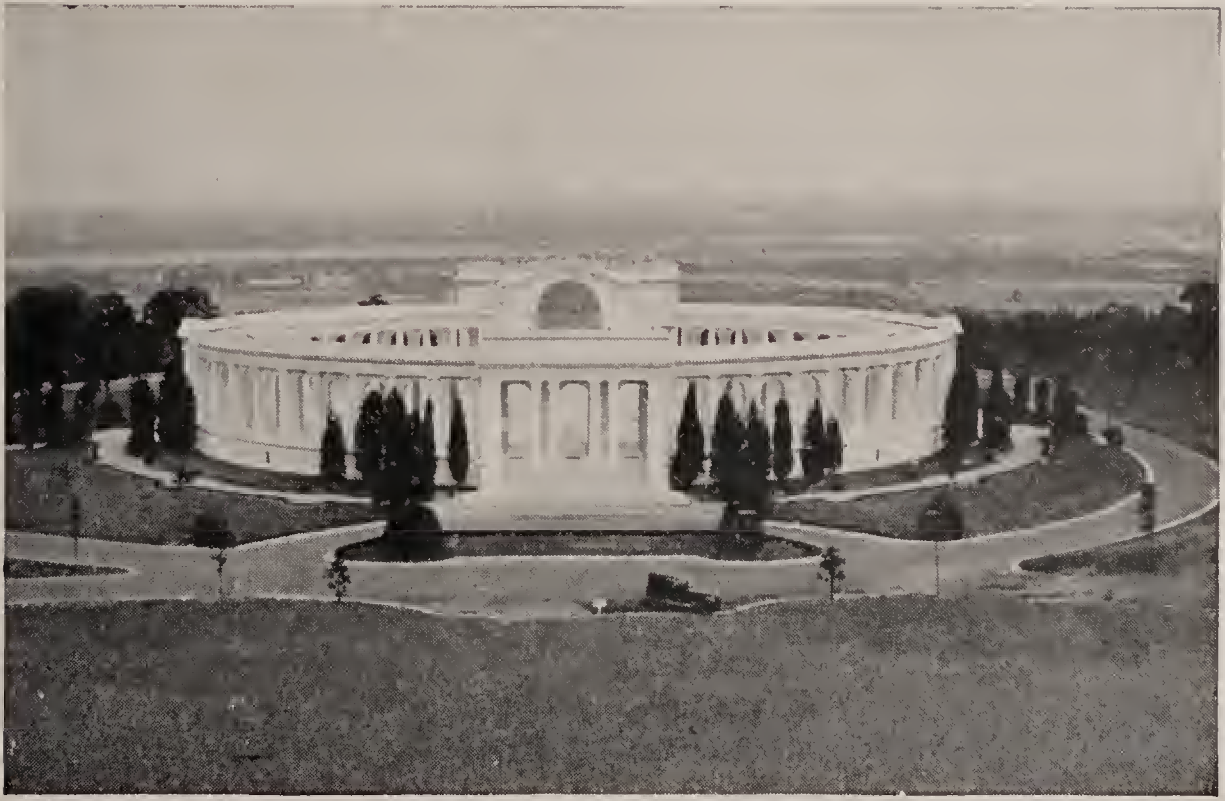
About Arlington House, or the Custis-Lee mansion, as it is better known today, hangs a mantle of ceaseless interest in the background of this estate. From its commanding position on the brow of the hill, which stretches away in slope to the river a half mile distant and two hundred feet below, it presents one of the most magnificent views that the eye can behold. Standing here between these two great Doric columns which set its architecture apart as distinctly Grecian, Lafayette pronounced it one of the grandest views that he had ever seen. But what would be his impression today, could he behold this marvelous panorama in all its modern beauty and progress! Surely there is nothing fairer this side of the pearly gates.

The mansion is built of cement so as to resemble stone, but, aside from its huge columns, it is somewhat humble in appearance. Few remnants of its halcyon days remain. Its bare floors seem to send back their echoes in protest of the precious memories of the long ago, so striking must be the contrast. Two large bronze tablets in the hall tell their



Abel and Company

The old amphitheater



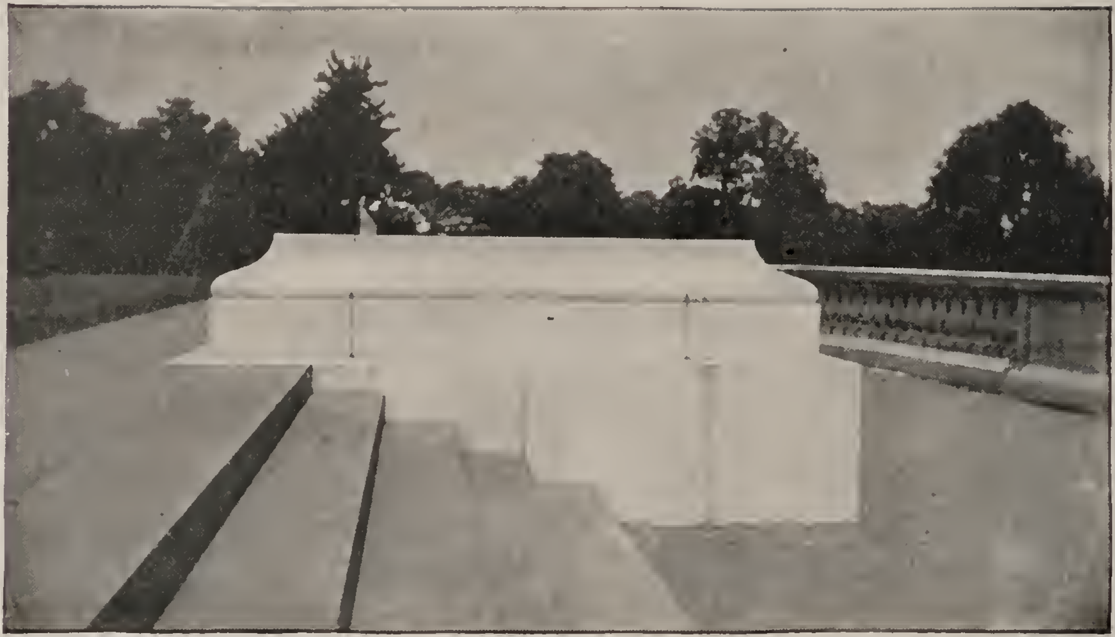
The new amphitheater

respective stories of the estate and the cemetery. The room where Robert E. Lee claimed the heiress of Arlington as his bride is now marked "private." The old well which quenched the thirst of generations as they came and went is transformed into a modern drinking fountain.

Just in front of the mansion, Old Glory proudly plays the sentinel from reveille to retreat, and near the foot of the flagstaff to the right is the unique sarcophagus of Pierre Charles L'Enfant, who laid out the city of Washington. On the terrace just below rest the remains of General Philip Sheridan and Admiral Porter, two of the most distinguished commanders of the Union Army. Sheridan's monument, with its bronze and granite adorned by a medallion portrait with flag and wreath, is one of the most artistic in the grounds. The tomb of General Miles in another part of the cemetery overlooking river and city, the anchor of the Maine, the white-granite monument bearing the names of those ill-fated heroes, the memorial amphitheater, the Confederate monument, the monuments to the late Admiral Robert E. Peary, to William Jennings Bryan, and many others are all points of more than ordinary interest; but none surpass the great Field of the Dead with its endless plateau of headstones, and the tomb of the Unknown Soldier, which adds a page yet without parallel in the military history of the world.

Confederate Memorial

Federal Officers' section



The tomb of the Unknown Hero

The Unknown Hero

Selected from the burial grounds of France, without the slightest clue to his identity, as typical of all our dead of the great battlefields, this unknown American soldier was transported across the water to the homeland on the "Olympia" to receive such honors as had never before been paid to mortal remains. Every rank and avenue of life was represented in the veritable stream of humanity that paid tribute from the moment the flag-covered casket was borne from the ship until the requiem taps were sounded at the grave on Armistice Day, November 11, 1921.

Floral tributes of the rarest hues from every state in the Union, from almost every country under the sun, from churches, lodges, organizations, societies of every name and order, from that of the king of Great Britain to the simple one bearing the words, "Old Pal," intermingled their fragrance about the casket as it rested under the dome of the Capitol upon the catafalque which had upheld the remains of our martyred Presidents and other national dead.

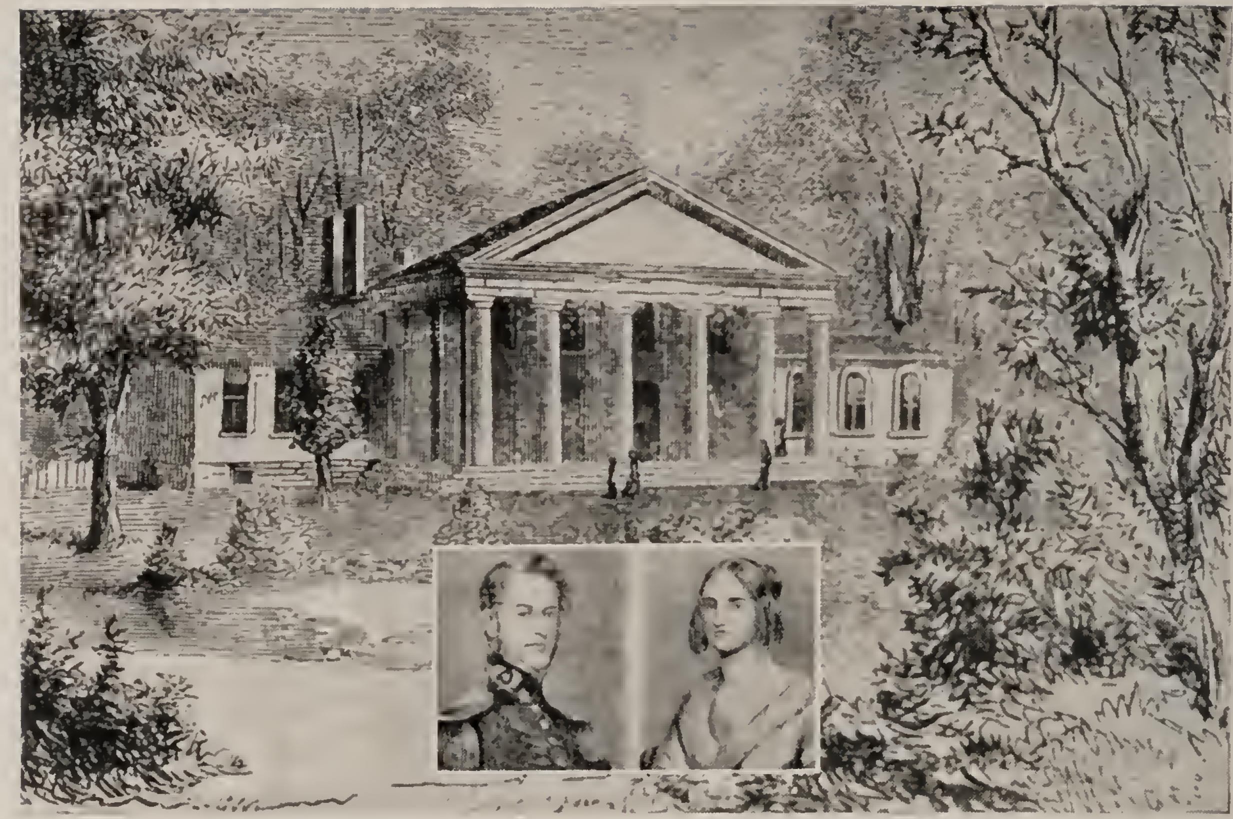
The final service on Armistice Day reached the climax in the surpassing spectacle and will ever live in the memory of those who witnessed it. The amphitheater was a bower of beauty, with garlands of every possible hue encircling the top and embankments of tributes everywhere about. The casket rested upon an improvised catafalque, and some of the greatest military heroes and statesmen of the age of this and other lands were grouped about the platform. General Foch and Premier Briand, of France, were there; Mr. Arthur J. Balfour and Admiral Beatty, of England; General Jacques, of Belgium; General Diaz, of Italy; former Presidents Taft and Woodrow Wilson, and General Pershing, of our own country. President Warren G. Harding's memorial eloquence and the other impressive services were wafted from ocean to ocean by radio for the first time in history.

Promptly at twelve o'clock, as the bugle signaled attention, came a lull of two minutes, when a nation bowed its head in silent prayer, and a hush such as had never before been experienced spread its wings over an entire land. Then came the moment of awe and solemnity when President Harding concluded his address with the repetition of the Lord's Prayer in unison with a nation, with more voices than had ever before been united on the wings of this prayer—the first instance of its kind on record. A quartet then sang "The Supreme Sacrifice" with great impressiveness.

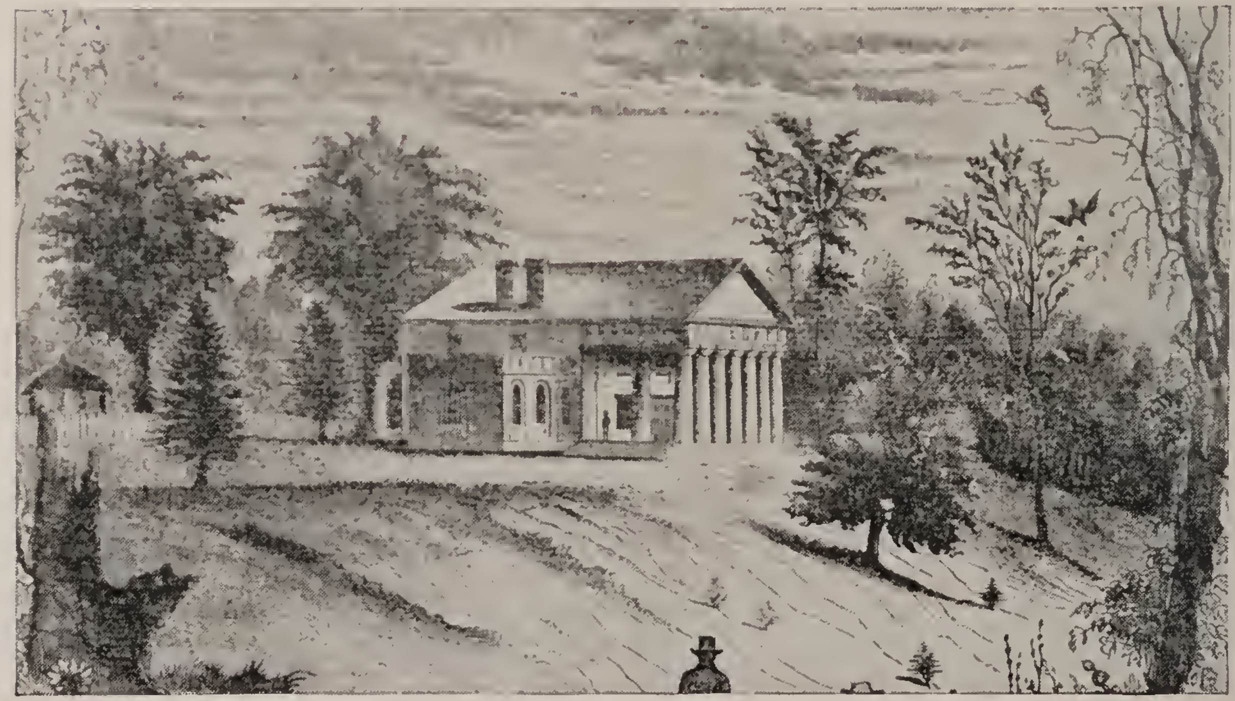
Section of overseas dead

Gold and jeweled emblems designed for the brave alone were laid upon the breast of the silent sleeper by the highest dignitaries of other lands, after our own President had placed the Medal of Honor and the Distinguished Service Cross of our country upon the casket. The Victoria Cross, never before bestowed upon anyone who had not served under the British flag, the highest honors of France, Belgium, Italy, and other countries were laid there. General Jacques of Belgium tore the medal of valor from his own tunic and placed it upon the casket. The British and the American mothers brought their tear-bedewed offerings. Chief Plenty Coups called down the blessing of the Great Spirit of the red man, as he laid beside the other tributes the coup stick of his own tribal office and the feathered bonnet from his own head.

Tomb of General Meigs, who laid out the Cemetery



Arlington in 1831 with portraits of General and Mrs. Lee at the time of their marriage



Arlington in 1857 at the time of the death of Mr. Custis

The tomb, which was made in front of the amphitheater, was not sealed until Monday, and thousands who had been caught in the traffic jam paid tribute on Sunday.

As the casket was borne from the battleship to the rotunda of the Capitol amidst military honors and the familiar strains of "Onward, Christian Soldiers," Nature was weeping as if she, too, were in sympathy with the solemnity of the occasion; but as it was borne from the Capitol for its final journey to Arlington, the sun broke forth into a smile, as if in approval of the symbol which had brought together peace advocates from the very ends of civilization.

Most of the tributes were perishable, but the one of white marble and gold sent by France must serve as a symbol of her enduring friendship. *Homage de la France* is stamped in gold in the upper left-hand corner of this most handsome of designs. Beneath them is a spray of American Beauty roses in the same gold; at the lower left-hand corner are other words in French, and at the bottom are the unforgettable ones "Versailles, 1783–1918"—dates which, let us trust, will serve to cement the friendship of these two liberty-loving republics for all time. This tribute is now in a glass case in the amphitheater, with other tributes and trophies.

This tomb of the Unknown Soldier is a new mecca for pilgrimages. Patriots of every land bow in homage here and renew the covenant made with those who rest in Flanders Fields and on the plains of Europe to redouble their efforts for world-wide peace.

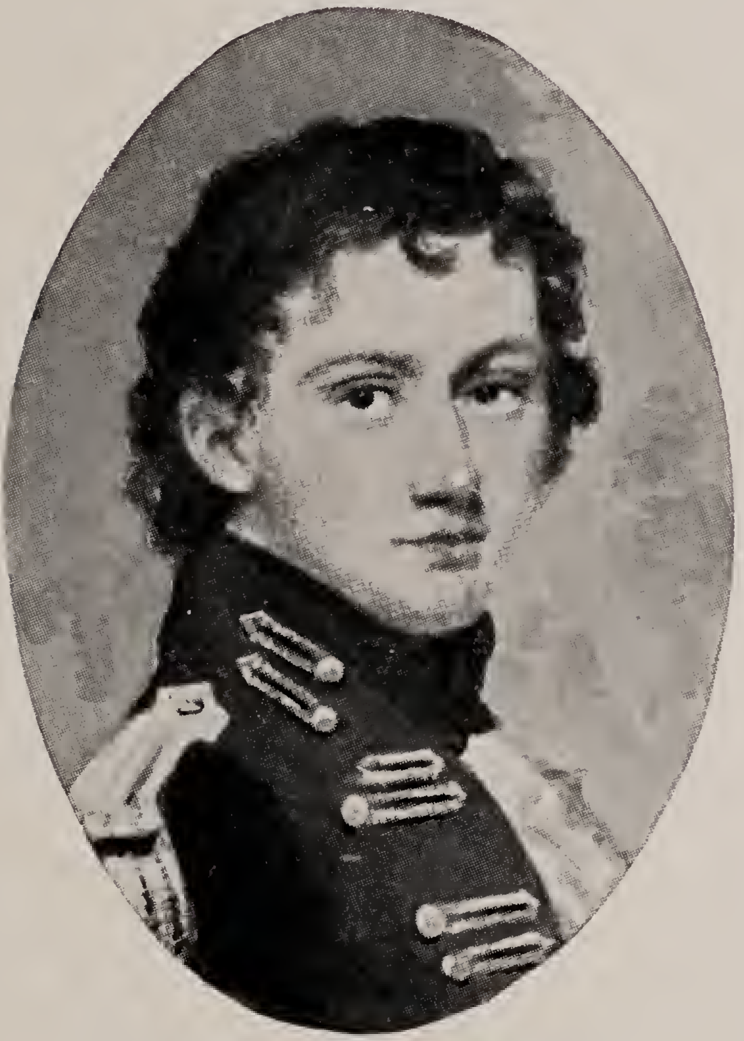
A new point of interest was unearthed in Arlington cemetery on January 23, 1928, when Robert Dye, the superintendent, restored to legibility the headstone inscription on the first grave made in that historic spot just one century before. It reads:

Sacred
to memory of
Mrs. Mary Randolph
her intrinsic value needs no eulogium
The deceased was born
the 9th of August, 1762
at Ampthill near Richmond Virginia,
and died 23rd of January 1828
in Washington City
a victim of maternal love and duty

As a tribute of filial gratitude this
monument
is dedicated to her exalted virtues
by her youngest son
Requiescat in pace!

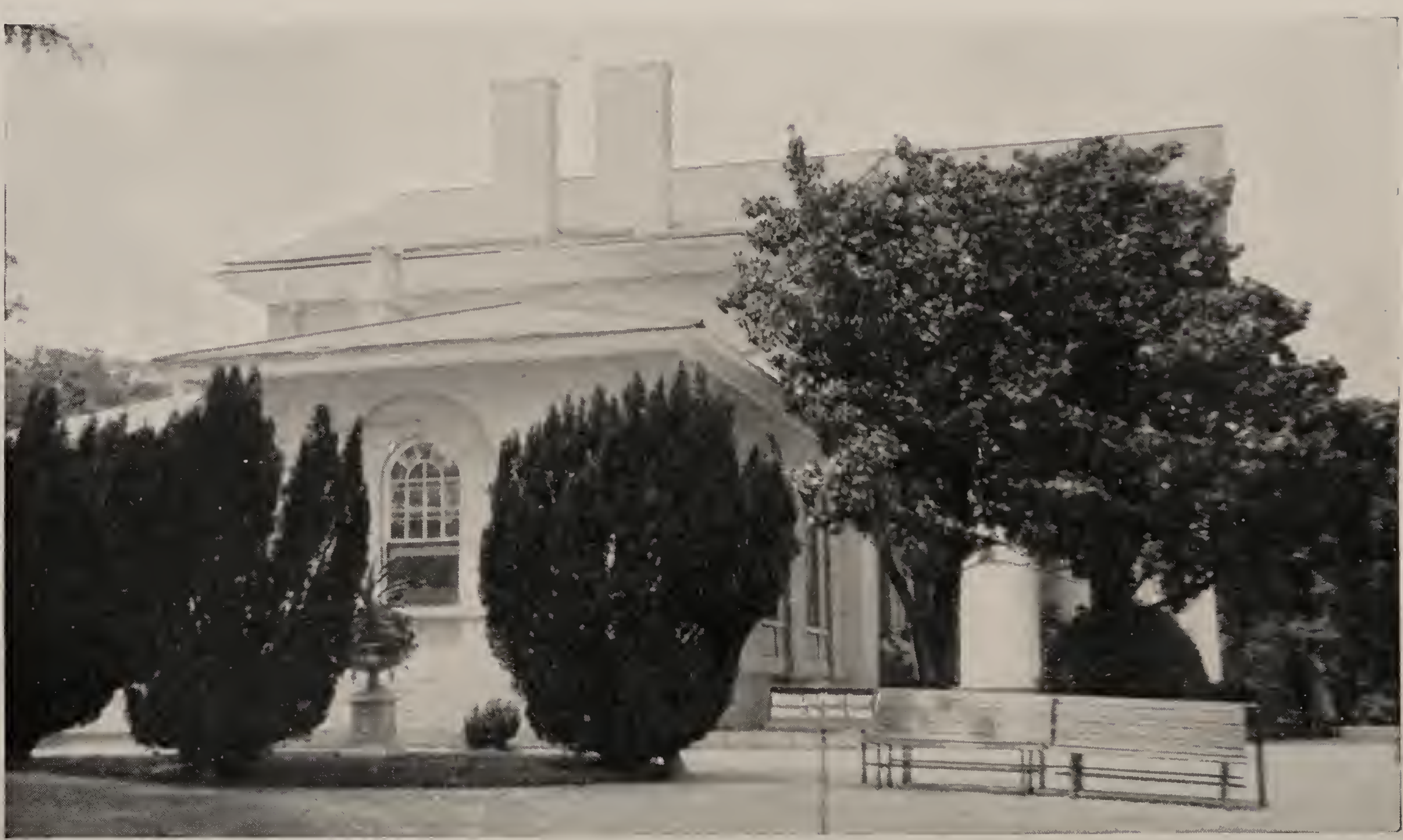
Mrs. Randolph has been identified by her descendants as the daughter of Thomas Mann and Anne Cary Randolph, of Ampthill, and the wife of her cousin, David Meade Randolph, of Presque Isle, James River. Her widowhood was spent in Washington. She was the author of *The Virginia Housewife,* a noted cookbook of a century ago, and a relative of the gracious mistress of Arlington.

The Child of Mount Vernon



This portrait was presented to Lafayette

What indelible footprints
George Washington Parke Custis
Has left in the sands of time!



Carlock

Arlington Mansion

The Arlington Estate

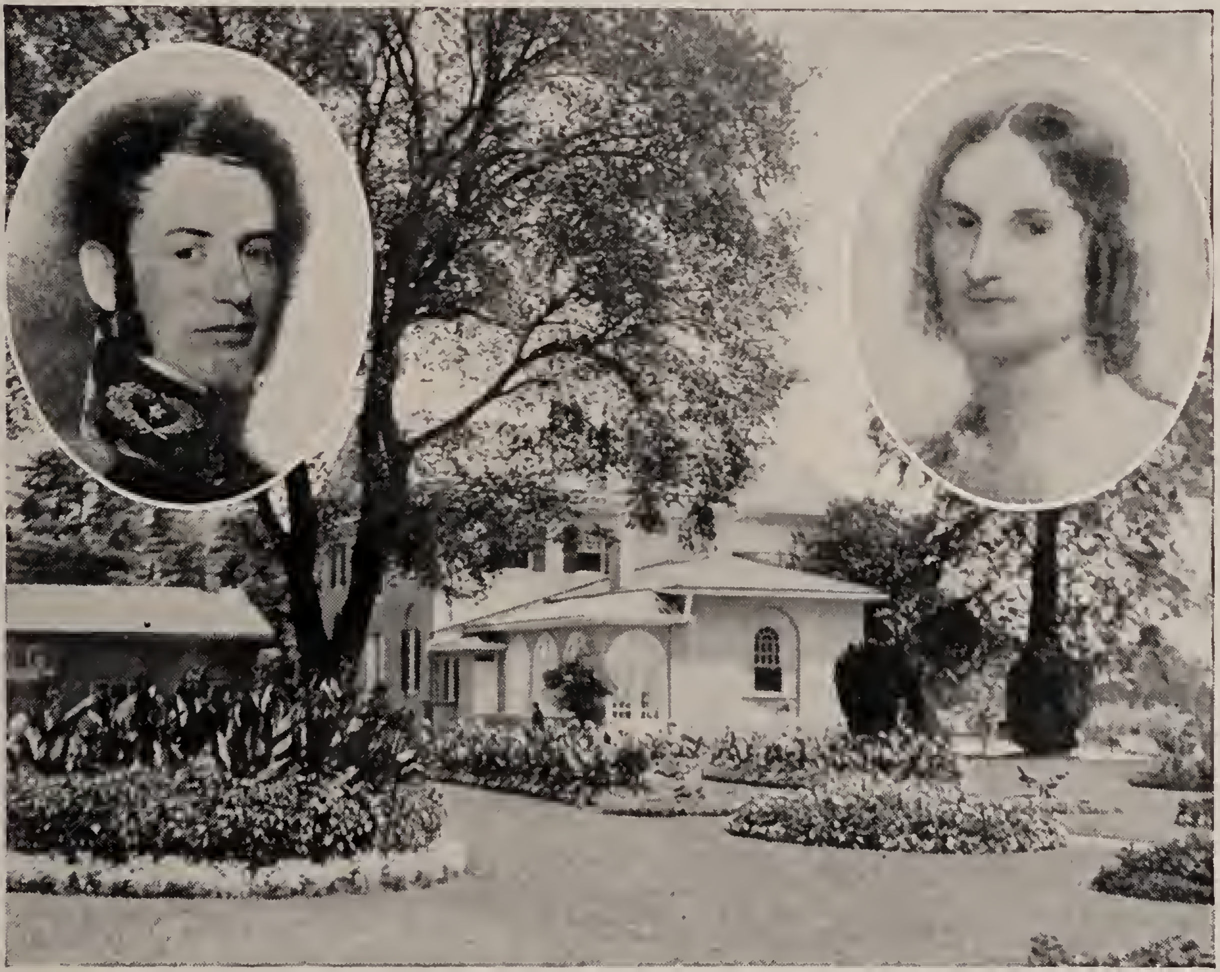
WITH all hearts centered about this National City of the Dead, which gradually enfolds other loved ones to its bosom, and annually opens its gates to multiplied thousands of visitors, it naturally becomes of more moment to us as a nation as the years go by. So it seems fitting to occasionally turn our eyes backward to its primitive days and refresh our minds in regard to its successive titles of ownership up to the time when it became the habitation of our patriotic dead.

The name of Robert Howson stands out as the fortunate individual who held the first grant from the Crown for this large tract which includes what is now Arlington Cemetery. It was on October 21, 1669, that His Majesty Charles II, "by the grace of God and the discovery of John Cabot," through Sir William Berkeley, the governor of the Virginia Colony, made this grant, in recognition of Howson's valuable service in bringing settlers to the colony. It contained six thousand acres, "which embraced all the land from the Great Falls of the Potomac to Greater Hunting Creek." Howson, evidently knowing little of its value, sold it that same year to John Alexander, a Scotch emigrant, and his son, Captain

John Alexander, for six hogsheads of tobacco. It remained in the Alexander family for a century, being handed down from father to son. But on August 9, 1760, we find Gerrard Alexander leaving the Arlington tract by will to his son, Gerrard Alexander, Jr., and on Christmas Day, 1778, eighteen years later, Gerrard Alexander, Jr., and his wife sold one thousand acres of this tract to John Parke Custis for the sum of £1000 Virginia currency—one pound an acre.

Front view of the mansion, with portrait of G. W. P. Custis

John Parke Custis, who is best known to us as the "Ward of Mount Vernon," died intestate, and his son George Washington Parke Custis inherited Arlington, which took its name from the Custis ancestral home on the Eastern Shore of Virginia.



Rear view of mansion, with portraits of General and Mrs. Lee

The old Alexander house which stood near the river, a mile east of the present mansion, was the only dwelling on the estate when young Custis took possession in 1802, at the death of his grandmother, for he remained at Mount Vernon until this time. This old Alexander house was built near the year 1725, and it served him as bachelor quarters until his castle was finished, near 1804–5. He was now of age and was one of the wealthiest young men in Virginia, with his inheritance from his father and General and Mrs. Washington. And it is not strange that for his home he should select Arlington with its surpassing beauty and proximity to the then youthful Capital.

With all in readiness, in 1806, he brought home as his bride Miss Mary Lee Fitzhugh, daughter of William Fitzhugh, of Chatham. She, a Lee, a Fitzhugh, and a descendant of the Randolph family, presided over his home with a grace and dignity that at once placed her among the first hostesses of the land, for Arlington shared honors with Woodlawn in opening its doors to the great of earth who had frequented Mount Vernon when its master was a child. Among these guests was General Lafayette, who had invoked his blessing upon the "Child of Mount Vernon" when he was a "barefoot boy."

Many were the treasures that Mr. Custis brought to Arlington from Mount Vernon. Among them was the bed upon which his beloved Pater died and the marquee which had served him from Cambridge to Yorktown during the Revolution.

This silent, weather-beaten remnant of liberty had a language all its own. It had figured in the greatest events of the long struggle, when at times it seemed all but lost. It had protectingly overshadowed the great general when in his agony over the destitution of the patriotic army he poured out his innermost soul to the great Author of all victory. Cornwallis had been both guest and prisoner under it, and the very sight of it called forth tender associations. Mr. Custis used it at times in special honor of his guests, and two churches are said to have been built from funds collected from persons who paid for the privilege of sitting under it. On October 12, 1824, the occasion of Lafayette's last visit to America, it was spread under the rotunda of the Capitol in his honor. It now graces the little Memorial Chapel at Valley Forge, the Reverend Herbert Burke, the founder of this movement, having purchased it from Miss Mary Custis Lee. How fitting that it should find its way back to Valley Forge, back to the place where it had served as a sanctuary during the darkest days of the American Revolution!

Another reminiscence that Mr. Custis treasured to his final hours was his visit to his Pater's tomb with Lafayette. This has been described in the Mount Vernon section.

"The Child of Mount Vernon"

"The Child of Mount Vernon" becomes doubly interesting to us when we know that he was also the builder of Arlington Mansion, and this of itself seems to draw these two shrines closer together. He adds to this interest by his unique and original character and by the glimpses he has given to us of the inner circle of the first family of the land during the making of history in the dawn of our Republic. He did not fulfill the hope of General Washington "that he might shine in the councils of the Nation," but preferred the life of a gentleman farmer with its ease and luxury, though he had literary aspirations and other talents. In January, 1799, General Washington in writing a friend speaks of Washington Custis being made cornet in Lawrence Lewis's troop; and continues, "for it was found impracticable to keep him longer in college with any prospect of advantage, so great is his aversion to study, though addicted to no extravagant or vicious habits; but mere indolence and a dereliction to exercise the powers of his mind and those talents with which nature has blessed him."

He was interested in sheep husbandry, and one of his first acts after taking charge of Arlington was to purchase a flock of imported merino sheep, 1803, and institute a convention known as Arlington Sheep Shearing Day, which fell on his birthday, April 30, each succeeding year.

Through his generosity, Arlington Springs became a summer resort. He built a kitchen, dining room, dancing pavilion, and wharf for pleasure seekers.

Death carried Mrs. Custis away in 1853, and the last four years of his life were shadowed by loneliness. He left his entire estate, save fifteen acres which he gave to a faithful servant, to his only daughter, Mrs. Robert E. Lee, the only one of four children to survive childhood. At her death it was to go to his eldest grandson, George Washington Custis Lee, who was to take his name and coat of arms. But, as we shall see, Fate in her decrees thwarted that signature and seal and wrote many sad pages into the annals of the beautiful old estate which had been sacred to the child of Mount Vernon.

Graves of the Custises

George Washington Parke Custis died on October 10, 1857, and beneath the protecting branches of three large oaks in a small inclosure not far from the mansion, he and his wife rest side by side. The visitor today reads these simple inscriptions:

Mary Custis, born April 22, 1788, and died April 23, 1853.
Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

George Washington Parke Custis, born April 30, 1781,
and died October 10, 1857.
Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

Little has been said of Mrs. Custis in history—not even a portrait of her can be found—but that little is all in eulogy of her Christian virtues. Bishop Meade, of Virginia, leaves this tribute:

"Mrs. Mary Custis of Arlington, the wife of Mr. Washington Custis, grandson of Mrs. General Washington, was the daughter of Mr. William Fitzhugh, of Chatham. Scarcely is there a Christian lady in our land more honored than she was, and none more loved and esteemed. For good sense, prudence, sincerity, benevolence, unaffected piety, disinterested zeal in every good work, deep humanity and retiring modesty—for all the virtues which adorn the wife, the mother, and the friend—I never knew her superior."

General Lee in writing of her on one occasion, said: "She was to me all that a mother could be, and I yield to none in admiration of her character, love for her virtues, and veneration for her memory."

After the passing of the Custises came sad days for beautiful old Arlington that they had builded and maintained so royally. During the Civil War the Government confiscated the estate and held it under a tax title. General and Mrs. Lee were only lifetime tenants, in accord with the will of Mr. Custis, and they made no effort to regain it, despite the longing Mrs. Lee had to return to the only home she had ever known until the time of the Civil War. After her death, however, in 1873, G. W. P. Custis Lee brought suit and finally regained it in the Supreme Court. The Government had based its claim upon "forfeiture for taxes" but its certificate of sale was impeached upon the ground that the commissioner refused to accept payment from the owner, other than in person, on or before the day of

Where Federal Soldiers Sleep

sale. Dear as this inheritance must have been to Young Lee, it was now one vast field of dead, and what could he do with it? He was compelled to accept the $150,000 offered him by the Government or continue to fight in the courts. And on March 31, 1883, he quietly yielded to the inevitable, accepted the terms offered him, and surrendered the home of his forefathers to the claim of the countless dead.

Almost twenty years before, President Lincoln and Quartermaster General M. C. Meigs had planned this cemetery for the purpose of relieving the overcrowded burial ground at the Soldiers' Home and to find room for the waiting dead. The records at Arlington show that William Christman, of Company G, Sixty-seventh Pennsylvania Volunteers, filled the first grave—number 19 in lower cemetery, which was hollowed out, on May 13, 1864.

Memorial Day was born here on May 30, 1868, by order of General John A. Logan, the commander in chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, and the first observance in the nature of a program at the mansion took place on the afternoon of this same day. And from this beginning, the beautiful custom of strewing the graves of heroes with flowers has extended round the world.

Two hundred acres were originally set apart for the cemetery, but it is much larger now. The part without the gate that now includes Fort Myer was declared a military reservation in 1872.

The Grave of Annie Lee

While Mrs. Lee and three of her daughters were spending the summer of 1862 at Jones Springs, nearly twelve miles from Warrenton, in North Carolina, Annie died and was buried in the Jones Cemetery there. General Lee always wanted to visit her grave—"to see how calmly she sleeps away from us all with her dear hands folded over her breast, as if in mute prayer, while her pure spirit is traversing the land of the blessed." He went during the spring of 1870, and Agnes accompanied him. Amidst their tears, he kneeled in prayer, and as he turned away, expressed a desire that she might remain there undisturbed. This is why Annie Lee sleeps so far from him and other kindred loved ones. This little grave is sacred to the Southland, and will never be disturbed. The General Assembly of North Carolina has appropriated funds for the purpose of extending the public highway to the cemetery. Land surrounding it has been given for a park; and we learn that the War Department will be asked to transplant a tree from Arlington, where she spent the twenty-three beautiful years of her life, to stand sentinel over the grave.

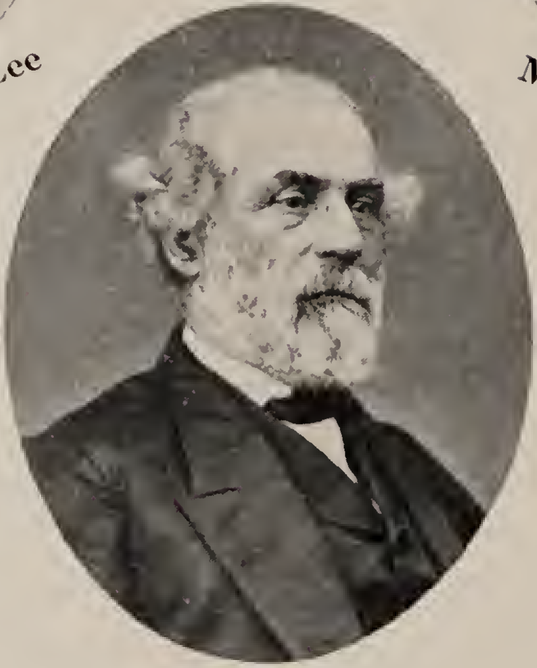
We are indebted to Mrs. Charles Fisher Taylor, of North Carolina-Washington, for the picture of the grave on page two hundred forty and to Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Hunter, of Warrenton, for valuable present-day information. Mrs. Hunter is the daughter of Dr. Frank V. Pattison, who attended Miss Lee in her final illness, and at whose home she died. Mrs. Hunter now occupies the very room from which the gentle spirit of Annie Lee fled.

Agnes Lee

Custis Lee

Mary Lee

Mildred Lee


General Lee

Mrs. Lee

W. H. F. Lee

Mrs. ~~W. H. F. Lee~~
R. E. Lee II

Robert E. Lee II

General Lee and Family

The Lees at Arlington

HOW the name of Robert E. Lee is entwined with that of Arlington, which was his home at intervals for thirty years! Even before he went to West Point, he was a frequent visitor here, lured by the grace and charm of the beautiful young heiress, Mary Ann Randolph Custis, for his home at Alexandria was not far distant. He had been an officer in the United States Army for two years when he came home to claim her as his bride.

The marriage took place here in the drawing room on the evening of June 30, 1831. The nuptial service was read by the Reverend Reuel Keith, D.D., of the Protestant Episcopal Theological Seminary, of Alexandria. Six lieutenants of the United States Army, acting as groomsmen, and a like number of bridesmaids, formed a circle around them. Angela Lewis, daughter of Nelly Custis Lewis, being one of the number.

Never was beautiful old Arlington brighter or gayer than on this festive June evening when Mary Ann Randolph Custis plighted her troth with Lieutenant Robert E. Lee, and never did a girl win a more ideal lover or more devoted husband than did this gentle, lovable heiress of Arlington.

A writer of that hour describes the wedding thus: "Beautiful old Arlington was in all its glory that night. The stately mansion never held a happier assemblage. Its broad porticoes and wide-spread wings held out open arms to welcome the coming guests, and its simple Doric columns graced domestic comfort with a classic air. Its halls and chambers with the portraits of patriots and heroes, with illustrations and relics of the great Revolution and of the 'Father of His Country,' within and without history and tradition, seemed to breathe their legends upon a canvas as soft as a dream of peace."

An amusing incident of that evening has been preserved. Earlier in the afternoon while the clergyman was on his way to Arlington, he was overtaken by a violent thunderstorm and became so thoroughly drenched that he was compelled to perform the ceremony in the borrowed raiment of his host. Mr. Custis was short and stout, while the clergyman was tall and slim; so we may imagine the ludicrous spectacle he presented in his borrowed plumage. Fortunately the clerical robe covered his dress so that few knew of his discomfiture.

The bridegroom was not wealthy, but he was young, handsome, and well equipped for the life that seemed to spread out before him. He had been born in the ancestral home at Stratford, Virginia, on January 19, 1807, in the very room that had been set apart by the birth of Richard Henry and

Francis Lightfoot Lee, heroes of the American Revolution. He was still in his cradle when his parents, Henry (Light-Horse Harry) and Ann Carter Lee, removed to Alexandria in 1811. Here under the very shadow of Christ's Church, where his pew is marked today, he grew to young manhood; and from this home at the age of eighteen, he set out for the Military Academy at West Point, from which he was to be graduated with high honors. One of the strong points of his youthful character was his devotion to his invalid mother, and this point was emphasized in his maturer years by his devotion to his wife and children.

He served with distinction in the Mexican War, and was appointed superintendent of the Academy at West Point in 1852. Still further promotion in rank awaited him, but the Civil War broke forth and he was called upon to decide for or against his loved Virginia, which held all that was dear to him. This decision, doubtless, cost him the greatest struggle of his entire life. Mrs. Lee tells of his withdrawal to the chamber above, where he could be alone, and of his alternate pacing back and forth across the floor and kneeling in prayer. Finally he returned to her presence with the calm announcement of his decision. He resigned his commission in "the gallant little army that he had helped to adorn from Vera Cruz to Mexico City," and cast his lot with the Confederacy. On April 20, 1861, after a painful interview with General Scott, he penned the fateful letter of resignation and passed through the gates of Arlington never to return, for the destiny of this grand old estate truly hung upon the thread of that signature. On the very next day after the family had withdrawn to Richmond, he was commissioned commander in chief of the Virginia forces, and a few days later the camp fires of the Federal Army were burning under the stately old oaks at Arlington, for the estate was confiscated by the Government almost immediately. The palatial mansion with all its sacred traditions and memories was turned into headquarters for the Federal Army and continued to be one vast military center to the close of the war.

The priceless treasures were scattered everywhere. Many fell into vandal hands and were sold about the streets, but the Federal authorities placed the most valuable of the Mount Vernon relics on exhibition at the Patent Office under "Captured from Arlington," and later removed them to the National Museum.

After General Lee had regretfully penned this letter to General Scott, he wrote to his sister speaking of the state of revolution of the entire South, a conflict into which Virginia had at last been drawn after a hard struggle. While he was unable to see the necessity of such a turmoil, he continued: "With all my devotion to the Union and the feeling of an

American citizen, I have not been able to raise my hand against my relatives and children, my home."

Then he tells her—the wife of a Federal officer—of his resignation and of his hope that his poor services may never be needed, and concludes, "Save in the defense of my native state, I hope I may never be called upon to draw my sword again."

The rest of the story from Arlington to Appomattox is too familiar for repetition here, but an incident of his home-coming to Richmond when all was lost does claim a place. It is retold from the *Virginia Magazine*, Vol. XXXIV, on the authority of Mrs. Stannard, who heard it from the lips of Mrs. Julia Page Pleasants:

"He rode Traveller and was as usual a commanding figure, though his gray coat was dingy from long, hard usage; and both he and his horse looked tired and dispirited. With him were some of his staff, gaunt and pallid in ragged uniforms, on bony, weary old horses. Dilapidated army wagons creaked after them. One of these was covered with an old quilt in the place of the customary canvas. Not a very imposing cavalcade, it would seem; yet when the blue-coated soldiers of the winning side, who then occupied the city, recognized the defeated hero, the air rang with cheers, loud and prolonged. General Lee acknowledged this tribute by gravely raising his hat. Again and again the cheers rang out, and again they were acknowledged in the same manner until he reached his home. Here he dismounted, still acknowledging the vociferous greetings of the men in blue as he backed up the stone steps to the house and through the door which closed behind him." When he heard of the tragedy of President Lincoln's death, he seemed to receive the news with the sad impression that it boded ill for the South.

After the war, he was called to the head of Washington and Lee College at Lexington, Virginia. Here his life came to a close on a mild October day in 1870, and here he rests.

His wife leaves a pen picture of his last hours on earth in the following language:

"My husband came in. We had been waiting tea for him, and I remarked, 'You have kept us waiting a long time. Where have you been?' He did not reply but stood as if to say grace. Yet no word proceeded from his lips, as he sat down in his chair perfectly upright and with a sublime air of resignation on his countenance, and he did not attempt to reply to our inquiries. That look was never to be forgotten, and I have no doubt he felt that his hour had come, for though he submitted to the doctors, who were immediately summoned and who had not even reached home from the same vestry meeting, his whole demeanor during his illness showed one who had taken leave of earth. He never smiled and rarely attempted to speak, except in his dreams, and then he wandered to those dreadful battlefields.

Once when Agnes urged him to take some medicine, which he always took with reluctance, he looked at her and said, 'It is of no use.' When he became so much better, the doctor said, 'You must soon get out and ride your favorite gray!' He shook his head most emphatically and looked upward. He slept a great deal, but knew us all, greeted us with a kindly pressure of the hand, and loved to have us around him. For the last forty-eight hours, he seemed quite insensible to our presence. He breathed more heavily, and at last sank to rest with one deep-drawn sigh. Oh, what a glorious rest was in store for him!"

October 12, 1870, was the day of his death. His wife, Mary Ann Randolph Custis Lee, who was born on October 1, 1808, survived until November 15, 1873. Both lie in the family mausoleum at Lexington, and one by one their children have since been gathered about them.

The Lees come of a fine old race, and surely no other member of the family down through the ages ever upheld its high standards with more dignity and grace than did General Robert E. Lee, whose unquestionable integrity and spotless character are without peer in the annals of any country. He was the idol of his native Virginia, the hero of the South, the embodiment of all that is manly and noble, and never did the true metal of the man stand out with more luster than in his manner toward his triumphant foe in the gloom of defeat. It was in this dark hour that the true greatness of his character rose to its supreme heights, and we stand awed with admiration when we see him refuse to permit the slightest abuse of the officers of the triumphant army in his presence.

The grave of Annie Lee—in Jones Cemetery, North Carolina. See story of today on page two hundred thirty-one

The Arlington Lee Family

THE Arlington Lee family consisted of four daughters and three sons, all of whom remained single except the two youngest sons. After the withdrawal from Arlington, the family were widely scattered at times. Mrs. Lee spent part of her time at Audley with Mrs. Lorenzo Lewis, whose sons were in the army, at Ravensworth, and it is reasonably sure that she was at the White House on the Pamunkey when it was taken by the Federal forces for their base of supply. (See White House chapter.) The two eldest sons were in the army with their father. Midst this painful separation, in 1862, the first link in the family chain was severed when the adored daughter, Annie C. Lee, died in Warren County, North Carolina. It was a dreadful blow. In after years her father visited the quiet, rural cemetery where a white shaft, as seen on the opposite page, had been erected over her grave, and read this inscription:

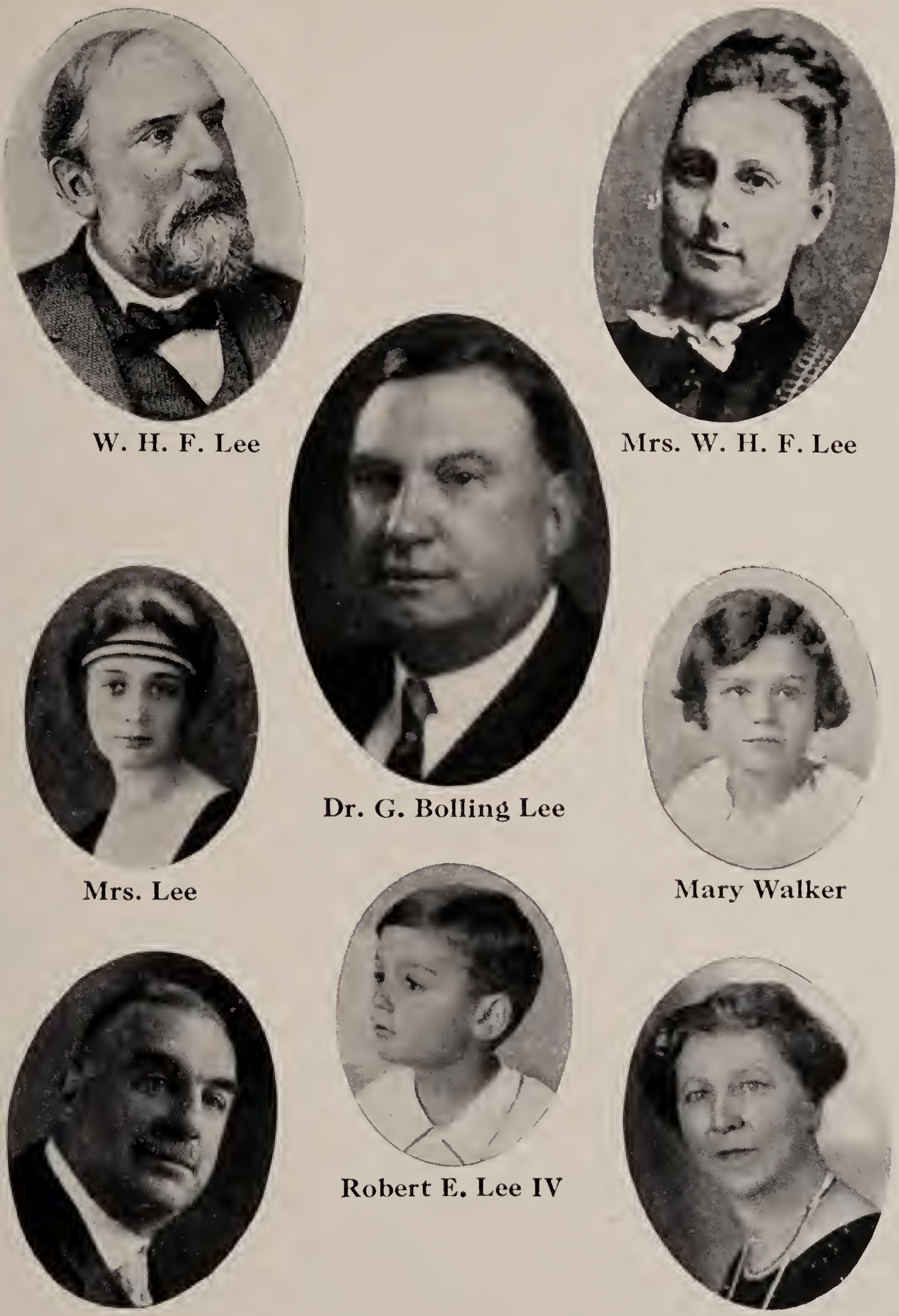
Annie C. Lee, daughter of General R. E. Lee,
and Mary C. Lee. Born at Arlington, June 18,
1839, died at White Sulphur Springs, Warren
County, North Carolina, October 20, 1862.

Perfect and true are all His ways
Whom heaven adores and earth obeys.

This couplet was selected by her father from a favorite hymn which she requested sung as the end approached. The other daughters rest about him in the mausoleum. Eleanor Agnes died on October 15, 1875; Mildred Childe, March 27, 1905; and Mary Custis Lee, on November 22, 1918, just as the echoes of peace for the World War were resounding throughout the world.

George Washington Parke Custis Lee (1832–1913), the eldest son, who fell heir to Arlington, was graduated from West Point and held the commission of lieutenant in the United States Army when he resigned on May 2, 1861, to serve his native state in the Confederacy. He acted as aide-de-camp for President Jefferson Davis of the Confederacy and was promoted to the rank of major general during the war. At the death of his father, he succeeded to the presidency of Washington and Lee University and held a professorship at the Virginia Military Institute. He spent much time at Ravensworth at the home of his brother, and there he died in 1913. After the death of his father he was the custodian of beloved Traveller.

Since the daughters and the eldest son did not marry, we must turn to the two remaining sons for the few descendants of this great and good man.



W. H. F. Lee

Mrs. W. H. F. Lee

Dr. G. Bolling Lee

Mrs. Lee

Mary Walker

Robert E. Lee IV

Robert E. Lee III

Mrs. R. E. Lee III

W. H. F. and Mrs. Lee and descendants

William Henry Fitzhugh Lee stands second only to his father for the record of his beautiful home life. One of his pastors in writing of his glimpses into the innermost circle says, "Of his home life, it is too sacred to speak." His public career covered various services which added laurels. He was born on May 31, 1837, and while still a student of Harvard was commissioned lieutenant in the United States Army at the personal request of General Scott and sent to Texas for his first service. He then served in the campaign against the Mormons in the West, but resigned his commission at the end of two years in favor of the life of a planter at the noted White House, which was his inheritance from his grandfather Custis.

Miss Charlotte Wickham, daughter of General Wickham, of the United States Navy, was the object of his affections. In 1859 they were married and settled down at the White House on the Pamunkey River, where their two children were born. But their planned happiness was not to be realized. The war clouds of the Rebellion were just looming in the distance. In 1861 he enlisted for the Confederacy and became a general in the army. He was wounded in the engagement at Brandy Station on June 9, 1863, and his father had him sent to the Wickham home at Hickory Hill in Hanover County for care. His younger brother, R. E. Lee II, accompanied him, and his wife, mother, and sisters came from

Richmond to join them. Thus surrounded he was quite comfortable in the office in the yard when the Federals appeared and carried him away as prisoner of war. It was a dramatic scene at the Wickham home on that fair June morning when the Federals arrived. Shots being heard in the direction of the large hickory grove at the outer gate, young R. E. Lee was sent to see if some trespasser were not shooting the squirrels; he discovered the Federal cavalrymen and understood the meaning. Rushing back to the house to tell his brother, he was advised to make his escape. From a hill near by he ascertained that a large raiding party of Federal cavalrymen were in the main road, and that smoke was ascending from the courthouse, about three miles distant, which meant the destruction of the railroad buildings at that place. Waiting until he thought the coast might be clear, he worked his way cautiously back to the vicinity of the house in time to see his brother carried from the office on a mattress and placed in the "Hickory Hill" carriage to which Mr. Wickham's horses were hitched, and then driven away under guard. He was taken to the White House, his own home, which had been laid waste by the ravages of war a year before, and from there sent by water to Fortress Monroe. This party had been sent out to capture him, and he was held as a hostage for nine months, for the safety of Federal officers who had been captured.

His capture was a dreadful blow to his young wife, who had been driven from her home a year before, and on December 26, 1863, her name was added to the long list of the tragedies of the war. When the news reached her husband at Fortress Monroe that she was dying in Richmond, he appealed to General Butler for a grant of forty-eight hours to go to her, and his brother, Custis Lee, of equal rank, volunteered in writing to take his place as hostage until he should return to captivity, but this request was denied. General Robert E. Lee was devotedly attached to his daughter-in-law, and in a letter to his wife he says among other things, "What a glorious thought it is that she has joined her little cherubs and our Angel Annie in Heaven!" for both of her little ones were now dead.

General Fitzhugh Lee was later sent to Fort Lafayette, New York, and in the spring of 1864 was exchanged for three Federal officers, among these being Colonel Sawyer, whom he visited at Atlantic City after the war. This again shows that there was no personal animosity between the men who wore the blue and those who wore the gray; both were fighting for a principle which they saw from different angles.

Though his home had been laid waste by war and his wife and two children were dead, General W. H. F. Lee returned to the deserted White House upon his discharge from prison, erected a shanty, and with his cavalry horses to the plow put in his crops. By and by he brought another bride to the White House in the person of Miss Mary Tabb Bolling, daughter of G. W. Bolling, of Petersburg, Virginia. The marriage took place on November 28, 1867, at the church in Petersburg, and was a very fashionable affair. General Lee attended and in writing his wife of the affair said "The bride looked lovely and was in every way captivating." He was always fond of his daughter-in-law, "Mary Tabb," as he called her.

Two children were born of this union, Robert E. Lee III, and George Bolling Lee, the first at the Bolling home at Petersburg on February 11, 1869, and the second at the president's house on the campus at Washington and Lee University. But the White House continued to be the family home until 1874, when they removed to Ravensworth in Fairfax County, which he had inherited from his mother through the will of her uncle, William Henry Fitzhugh, and where he spent the remnant of his days.

General W. H. F. Lee served in the State Senate of Virginia repeatedly and was a member of Congress at the time of his death on October 15, 1891. Mrs. Lee survived until May 24, 1924, when her death was announced from Richmond. A few months before Mrs. Lee's death, the writer had the pleasure of her company from Fairfax to Washington.

What a store of interesting reminiscences she had treasured of those wonderful, far-off days! Time had dealt gently with her, though she conversed by means of an ear trumpet. She was sad. She had lost her eldest son, Robert E. Lee III, on September 4, 1922, and nearly all the friends of her youth were gone. Robert E. Lee III is survived by his wife, Mrs. Mary Picney Middleton Lee, who lives in Washington, but there are no children.

The other son, Doctor George Bolling Lee, of New York City, the only surviving grandson of General Robert E. Lee, was married on April 17, 1920, to Miss Helen Keeney, of San Francisco, California, and their two sweet children are Mary Walker Lee, born June 15, 1921, and Robert E. Lee IV, a fine specimen of the grand old race, as his portrait elsewhere testifies. He was five years old on Christmas, 1929. Doctor Lee is the owner of the noted White House of the Washington-Custis romance, the one outstanding link in the Washington and Lee families, and he is the great-great-great-grandson of Martha Custis Washington.

(See story of White House in concluding chapter.)

Robert E. Lee II was a student of the Virginia Military Institute when the Civil War began, and his love for the military and his persistence led his father to consent to his enlistment as a cavalryman in the spring of 1862 and he won a captaincy during the war. In his *Recollections and Letters of General Robert E. Lee* he has given delightful glimpses into the inner circle of this ideal family where love bound heart to heart as is seldom seen. His description of Santa Ana, his first pony, a Mexican mustang, who became dear to his boyish heart and was then found dead in Arlington Park, and of the idolized Grace Darling of his larger growth, who was stolen from the White House by the Federals; his memories of the Lee home at West Point when his father was superintendent of the Military Academy there; and numerous other incidents add charm to the book, which has aided us in verifying many a misstatement of history. The mount his father presented to him when he entered the army was the offspring of Grace Darling, and it carried him for thirteen years after the war.

He was born at Arlington on October 27, 1843, and settled on the plantation which was his inheritance from his Grandfather Custis in King William County, Virginia, near a point called West Point, but he finally removed to Upperville, Virginia, where he died in 1914. He was first married on November 16, 1871, to Miss Charlotte Haxall, who was born October 23, 1848, and died in 1872 without issue. Miss Juliet Carter, daughter of Colonel Thomas Hill Carter, was his second wife. They were married on March 8, 1894, and she was the mother of his two daughters, Anne Carter, now Mrs. William Hunter de Butte, Jr.; and Mary Custis, Mrs. Hanson Edward Ely, both of Washington, D. C. Mrs. Lee died at Washington in 1915, and rests in the mausoleum at Lexington.

With the two de Butte children, Robert E. Lee and William Hunter de Butte; and the two Ely children, Hanson Edward Ely, Jr., and Anne Carter Lee Ely, we have the entire descent of General Robert E. Lee.

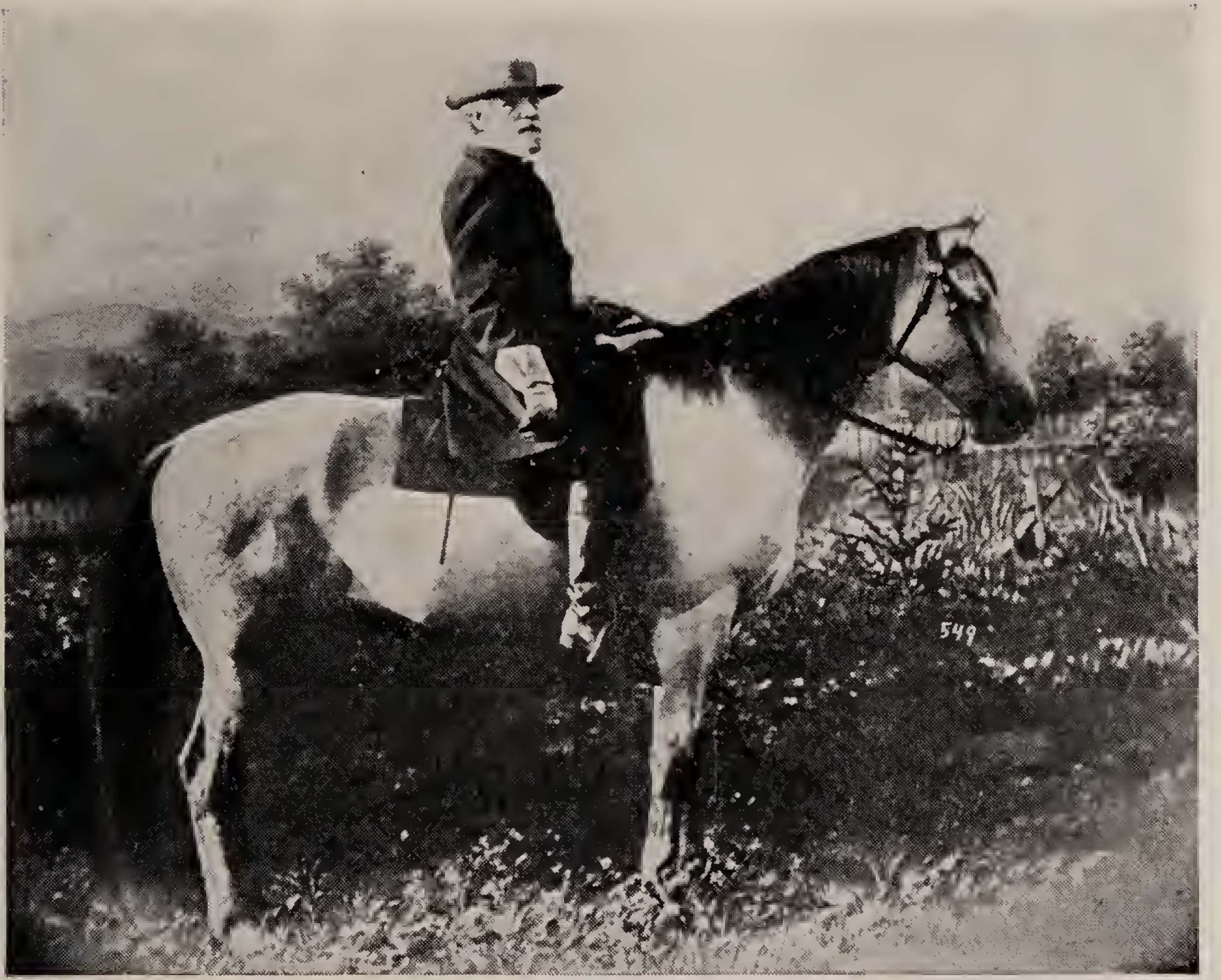
The restoration of Arlington Mansion calls forth universal approval. Today the visitor sees a typical, Southern home with its attendant culture and refinement. It was the purpose of the United States Government to restore this mansion to what it was when the Lees left it; but many priceless things that once adorned it are now at Mount Vernon and in other hands beyond recall. But with what has been obtainable of the original, combined with replicas and period furnishings, the effect is akin to the magical.

To the right of the front entrance is the room where General Lee claimed his bride. Above are other rooms so interesting in their designations for guests and members of the Lee Family. The portraits, too, are being returned to the wall. Among these is a copy of the Woollaston painting of Martha Custis, 1757, which seems to bind this mansion to Mount Vernon for all time.

Traveller

The story of the Lee family would not be complete without something concerning Traveller, the horse who was so dear to the entire household.

The horse was almost as well known as his master.



General Lee and Traveller

He was a handsome iron-gray, sixteen hands high, with black points and a very dark mane and tail. He was born in what is now West Virginia, near White Sulphur Springs, and was five years old at the beginning of the Civil War.

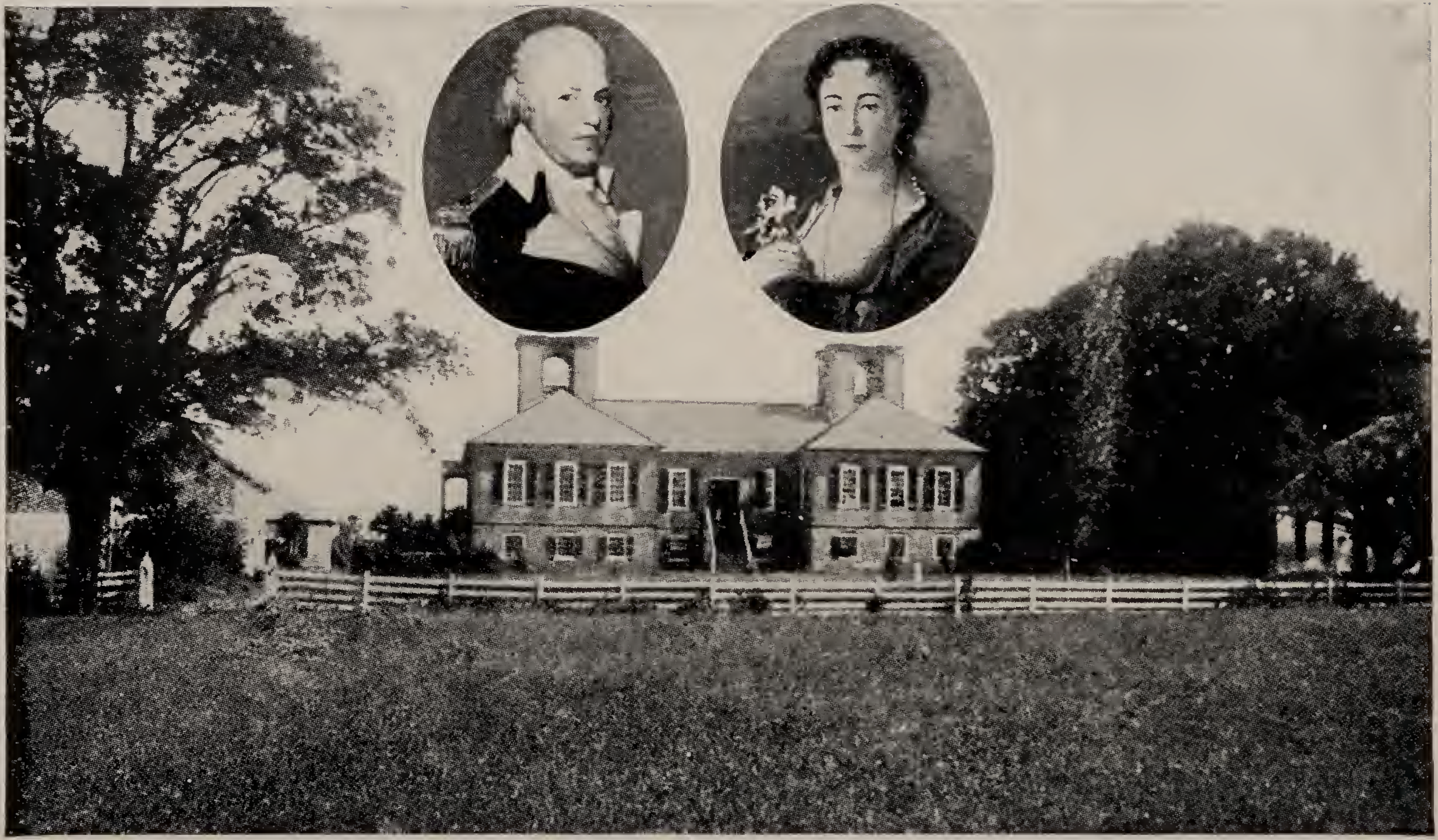
Once when Agnes Lee was asked by an artist for his description, General Lee, after speaking at some length of his human intelligence and power, gave this description of him:

"I am no artist; I can only say he is a Confederate gray. I purchased him in the mountains of Virginia in the autumn of 1861, and he has been my patient follower ever since—to Georgia, the Carolinas, and back to Virginia. He carried me through the seven days' battle around Richmond, the second Manassas, at Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, the last day at Chancellorsville, to Pennsylvania, at Gettysburg, and back to the Rappahannock.

"From the commencement of the campaign in 1864, at Orange, till its close, the saddle was scarcely off his back. He passed through the fire of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor, and across the James River. He was almost a daily requisition in the winter of 1864–5 on the line of defense from Chickahominy, north of Richmond, to Hatcher's Run, south of the Appomattox. In the campaign of 1865, he bore me from Petersburg to the final days at Appomattox Court House. You must know the comfort he is to me in my retirement."

He was a noted figure in the funeral procession of his master. With bowed head and solemn tread he marched behind the hearse as if in full understanding of its meaning. All eyes were centered upon him and there was no deeper mourner than Traveller.

At the death of her husband, Mrs. Lee gave him to her eldest son, Custis Lee. Traveller died from lockjaw during the summer of 1872, and was buried for a time, but he, too, has returned to Lexington to be near his master. The visitor to Washington and Lee University today looks upon his mounted skeleton in the museum, and hair from his mane and tail which is preserved in the museum chapel.



Stratford, birthplace of General R. E. Lee, with portraits of his parents, "Light-horse Harry" Lee and Anne Carter Lee

Stratford and the Lee Ancestry

FROM the time of William the Conqueror all down the centuries the Lees have figured with distinction as crusaders. There were knights and fair ladies among them. The Lees of Virginia trace back to Lionel Lee, who accompanied Richard the Lion-hearted on the Third Crusade into the Holy Land in 1189 and by his gallantry at the Siege of Acre won the title of Earl of Litchfield. It was Richard Lee, a younger son of the House of Litchfield, who crossed to Virginia, in 1641, as Colonial secretary to Sir William Berkeley, the governor.

According to Doctor Edmund Jennings Lee in his *Lee of Virginia,* Richard Lee patented one thousand acres of land in York, now Gloucester County, on August 10, 1642. In his will, which was proved in London on January 10, 1644/5, he calls this plantation Paradise, and leaves it to his son, John Lee. He also mentions in this will his wife, Anne, and his children, John, Richard, Francis, William, Hancock, Betsey, Anne, and Charles Lee.

Richard Lee (1647–1714), the second son of Richard and Anne Lee, established his home at Mount Pleasant on the Potomac in Westmoreland County and the huge brick mansion with its great walls partially inclosing the grounds stood out as one of the most noted of Colonial homes. It was destroyed by fire in 1729, as we shall see later, and another mansion took its place on the surrounding heights.

Richard Lee II, of Mount Pleasant, was married to Miss Letitia Corbin, near 1674. They founded the line which furnished heroes for the Revolution and which brings us to Arlington. The names of their children in a measure repeat those of the generations before. They were Richard III, Philip, Francis, Thomas, Henry, and Anne. This only daughter, Anne, was first married to Colonel William Fitzhugh, and they were the ancestors of Mrs. Robert E. Lee and Bishop Meade. After the death of Colonel Fitzhugh, Anne Lee Fitzhugh became the wife of Captain Daniel McCarty; so we see that the two lines of the Lees were destined to meet at Arlington. General Lee is descended from Thomas, the brother of Anne Lee Fitzhugh McCarty.

Thomas Lee (1690–1750), the fourth son of Richard Lee II and Letitia Corbin Lee, stands out in Colonial history for his great intellect and ability, which carried him to eminence despite his meager education. He was born at Mount Pleasant and was the first native American to serve as governor under the

Crown. He is sometimes referred to as "President" Lee, but his name will, perhaps, live longer as the builder of historic old Stratford, which in Virginia history is almost a synonym for the name Lee. He leased Mount Pleasant and lived there until he built Stratford. In support of the early burning of his home, we find this item from the *Maryland Gazette* of February 4, 1729, which fixes the date of the burning of Mount Pleasant:

"Last Wednesday night, Colonel Thomas Lee's fine house in Virginia was burned. His office, barn and out houses, his plate, cash to the sum of ten thousand pounds, papers, everything entirely lost. His lady and child were forced to be thrown out of the window, and he himself barely escaped the flames, he being much scorched. A white girl about twelve, a servant, perished in the fire. The loss is estimated at not less than £50,000. Some valuables were stolen from the house some time before the fire."

It was evidently set on fire, as the Governor of Virginia offered a reward for the apprehension of the incendiary.

A tradition which oft repeated has become history has it that Thomas Lee was so efficient in Colonial affairs that after the destruction of Mount Pleasant, the East India Company built Stratford for him, and that Queen Caroline opened her private purse in behalf of the new home, but Edmund Jennings Lee, who seems to be one of the best authorities on the family history, gives this story but little credence.

Be this as it may, Stratford was the home of Thomas Lee, and was the stateliest and largest mansion in all Virginia, a type of architecture which preceded the later Colonial homes. It had one hundred rooms, built of brick imported from England, in the form of an **H**, with great wings. In the center of each wing a cluster of chimneys joined the columns of two pavilions which were connected by a balustrade. Its stables are said to have furnished shelter for one hundred horses, and its outbuildings were in accord with such an estate. It cost the enormous sum of $80,000. Its grounds are several hundred acres in extent, and stately trees and spacious lawns complete the marvelous picture of culture and wealth. Even so, the fame of the mansion is small today in comparison with that of the patriots and heroes who have been born under its rooftree.

Thomas Lee, the builder of Stratford, was married on May 17, 1722, to Miss Hannah Ludwell, who was born at Richneck, James City County, on December 5, 1701, and died at Stratford on January 25, 1749, just one year before his death. This couple were destined to bring forth some of the most prominent actors on the stage of American history, for they sent out from Stratford, Richard Henry Lee, the renowned champion of freedom; Francis Lightfoot; and four other sons imprinted their names in our annals; namely, Philip Ludwell, Thomas Ludwell, William, who went to London, and ~~Charles~~ Lee.

Arthur

Philip Ludwell Lee (1726–75), born at Stratford on February 24, died at the opening of the American Revolution, before he had reached his fiftieth birthday, leaving his wife, Elizabeth Steptoe Lee and one daughter, Matilda Lee, who inherited Stratford. After a brief widowhood Mrs. Elizabeth Steptoe Lee became the wife of Philip Richard Fendall but continued to live at Stratford. The fair Matilda Lee was to occupy the unique place of becoming the connecting link of two branches of this great family when, as we shall see, she gave her hand in marriage.

Henry Lee, the fifth son of Richard II and Letitia Corbin Lee, and the brother of Thomas Lee, the builder of Stratford, was married to Miss Mary Bland. It was their third son, Henry Lee, who was the husband of Miss Lucy Grymes, one of the many reputed "Lowland Beauties" of General Washington's youthful admiration. Henry Lee and his wife, Lucy Grymes, were the parents of five sons, and one of this quintet was the famous "Light-Horse Harry Lee" of the American Revolution, the father of General Robert E. Lee.

Henry Lee (1756–1818), "Light-Horse Harry," born on January 29, 1756, was, in the words of President Woodrow Wilson, "the finest breed of those gallant soldiers who made the country free." It was his wooing voice that won the fair Matilda Lee, the heiress of old Stratford, united the two family lines in this old mansion, and brought them to Arlington. They had two children, Henry Lee, a son, and a daughter. Matilda died near the year 1790, just as his candidacy for the governorship of Virginia was looming up. He was elected in 1791, and by and by brought another bride to the mansion in the person of Miss Anne Carter, daughter of Charles Carter, of Shirley on the James River. Thus old Stratford continued to send out heroes.

"Light-Horse Harry" Lee and the beautiful Anne Carter were married on June 18, 1793. The miniature of the face of General Washington which is disclosed in her portrait on another page was her bridal gift from him. Robert E. Lee was born at Stratford on January 19, 1807. The other children were: A. Sidney Lee (1795–96), Charles Carter, Sidney Smith, Annie K. (1800–64), wife of Judge William Marshall, of Baltimore, and Catherine Mildred (1811–56), Mrs. Vernon Childe, of Paris.

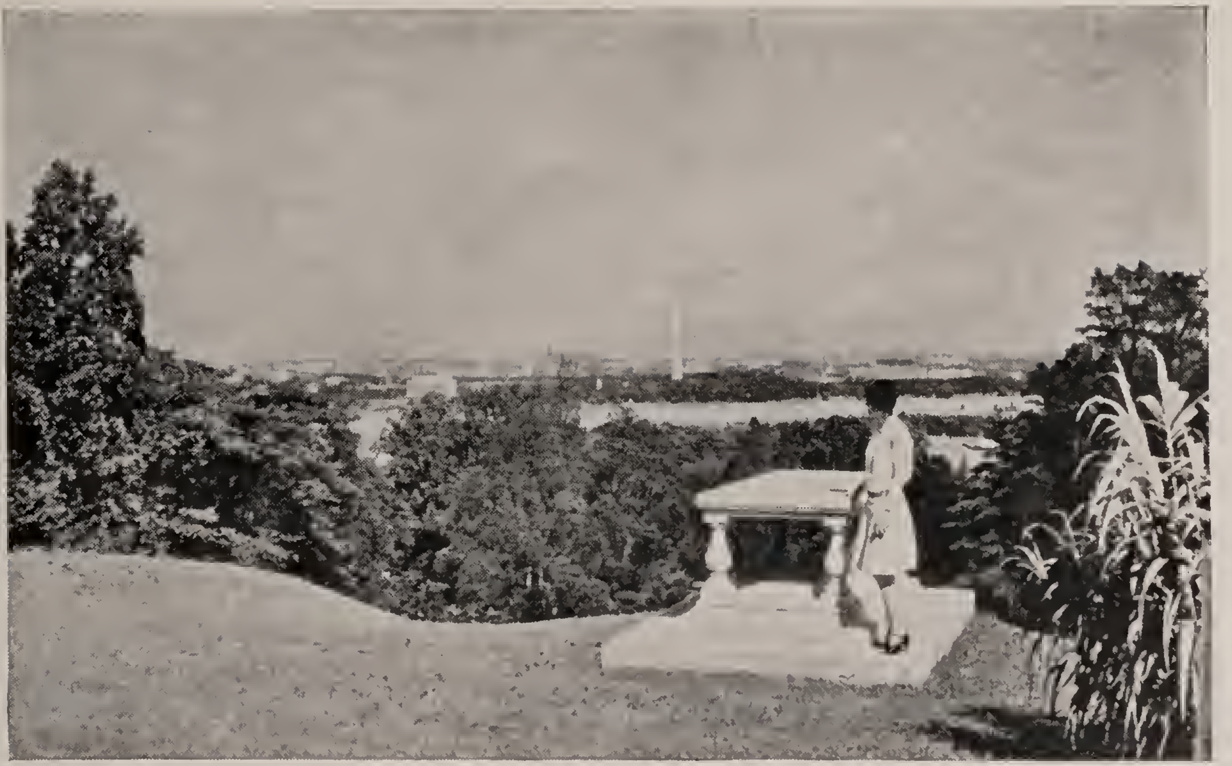
"Light-Horse Harry" Lee was gifted and useful in so many ways, and General Washington's confidence in him is evidenced by his selecting him to head the fifteen thousand troops called out by the Whiskey Insurrection, which he and Hamilton put down without the loss of life. He was a member of Congress from Virginia when General Washington's death was announced, and when the time came for eulogy, all eyes turned to him. It was then that he pronounced the immortal sentence, "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

In 1809, he wrote his memoirs of the Revolution, and in 1814, while considering enlisting in the War of 1812, he was wounded in a riot at Baltimore in attempting to assist an editor friend who had been attacked by a mob. From this he never recovered. He sought relief in vain in the West Indies. On March 25, 1818, while on his way home he died on the coast of Georgia at the home of the daughter of General Greene, his comrade-in-arms. There he slept until 1913, when his remains were brought to the family mausoleum at Lexington.

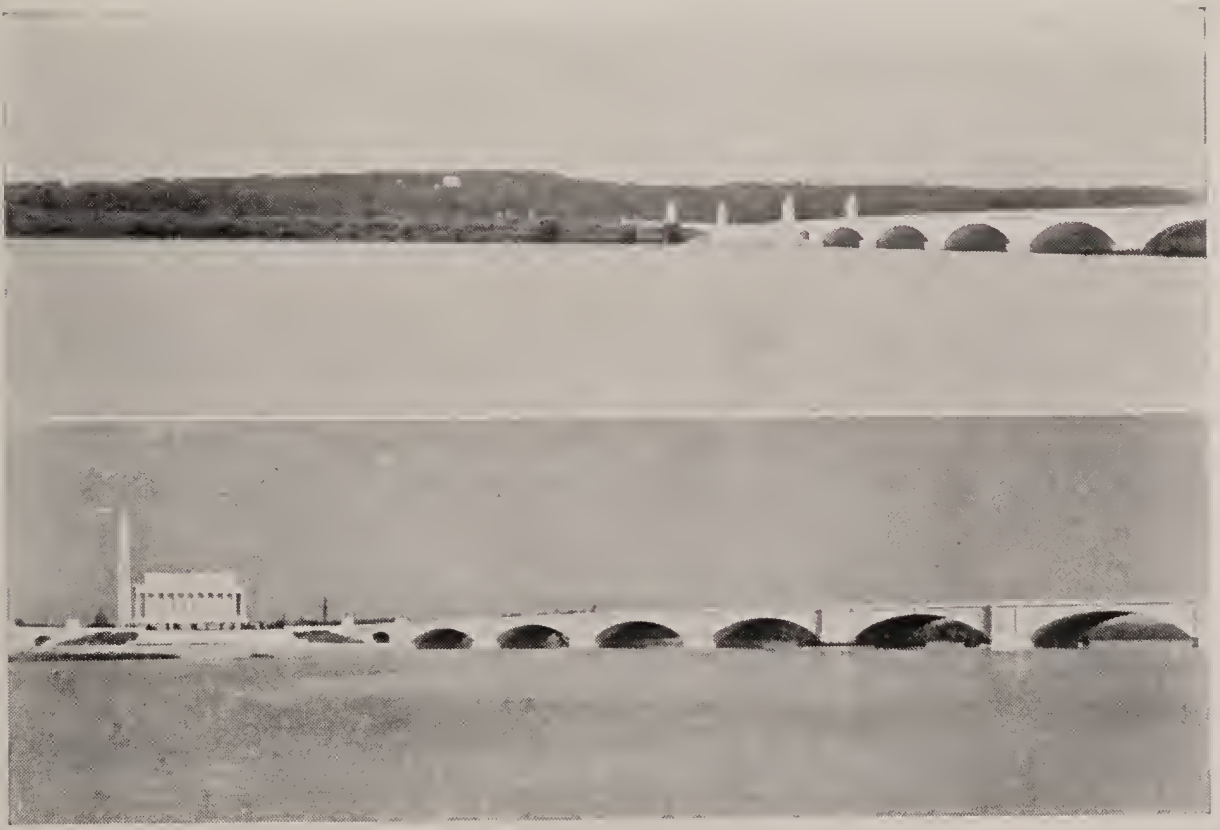
When he removed his family to Alexandria in 1811, his eldest son, Major Henry Lee, by Matilda, his first wife, became the master of old Stratford. He was born on May 28, 1787, and was educated at William and Mary College, was appointed major in the United States Army by President Madison, and was sent to the Canadian front. Upon his return in 1817, he married Miss Anne McCarty, daughter of Daniel McCarty, of Westmoreland County, and settled down in the old mansion where a welcome was ever extended to the younger Lee children.

Major Henry Lee and his wife, Anne McCarty Lee, had one child, Margaret, who in her play, fell down the stone steps of the old mansion to her death. Broken-hearted over his loss, Henry Lee became a wanderer. To Algiers, to Italy, and to France he went; and in order to drown his grief, he resumed work on his *History of Napoleon's Italian Campaign,* but he died in Paris on January 30, 1837, just as he had completed the first volume. He was the last Lee owner of Stratford, according to H. Latane Lewis. His half brother, Charles Carter Lee, lived there for a while, but it has come down through the McCartys, the family of Mrs. Lee, and the Stuarts. It was Charles Edward Stuart, who on January 19, 1929, sold it to the William Alexander Chapter, junior, of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, of Connecticut, for the purpose of restoration and preservation.

It is now owned by the Lee Memorial Foundation, and has taken its place among the outstanding shrines of the world. It will stand not only as a memorial to the birthplace of General Robert E. Lee, but it will reach back into the ages and embalm the memory of all the heroes that it has sent out into the world. It stands upon the bank of the Potomac not far from the new Wakefield, and is less than a hundred miles from Mount Vernon.



The grave of L'Enfant, the designer of the National Capital, in Arlington, overlooking the city of his dreams



Views of the new Arlington Memorial Bridge which was officially opened on January 16, 1932, from both sides of Potomac

The Custises in the Background of Arlington

THE name Custis is almost a synonym for Arlington, as Stratford is for Lee. The Custises were of English descent, but must have fled from their native country after the execution of Charles I, when a price was placed upon so many heads. They came to the Eastern Shore of Virginia from Rotterdam, Holland, as early as 1640 and founded the Arlington estate, from which Arlington mansion took its name. There are two traditions in the family as to the origin of the name: first, that it comes from the Earl of Arlington; second, that one John Smithton of Arlington in the parish of Gloucester, England, made a bequest to his cousin, Jane Powell, and appointed her executrix of his will dated February 16, 1618, and proved on October 31, 1626, and that Major John Custis and his wife, this same Jane Powell, named their estate in Northampton County, on the Eastern Shore, in honor of his act of generosity.

The naturalization papers of John Custis, born 1599, and of his wife Joan or Jane Powell, are said to show that their son John was born out of England in 1630, which suggests Holland as his nativity. The date of John Custis's death is not known, but his wife Jane must have died before January 5, 1675, as a matter of law in regard to her estate comes up at this time.

Their son, John Custis II, born in Holland in 1630, was first married to Miss Elizabeth Robinson of Shadwell, Middlesex, England, and their only child, Colonel John Custis III, was born in 1653. After the death of his wife, Elizabeth Robinson Custis, Major General John Custis was married to Mrs. Alicia Walker, who had taken the nuptial vow three times before. George Traveller was her first husband, William Burdette her second, and Major Walker her third. We are told that after her death Major General John Custis had his third matrimonial venture when he became the husband of Mrs. Tabitha Scarborough, who had already been Mrs. John Smart and Mrs. Devereux Browne, and who became the wife of Colonel Edward Hill, of Charles City County, after the death of Colonel Custis on January 26, 1696. She died in 1717.

Major General Custis won his title by valiant service in Bacon's Rebellion. He was appointed surveyor of Northampton County on April 17, 1665, was a member of the General Council, a leader in church and civic affairs, and a manufacturer of salt. According to the genealogy of the family which appears in *The Harrison and Allied Families* by William Welsh Harrison, and which is in part our source of information, Major Custis rests at

Arlington-on-the-Eastern Shore beneath the coat of arms of the family and a eulogistic epitaph.

Colonel John Custis III, son of Major General John and Elizabeth Robinson Custis, born 1753, was a member of the King's Council and was otherwise prominent in public affairs. He and his first wife, Margaret Michael Custis, had children as follows: John, Hancock, Henry, Elizabeth, who married Thomas Custis, and Sorrowful Margaret Custis, who was married to William Kendall, of Northampton County.

Colonel John Custis III was married a second time to Mrs. Sarah Littleton Michael, daughter of Southey Littleton and widow of Adam Michael. He died on January 26, 1713, and his last wife survived until 1720. No children are recorded of this union.

Colonel John Custis IV, son of Colonel John III and Margaret Michael Custis, was educated in England, but removed to Williamsburg, Virginia, upon his return from college, where some historians say that he "committed moral suicide" by his unfortunate marriage. However this may be, Colonel John Custis IV was the ardent wooer and sorry winner of the proud Frances Parke, daughter of Colonel Daniel Parke, of Williamsburg, the wedding taking place in 1706. He had been warned of her violent temper and self-will, but according to his letters, she was "the angel of his affections and to possess her would be heaven enough," for he could not live without her. Unfortunately the dream of his wooing was shattered, and when she fell into an early grave, his relief over his freedom gave expression to the immortal epitaph over his own grave.

It seems from various historians that her father, Colonel Daniel Parke, was a man of fierce, ungovernable temper. He went to England from Virginia and at the battle of Blenheim, as aide-de-camp on the staff of Marlborough, he was personally selected as the bearer of that joyful news of victory to Queen Anne. He received from her own fair hand her miniature likeness set in diamonds, one thousand pounds, and his commission as governor of the Leeward Islands, where his traits of character brought about his violent death at the hands of his own people in 1710. His daughter seemed to be after his own heart. His other daughter, Lucy Parke, was the wife of Colonel William Byrd of Westover. She died in London in 1716. (See *Lee of Virginia.*)

We are told that this eccentric colonel, John Custis IV, and his wife, Frances Parke Custis, had four children, then again that they had two children. However, Daniel Parke Custis is the sole legatee and executor of his father's will, so the rest must have died before reaching maturity, or been disinherited.

This will was made at the city of Williamsburg, county of James City, on November 14, 1749, just a few months after the marriage of this only son to Martha Dandridge, and it was proved in London four years later, November 19, 1753. He directed his executor to lay out £100 for a tombstone of the best durable marble. It was to be very decent and handsome "to lay over my body, engraved on the tombstone my coat of arms, which are three parrots, and my will is that the following inscription may also be handsomely engraved on this said stone:

> Under this marble tomb lies the body
> of the Hon. John Custis, Esq.
> of the city of Williamsburg
> and parish of Burton.
> Formerly of Hunger's Parish, on the Eastern Shore
> of Virginia and county of Northampton, the place
> of his nativity, aged 77 years, and yet lived
> but seven years, which was the space of time
> he kept bachelor's home at Arlington on the
> Eastern Shore of Virginia.
>
> This inscription put in this stone by his own
> positive orders.

Then he continues, "And if my heir should ungratefully or obstinately refuse or neglect to comply with what relates to my burial in every particular then I bar and cut him off from any part of my estate."

To his only son, Daniel Parke Custis, who was born at Queen's Creek on October 15, 1711, this painful task was assigned.

The Dandridges

COLONEL JOHN DANDRIDGE, was a planter, clerk of the court in New Kent County, and vestryman at St. Peter's Church. He was married on July 22, 1730, to Miss Frances Jones, daughter of Orlando and Martha Macon Jones. Colonel Dandridge died on August 31, 1756, and rests in the old St. George Churchyard at Fredericksburg. Mrs. Dandridge lived on until April 9, 1785. There were eight children born of this union, but only four lived to marry: Mrs. Washington, Anna Maria, who was married on May 7, 1757, to Colonel Burwell Bassett; Bartholomew; and Elizabeth Dandridge, who was first married on April 10, 1773, to John Aylett, who left her a widow on February 7, 1776. She was again married on January 31, 1779, to Leonard Henley, who died on November 19, 1798, leaving a number of children. On the day before her first marriage, Mrs. Dandridge gave to her the family bible which has come down in the Henley family, and this is the record:[1]

1. Martha Dandridge, born June 2, 1731, between 12 and 1 o'clock.
2. John Dandridge, born February 23, 1732; died July 23, 1749.
3. William Dandridge, born March 2, 1734; drowned January 22, 1776.
4. Bartholomew Dandridge, born December 25, 1737; died April 18, 1785.
5. Anna Maria Dandridge, born March 30, 1739; died December 17, 1777.
6. Frances Dandridge, born November 2, 1744; died February 10, 1758.
7. Elizabeth Dandridge, born May 25, 1749; died ——.
8. Mary Dandridge, born April 4, 1756; died September 25, 1763.

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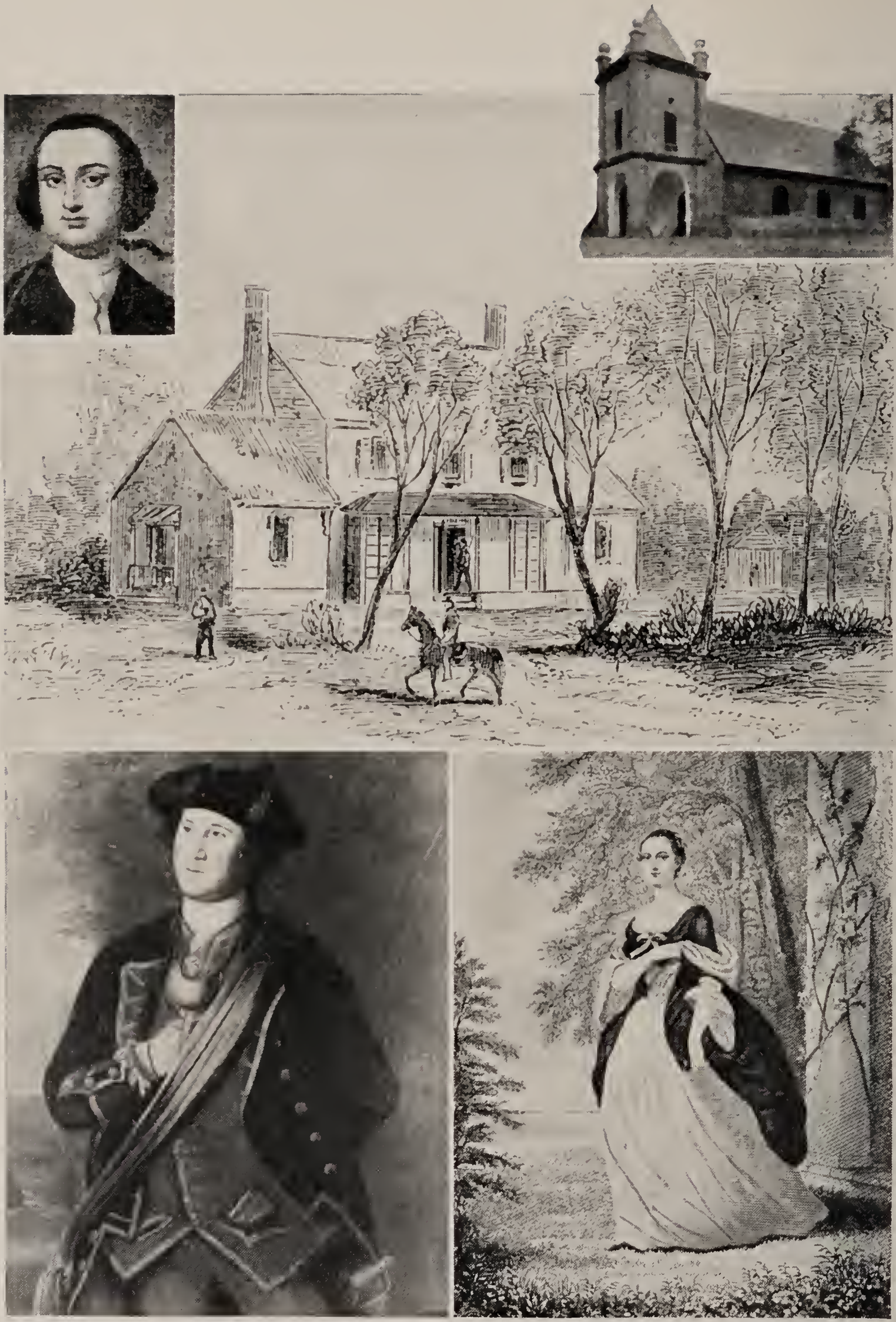
[1] See William and Mary Quarterly, volume V, Dandridge Family, by Wilson Miles Cary; also Dandridge Family, volume II, by May Selden Kennedy.



The White House with portraits of General and Mrs. Washington
and Daniel Parke Custis
St. Peter's Church

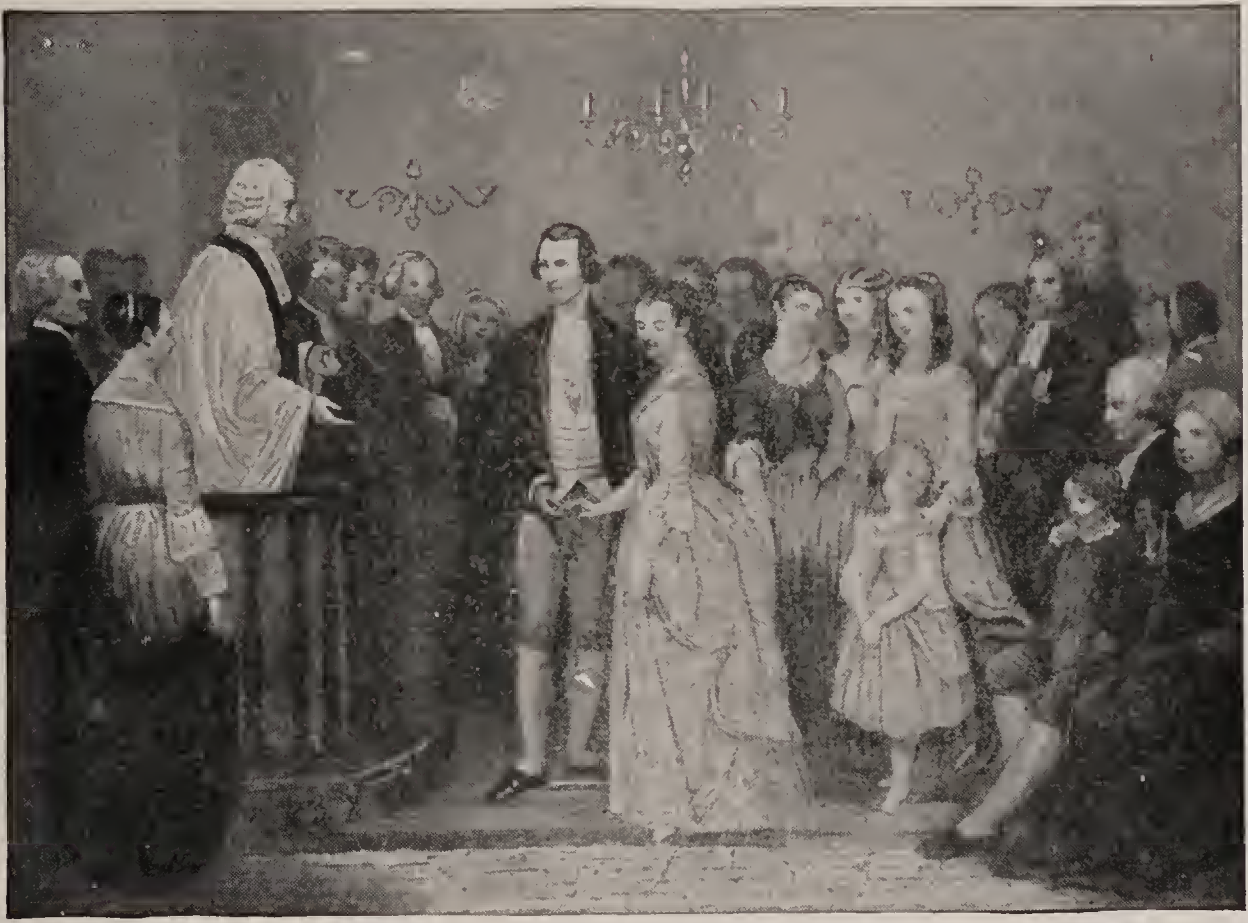
The White House in Romance and Tragedy

THE colorful story of the White House, so noted in the Washington-Custis romance, naturally falls into this place as a thrilling conclusion for this galaxy of allied mansions which cluster about Mount Vernon and Arlington, for it forms a distinct connecting link in four of the most distinguished families of Colonial times—the Washingtons, the Custises, the Lewises, and the Lees.

This beautiful old plantation lies on the Pamunkey River twenty miles from Williamsburg, the old capital of Virginia, and is a station on the Southern Railway, thirty miles from Richmond, the present capital. It spreads out over a tract of three thousand acres, half of which is under cultivation and the remainder in forest. Just across the river is the ancient Pamunkey Indian reservation, after which the river takes its name, which was here when Jamestown was founded and none can tell how much longer. These dusky faces are the descendants of the same tribe who in those early days fought the whites at Richmond with the loss of a hundred braves, and it was their beautiful queen of the Pamunkeys who was decorated by the queen of England. The estate is also five miles from the courthouse at New Kent, and only about eight miles from where Martha Dandridge was born.

This old plantation has been in the Custis-Lee Family for seven generations. We do not know when it was built, but there is little doubt that Colonel John Custis IV, who changed his place of residence to Williamsburg before his marriage, 1706, was the builder. The records of the St. Peter's Parish Church, show that John Custis had the children of his slaves baptized in this church as early as 1714, and for many subsequent years, which proves that he held possessions in the parish throughout the years. It is also said that he used this cottage as a summer home for his family, before he gave it to his son, Daniel Parke Custis. And we are confident, if it had not been white before, that it was on that particular day in June in the long ago when it awaited the coming of a bride — a beautiful girl of eighteen who was to preside over it. Martha Dandridge was evidently wed on her eighteenth birthday or very near it; for she was born in June, 1731. Daniel Parke Custis, who had, doubtless, watched her grow from her cradle into young womanhood, was now thirty-eight, and he was very proud of her. We are almost certain that he painted this cottage white in view of her coming, and that the flowers sent forth additional fragrance on that day.

However, turning to definite facts, it was to the White House that Martha Dandridge Custis came as a bride on that fair day in June, 1749; it was here that she lived the eight happy years of her first married life; here her four children were born and two of them died; here the great shadow of widowhood fell upon her in 1757; and here she lived on for two more years until the future "Father of His Country" appeared upon the horizon. It was beneath this selfsame roof that she whispered that fateful promise to be his bride, and some insist that it was here that she plighted her nuptial vow, but there is more evidence in favor of that ceremony being solemnized at St. Peter's Church.



Washington-Custis nuptials

Here she spent the happy days of her second honeymoon and from here removed with Mr. Washington to Mount Vernon.

The only child of the White House to reach the years of maturity and leave descendants now became the ward of Mount Vernon, the stepson of Mr. Washington. We know him as John Parke Custis (Jackey). He erected his family altar at Abingdon, which is today the only real daughter of the White House. Through the gateway of old Abingdon the White House spreads its wings over Arlington, Woodlawn, Audley, and Tudor Place in old Georgetown. George Washington Parke Custis, grandson of Martha Washington, fell heir to this old estate, and at his death, in 1857, he willed it to his grandson, W. H. F. Lee, though General and Mrs. Robert E. Lee held their lifetime interest in it. It now belongs to his son, Doctor George Bolling Lee, of New York City, the only surviving grandson of Robert E. Lee, and the great-great-great grandson of Martha Washington and Daniel Parke Custis.

The next epoch in its romance was written when W. H. F. Lee brought his bride, Charlotte Wickham, home in the ante bellum days. They were living happily here with their two children when the Civil War rang alarm, and Mr. Lee enlisted for the South. The next epoch leads to somber pages.

It seems that after the Lee family fled from Arlington, Mrs. Robert E. Lee spent some time here with her daughter-in-law, for in March, 1862, General Lee writes her at the White House, advising her and Charlotte, his daughter-in-law, to remain as long as practicable.

However, in May, 1862, the White House, like Arlington, with all its sacred traditions, became the base of supplies for General McClellan's army in the campaign before Richmond, as it was the nearest point to that city that could be reached by boat or steamer. Under date of May 11, 1862, we find this account of the departure of the family from a White House correspondent:

"Mrs. Lee abandoned the premises on Saturday a. m., 10th May, and proceeded to Richmond, taking with her one hundred slaves and leaving on the grounds about one hundred fifty. An overseer is left to take charge of the premises and the slaves who stay behind. Upon the arrival of our troops, 7,000 bushels of wheat, and 900 bushels of corn were discovered in buildings attached to the residence.

"The White House itself is a commodious, neat-appearing dwelling of two stories in height. Most of the furniture has been removed, a few books and some portraits and paintings were boxed up by Captain T. H. Patterson, commanding the gunboat 'Chocura,' he making a memorandum of the articles and giving a duplicate copy to the overseer. A small piece of paper bearing the following inscription was pinned on the casing of an inner door:

"'Northern Soldiers, who profess to reverence Washington, forbear to desecrate the house of his first married life, the property of his wife, now owned by her descendants.

(signed) 'A granddaughter of Mrs. Washington'

"Beneath the inscription was penned the following:

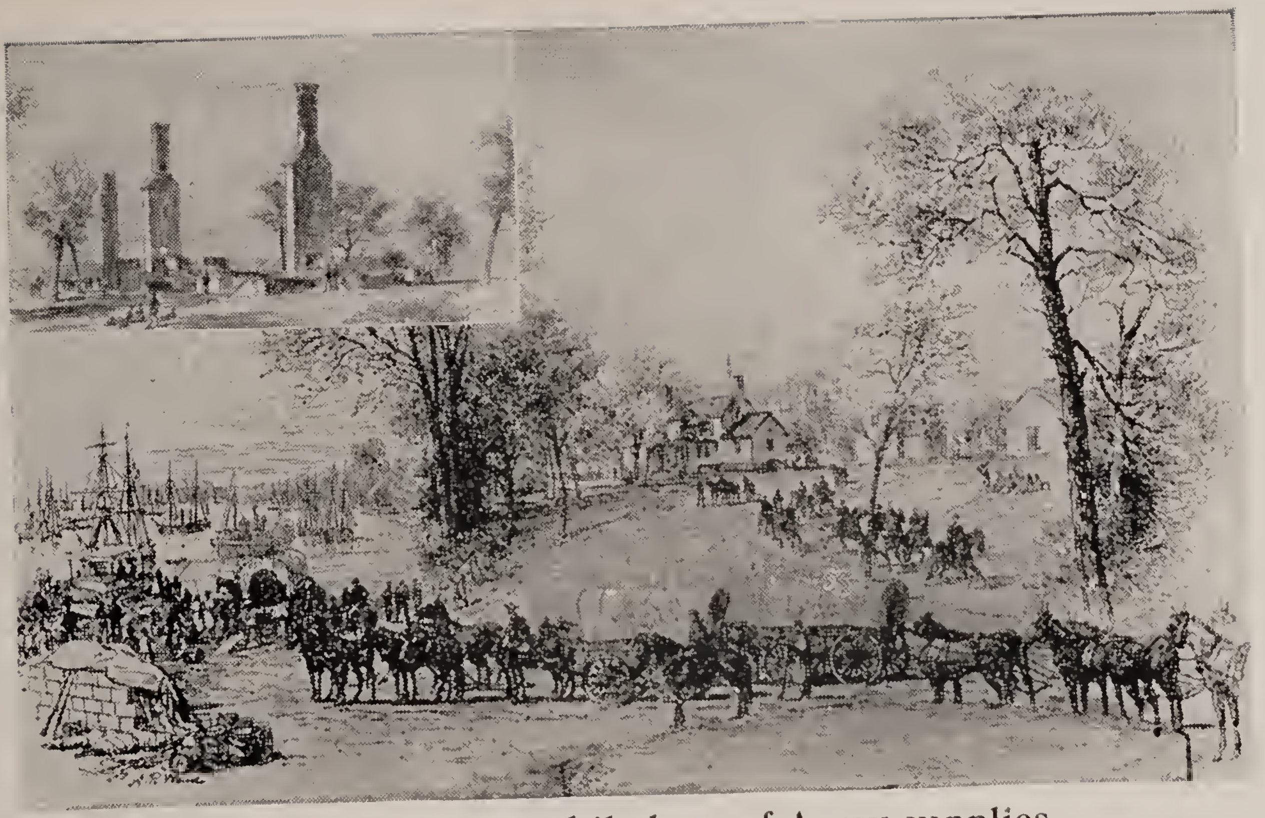
"'Lady—A Northern officer has protected your property in sight of the enemy, and at the request of your overseer.'"

It seems that all through the accounts from McClellan's headquarters in the *Washington Evening Star* of that date, 1862, concern for the safety of this little "cottage," as they called it, was uppermost in the minds of the officials of the Federal Army.

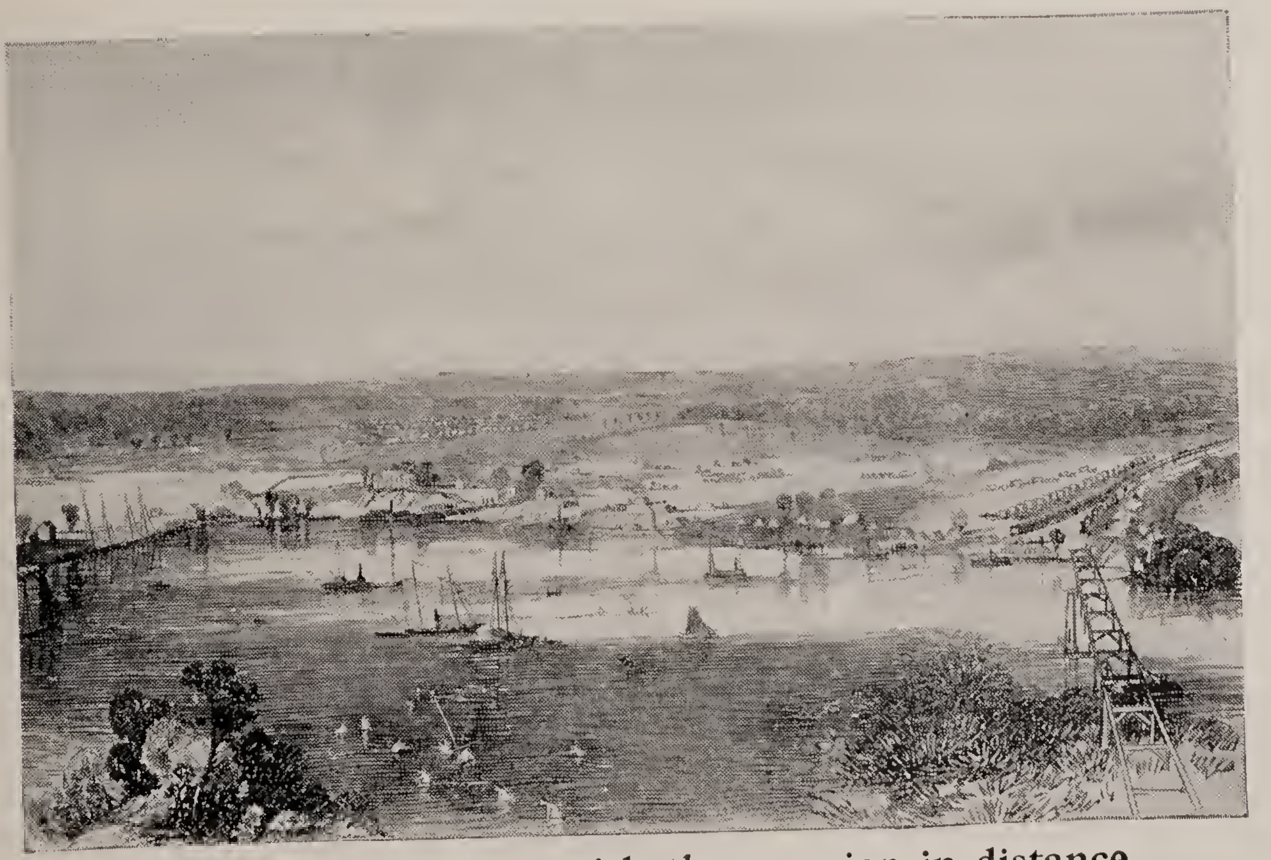
A report from the *Richmond Dispatch* from the Confederate side on May 27, 1862, gives us a clearer idea of the situation:

"In pursuance of the 'On to Richmond' idea, the Yankees have transported rolling stock up the Pamunkey to the White House and are now running trains from that point nearly to Dispatch Station on the York River Railroad. A telegraph line has been constructed and is now working from McClellan's headquarters at New Kent Courthouse to Washington."

On June 5, one hundred and fifty wounded have been added to the White House receiving ship "State of Maine" at its landing, and steamers run daily from that point to Fortress Monroe, touching



The White House while base of Army supplies
Ruins of the White House



White House landing, with the mansion in distance

Yorktown. On June 14 a direct report from the White House expresses concern as to the safety of the mansion, as a guerrilla party of seventy-five to a hundred has committed depredations in the vicinity, but the White House has escaped, though attack had been feared. In a later discussion of this building this reporter to the *Washington Evening Star* pronounces as "sheer fabrication" the rumored agreement between the two generals that they would protect each other's property. He continues:

"The White House is too small for a hospital. It has but six rooms, and would hold at the outside not more than sixty patients. It is some distance from the landing and is not needed for hospital purposes, as tents have been supplied for temporary care for the wounded at the landing.

"It is guarded from intrusion and injury, partly because the orders of the army are to protect private property, and because it is the site of Washington's early home—both in my judgment perfectly just and conclusive reasons. The well is guarded solely to prevent overdrafts; the water is used by the soldiers constantly, although excellent water is abundant and more accessible.

"I trust that the White House will continue to be protected from invasion and injury. It is a very small price to pay out of respect to Washington. There are twenty homes better adapted to hospital purposes and every one is untouched."

This is the picture of it that is given by a reporter on Saturday, June 28, in its final hours:

"On Thursday before throughout the day the strictest vigilance had been observed in and around General Casey's army, who had pitched his tents upon the beautiful lawn at the White House, the building itself being occupied as private headquarters of Sisters of Charity."

This account also describes it as "not more than six very small rooms, with outbuildings and slave quarters separate from the main house."

Then adds, "General Washington himself could not complain of the use by these ministering angels of the sick and wounded soldiers."

The White House landing must have presented a spectacular scene when the hour for final evacuation of the Federal Army arrived. We are told by witnesses of that time that seven hundred sails of vessels were at anchor here and along the river for eight or ten miles, and that the railway was likewise busy. It seems that General Stewart's cavalry was approaching and that a spirit of insecurity overspread the occupants of the White House. They received orders on June 25 to prepare for the removal of all government stores and by Thursday, the day after the Battle of Mechanicsville, the greater part of the stores were embarked on board the numerous transports lying in the harbor. The sick and wounded had also been embarked, and every precaution had been taken to avoid attack from the enemy. Gunboats were at anchor at convenient points, and the trees in front of the White House were cut down so as not to cause obstruction should it become necessary to repel attack. This report says that by some accident the White House caught fire during this haste. Midst expressions of regret it adds, "This, however, is not the time for vapid sentiment for the dead! The destiny of the living is at stake and demands our most earnest efforts." Various correspondents noticed the tragedy, but the climax is reached in the description of a special correspondent of the *New York Times,* who says in part:

"As we approached West Point, the scene was grand. The enormous accumulation of vessels was enough to give one the idea of approach to the port of New York or Liverpool. As we commenced to glide between the green, picturesque banks of the Pamunkey, there were abundant proofs to satisfy the most incredulous that something important and ominous was transpiring higher up the river; for numberless schooners, barges, and crafts of every description were seen coming down the river with tugboats. At four-thirty p. m., one of the passengers on deck drew attention to a heavy cloud of smoke in the horizon.

"We were not long kept in suspense, for a vessel, shortly after, came rushing down the river, the people on her gesticulating frantically, pointing toward the fire and shouting 'Go back! go back!' This was immediately followed by a sanitary commission steamer, whose captain waved out as he shot past us 'White House on fire.' At six o'clock two distinct reports in that direction were heard. The river was crowded with descending crafts of all sizes and shapes laden with provision and stores, barges lashed together and crowded, jibbering contrabands looking like flies upon a pancake, and all of them repeating the admonition, 'Go back! go back!' The White House is now a thing of the past. Not only was the dwelling destroyed, but everything else in that locality, tents, stores, clothing, ammunition, sheds, all except the old wood sheds used as stables."

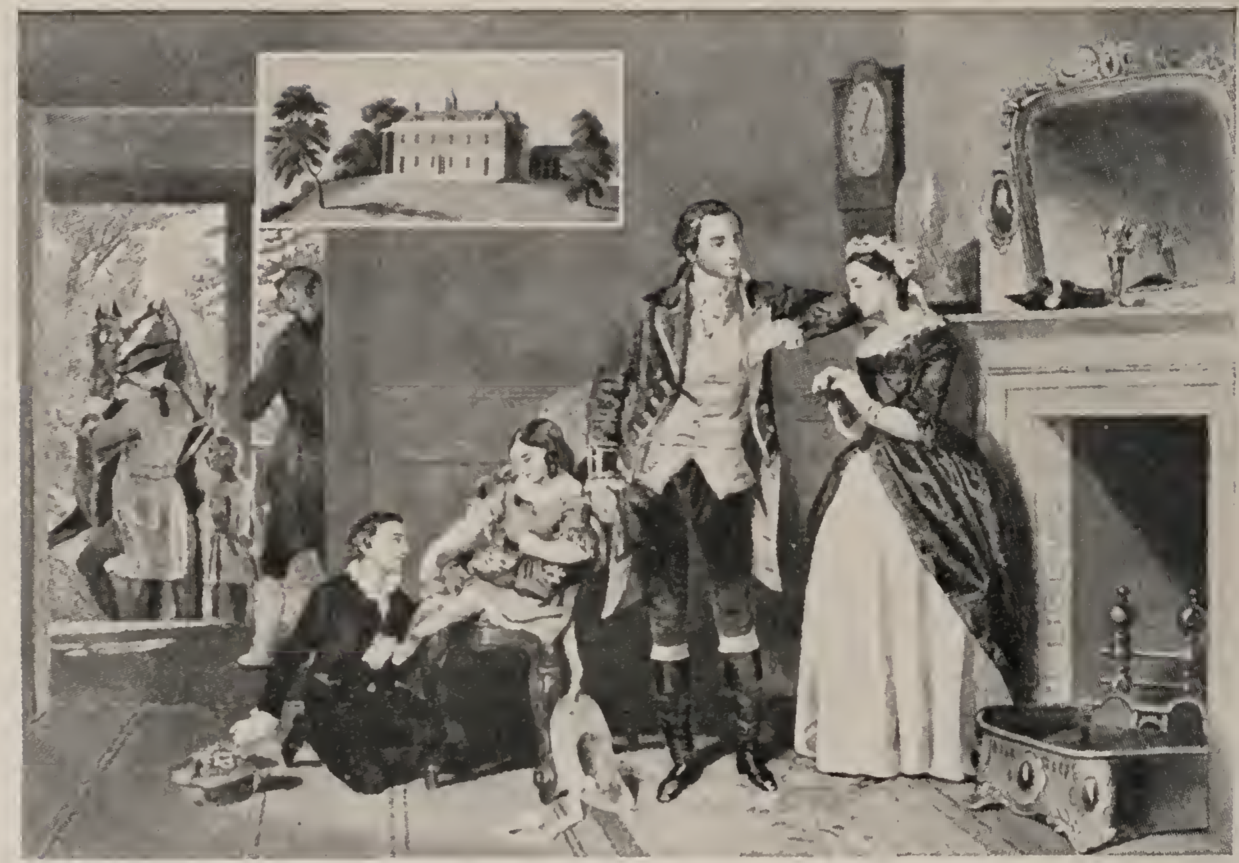
It appears that the work of destruction commenced at half past three o'clock on June 27, 1862, when scouts reported to General Stoneman that the enemy had reached Tunstall Station, only six or seven miles distant, that morning at ten o'clock. At three o'clock telegraphic communication had been cut off, and the wild excitement which was to end in tragedy for the historic old mansion began. Doubtless, among the many and conflicting reports of that tumultuous hour, this is as near a correct picture as can be obtained. No matter how it caught fire, it was one of the tragedies of war, and must live so in history. But could anything have been more dramatic than such an end to this old White House with its sacred traditions of love and romance so imbedded in the very foundation of our Republic.

It is generally accepted, though not authenticated, that the White House of our National Capital took its name from this cottage in honor of the first First Lady of the Land.

The White House was rebuilt by W. H. F. Lee, shortly after his return from military life, but it was burned again, some years ago, and has not been rebuilt. But there is a growing sentiment just now for its restoration as a shrine for Martha Custis Washington — a movement which would doubtless be approved by an entire nation.

Since the first edition of this book came from the press, we have redoubled our effort in trying to determine definitely where the Washington-Custis wedding took place, whether in the church or in the home, but the discussion pro and con goes merrily on, and we are no nearer the goal now than we were then; for the evidence is still just about equally divided, and we can find no one that knows.

We have before us a letter from the Reverend G. M. Brydon, the treasurer of the Bishop's House of the Diocese of Virginia under date of December 30, 1931, and he assures us that there is no question as to the marriage having been performed in St. Peter's parish, but he knows no way of proving definitely whether it took place in the church or in the home. He also states that what remains of the parish record is imperfect and that the list of marriages do not cover that period and adds, "The question is very difficult to settle." He says, too, "There is extant a letter of General Robert E. Lee, written about 1869, stating that the marriage took place in the church." The present rector of St. Peter's Church, writes us of the varied opinions in regard to the matter, but he is inclined to favor the White House. General McClellan, too, was under the impression that the marriage took place in the church; and in his Own Story, he tells of his arrival at the White House, which was the base of supplies for his army, in May, 1862, and of his going on to St. Peter's Church in his rounds that day, and says, "As I happened to be there alone for a few moments, I could not help kneeling at the chancel and praying that I might serve my country as truly as he did."



Courtesy G. W. Bicentennial Commission

Washington's first meeting with Mrs. Custis in Poplar Grove mansion

The mansion as it is today from Poplar Grove via White House to Mount Vernon

Poplar Grove Mansion

WE NOW come to another interesting old mansion, whose story furnishes the prelude to the group that played so large a part in the grand symphony of the Washington-Custis Romance. This is Poplar Grove, the home of the Chamberlaynes, where Washington met the fair young widow—the outer gateway to the Romance of Mount Vernon.

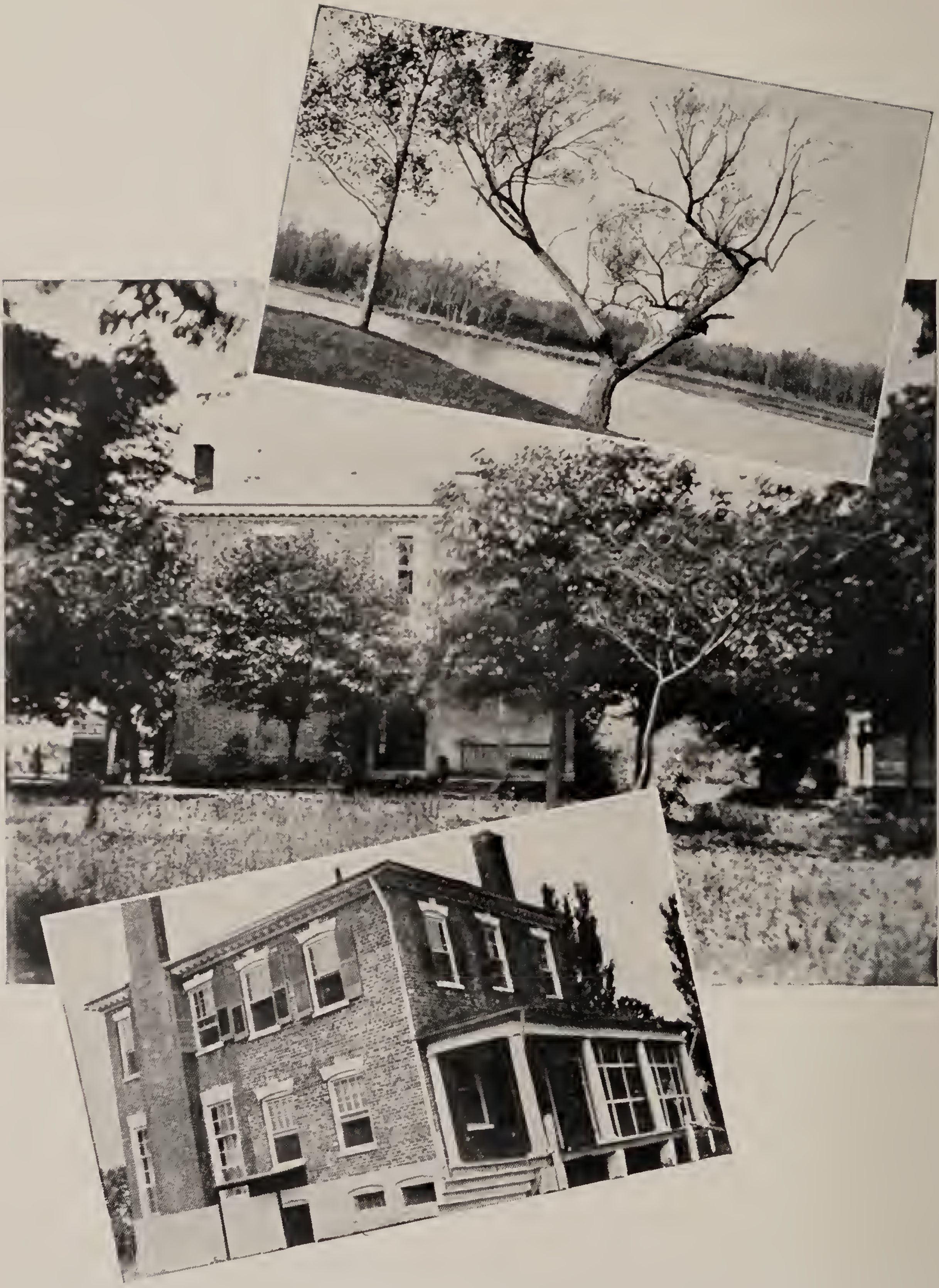
The White House, the home of Mrs. Custis, was but one mile distant, and it seems that she and the children were paying a neighborly visit to the Chamberlaynes, who are reputed to have been her kin, on this particular day when the young "Cincinnatus of the West" chanced to pass that way. As we already know, he was in a great hurry when the Master of the Mansion encountered him at the ferry, and declined his insistent invitation to dinner until Mr. Chamberlayne promised to introduce him to the "prettiest and richest widow in Virginia" if he would only come. He went, he saw, he conquered and was conquered, and the rest is written into the fascinating stories of the White House and Mount Vernon for all time. And think of the volumes that this incident has added to our country's history!

The Poplar Grove Plantation joins the White House. It extends for a mile along the Pamunkey River, where Nature blends its charm with this colorful history and romance. There is nine feet of water from the boat house to New York, and gunboats came up the river during the encampment of the army of General McClellan at the White House, and while it escaped destruction, it still bears the marks of the shot and shell of that period. There is an old picture in existence, which shows the Federal Army Band quartered here. But we find no mention of its significance in history in those days, when so much interest centered about the White House.

The Poplar Grove of Colonial times was not as it looks today. The kitchen and dining room where this eventful dinner was served in 1758, were in the basement; the parlor or living room and entry were above, and the two bed chambers, one of which is now a bathroom, were on the upper floor. The house has been enlarged from time to time until it presents the appearance shown in pictures on other pages, and also the one of Civil War days.

It came into existence about 1704, though it is not known to a certainty who built it, but the records of the St. Peter's Church show that the Chamberlaynes were here as early as 1723.

William Chamberlayne, the emigrant to New Kent County, Virginia, died on August 29, 1736. He was the son of Edward Pye Chamberlayne, of Herfordshire, England, and was baptized on September 25, 1699. He was married to Miss Elizabeth Littlepage, daughter of Richard Littlepage, of New Kent County. They had six children: Edward Pye, Richard, Thomas, Mary, Elizabeth, and Anne Kidley Chamberlayne. After his death his widow became the wife of William Gray, of Surrey County, but Poplar Grove remained in the hands of the Chamberlayne family—descending from father to son—until 1842, when Phil Croxton became the owner. Since that time it has had various owners, but it has been the property of Frank V. Baldwin, of New York City, since 1929. Mr. Baldwin has never lived upon it, but he dreams of a time when he will make it his home. To him we are indebted for the identification of this historic house, and for much of this information.



Poplar Grove in Civil War days with inserts of side view of today and present view of the riverfront

AUTHOR'S NOTE

The Author of this book was the Christopher Columbus of the story and the picture of the White House, which had lain buried since Civil War days until she unearthed them for the first edition of this book, 1930. After weeks of search in which hope had almost been abandoned, the picture was brought to light in *Leslie's Weekly;* as can be verified by W. T. Moore, of the reading room of the Library of Congress, who gave such valuable aid in the quest.

At the same time a picture, which had no semblance to this, was upturned in *Harper's Weekly,* with a note attached by Lossing, the historian, saying that this was the White House, but not the original, as it had been burned long years ago, and that impression became extant in those days. It then became our task to find out the truth about this. Mrs. Lee's note pinned on the door, should have been sufficient evidence, but we appealed to Dr. Bolling Lee, who owns the plantation, and who played there as a child, not so long after the Civil War. He had never heard the story of the burning of the mansion before that period. Mrs. W. H. Wiley, the great-granddaughter of Nelly Custis, too, protested, as it was news to her. And a well-known architect of this city (Washington) called upon us to see the picture, by Dr. Lee's request, and he at once verified it as being of Washington's time, all except the porch.

Now, again, it has been left to us to clear the mist from another interesting mansion. For long years, the picture of Poplar Grove occupied a place in a noted collection in this city under the designation of the White House. We protested, and not long after this protest, Mr. Baldwin, of New York came forward with its identification, as Poplar Grove, and not the White House, and thus we are giving its first story to the world, and placing it in its rightful place in history, after this long obscurity.

Words of Approval

Recognized authorities placed their approval on this book in manuscript form. Among these was Superintendent Harrison H. Dodge, of Mount Vernon, who is, perhaps, a closer student of the intimate side of Mount Vernon and its allies than any other American, and who says in part:

"You were good enough to let me read your articles on Mount Vernon, Woodlawn, Arlington, etc., dealing more particularly with Nelly Custis in youth and later life.

"As I have taken pains to read, critically, nearly every publication along those lines, I had long ago come to believe that all worth-while information upon said topics had been brought to light. I was, therefore, more than pleased to discover—in your clever compilation—such interesting changes of viewpoint as to refresh decidedly the oft-told story, at the same time punctuating it with actual incidents that give the picture attractive color. . . ." He further commends the author for holding so strictly to facts, and for not "indulging in fanciful tales to embellish what has become withered and staled by repetition."

Since the appearance of the first edition of the book, 1931, it has called forth wide-spread approval.

Mrs. Edwine Danforth, the corresponding secretary of the Mount Vernon Association of the Union, sent this word of encouragement while the Association was in session in May, 1931:

"A copy of your new book on Mount Vernon, Its Children, etc., has been given to the Mount Vernon Reference Library, and the Regent and all others who have seen it, consider it an interesting and valuable contribution to the literature on Mount Vernon."

Honored John Hays Hammond: "It is most interesting and a valuable contribution at this time."

Mrs. Carter Penn Wiley, the great-granddaughter of Nelly Custis Lewis: "It is to my mind the most authentic and interesting yet published. I feel that the people of America will be truly grateful for this book."

The schools of the District of Columbia have adopted it as supplementary text for junior high-school pupils.

The late Mrs. Fred Dubois, head of the Juvenile department of the George Washington Bicentennial, who was one of its stanchest friends from the time her eye first fell upon it, in writing to the coworker, who had called her attention to it, said, "It is charmingly told and the history of the Lewis Family is so complete and very necessary if we follow the history of Nelly Custis's life into the history of today. I consider it a 'find,' and have the pleasure of thanking you again." Later, under date of January 14, 1931, she wrote the author that the book had been reviewed by the National Board of Managers of the Children of the American Revolution for the January Magazine in which it was given hearty approval, and she added, "We are using it constantly at the National G. W. Bicentennial, and thank you again for the lovely gift." The last time the author saw her before the Reaper cut her down, she again expressed her appreciation for the helpfulness of this book.

The Veterans of Foreign Wars, with Walter I. Joyce, Director, were the first National body to give it approval.

Many more, too numerous to mention, have added their approval, and the new edition in its improved form bespeaks greater approbation.

No gilded dome swells from the lowly roof to catch the morning or the evening beam; but the love and gratitude of united America settle upon it in one eternal sunshine. From beneath that humble roof went forth the intrepid, unselfish warrior, the magistrate who knew no glory but his country's good; to that he returned, happiest when his work was done. There he lived in noble simplicity; and there he died in glory and peace. While it stands, the latest generations of the grateful children of America will make pilgrimages to this shrine; and when it shall fall, if fall it must, the memory and the name of Washington shall shed an eternal glory on the spot.

—Edward Everett

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Frances

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Virginia Court Uphol
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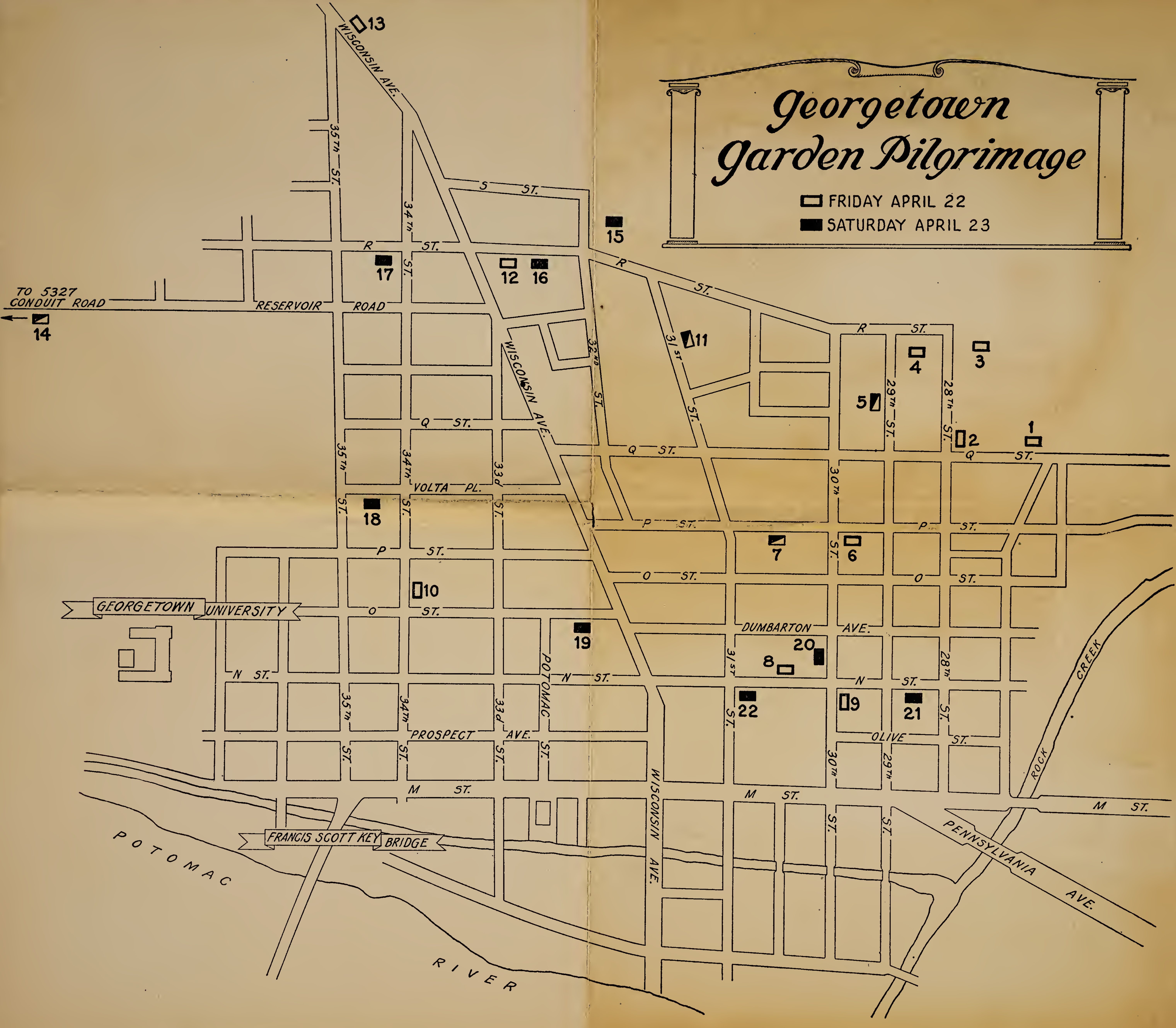
MADE IN U. S. A.
THE AMERICAN ENVELOPE CO
WEST CARROLLTON, OHIO

Georgetown Garden Pilgrimage

□ FRIDAY APRIL 22
■ SATURDAY APRIL 23


13
WISCONSIN AVE.
35th ST.
34th ST.
S ST.
15
R ST.
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TO 5327 CONDUIT ROAD
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RESERVOIR ROAD
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GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY
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DUMBARTON AVE.
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POTOMAC ST.
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PROSPECT AVE.
OLIVE ST.
30th ST.
29th ST.
M ST.
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M ST.
WISCONSIN AVE.
FRANCIS SCOTT KEY BRIDGE
POTOMAC RIVER
ROCK CREEK
PENNSYLVANIA AVE.

Gardens open on

FRIDAY • APRIL 22

2 TO 7 P.M.

Map No.	
1	Mrs. Frank S. Bright 2723 Q Street
2	Mrs. Thomas Bradley 1601 28th Street
3	Mrs. F. Lammot Belin *Evermay*—1623 28th Street
4	Mrs. Herman Hollerith 1633 29th Street
5	Mrs. Lloyd B. Wight 1620 29th Street
6	Miss Lucy Bentley 2918 P Street
7	Miss Katharine Dougal 3030 P Street
8	Mrs. Lincoln Green 3025 N Street
9	Mrs. Geo. DuBois 1239 30th Street
10	Mrs. Louis Lehr 1411 34th Street
11	Mrs. Wallace Radcliffe 1675 31st Street *Exhibition of Garden Sculpture by Clara Hill*
12	Mrs. H. H. Rousseau 3238 R Street
13	Miss Catherine Weaver 2101 Wisconsin Avenue
14	Mr. Bernard Lane 5327 Conduit Road

TEA *will be served* • 4 TO 6 P.M. FRIDAY

Mrs. Thomas Bradley
1601 28th Street

Mrs. I. Ernest Lewis
3128 Q Street

Miss Mary Howry
3304 O Street

Mrs. Dean Acheson
2805 P Street

Mrs. Lincoln Green
3025 N Street

Gardens open on

SATURDAY • APRIL 23

2 TO 7 P.M.

Map No.	
15	Mrs. Robert Woods Bliss *The Oaks*, 3101 R Street
16	Mrs. Geo. Van Horn Moseley 3324 R Street
17	Mrs. Frank A. West 3406 R Street
18	Miss Frances Sortwell 3410 Volta Place
19	Mrs. F. Bland Tucker 3238 O Street
20	Miss Bertha H. Looker and Miss Florence Hedges 1312 30th Street—*Rock Garden*
21	Mrs. M. F. Gunther 2812 N Street
22	Mrs. Henry Leonard 3038 N Street
7	Miss Katharine Dougal 3030 P Street
5	Mrs. Lloyd B. Wight 1620 29th Street
11	Mrs. Wallace Radcliffe 1675 31st Street *Exhibition of Garden Sculpture by Clara Hill*
14	Mr. Bernard Lane 5327 Conduit Road

TEA *will be served* • 4 TO 6 P.M. SATURDAY

Mrs. Wallace Radcliffe
1675 31st Street

Mrs. Thomas Thatcher
1647 30th Street

Mrs. E. Lester Jones
2906 P Street

Miss Frances Sortwell
3410 Volta Place

Mrs. T. Janney Brown
1622 29th Street

WIDOW WINS HALF OF LEE ESTATE

Virginia Court Upholds Her Right Under Husband's Will to Share $1,000,000.

Special to The New York Times.

WASHINGTON, May 18.—Mrs. Mary Middleton Lee of Riggs Place, widow of Colonel Robert E. Lee, grandson of the Confederate General, today won her case in the contest with Dr. George Bolling Lee, a physician of New York City, another grandson of General Lee, over a half interest in the estate worth more than $1,000,000 left by General W. H. Fitzhugh Lee, the father of Dr. Lee and Colonel Lee.

At historic Fairfax Courthouse, identified with the Washingtons, Lees and Fairfaxes for generations, where the will contest was tried, Judge Samuel G. Brent handed down a decision giving to Mrs. Mary Middleton Lee one-half interest in valuable business property in Richmond, Va., in family heirlooms of great historic interest and value, and in two famous old Virginia estates.

These are Ravensworth, the Fairfax County, and the old Lee estate of White House, in Kent County.

John^3 (1692-1743) = Katharine Whiting (1694-1743)

Warner W. (1715-91)
Katharine = Fielding Lewis (1st wife)
Henry
Augustine
Lawrence
Mildred = Thornton
Frances

John Washington
came 1656 (1635-1676)
= Anne, d. Nathaniel Pope

Lawrence (1635-76)

Lawrence (1661-1697)
= (1691) Mildred, d. Col. Augustine Warner

John (1663-1697)
= Anne

Anne

John
Anne
(1671.
= (1692) Mary T[illegible]
3 chil.

4 sons

John (1743)
(1692
Augustine
(1715) (1694 -
= 1. Jane Butler (-1728)
= 2 (1730) Mary Ball all m. 3
Geo. Wash.

Mildred (1696
= 2 Roger Gregory
= 3 Col. Henry Willis
3 daus
Thornton [illegible]

Geo. Corbin W.
[illegible] d. Wm W.

Lawrence (1718-1752)
= (1743) Anne, d. Wm Fairfax (-1761) (1752) = 2 Col. George Lee
2 d. y.
Sarah (1750-52)

Butler
Jane
Augustine of Wakefield (1720-1762)
= Anne Aylette

Wm Augustine = Jane Washington
Anne = Burdette Ashton
Elizabeth = Alex. Spotswood
others d. y.

Augustine^3 (1694-1743)
= 2. (1730) Mary Ball

George (1732-1799)

Betty (1733-97)
= Col. Fielding Lewis

Samuel (1734-81)
= 5 wives
5 s + 1 d

John Augustine (1736-1787)
= (1756) Hannah, d. Col. John + Jennie (Corbin) Bushrod

Charles (1738-99)
= Mildred Thornton
2 s 2 d.

Mildred (1739-40)

Jane
= Wm Augustine Washington
(her cousin)

Bushrod (-1829)
2nd s
= Anne Blackburn

Corbin
= Hannah, d. Richard Henry Lee
3rd s

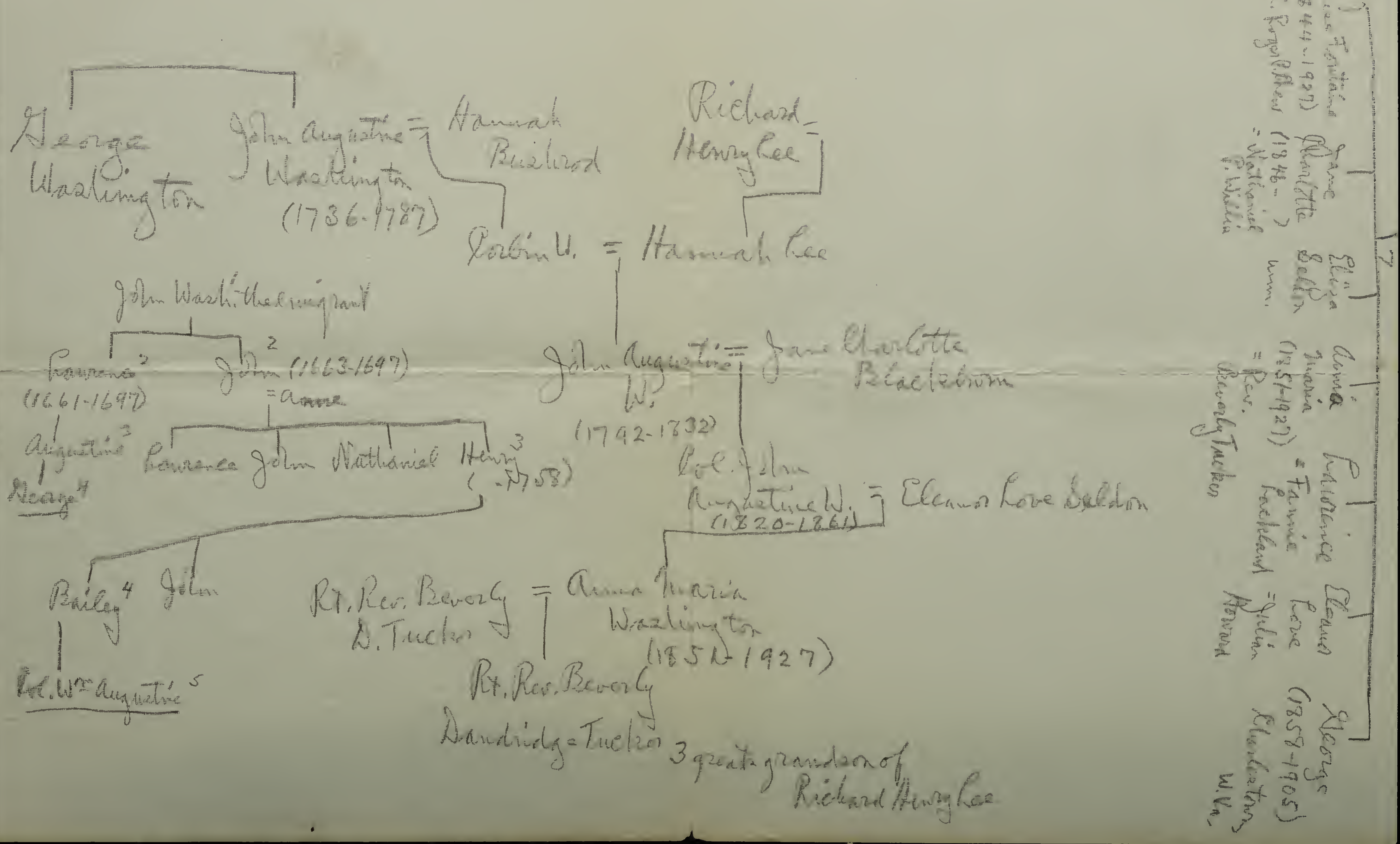
Mildred
= Thomas Lee of Chantilly

John Augustine (1792-1832)
= (1819) Jane Charlotte, d. Maj. Richard Scott Blackburn

Col. John Augustine, Jr. (1820-1861)
2 d y
= (1843) Eleanor Love Selden

Anna Maria
= Dr. Wm Fontaine Alexander

Richard Blackburn (1823-1911)


George Washington
John Augustine Washington (1736-1787) = Hannah Bushrod
Richard Henry Lee =
Corbin W. = Hannah Lee
John Wash. the emigrant
Lawrence 2 (1661-1697)
John 2 (1663-1697) = Anne
Augustine 3
George 4
Lawrence John Nathaniel Henry 3 (-1758)
Bailey 4
John
Col. Wm Augustine 5
John Augustine W. (1792-1832) = Jane Charlotte Blackburn
Col. John Augustine W. (1820-1861) = Eleanor Love Selden
Rt. Rev. Beverly D. Tucker = Anna Maria Washington (1851-1927)
Rt. Rev. Beverly Dandridge Tucker 3 great grandson of Richard Henry Lee
7
Louisa Fontaine (1844-1927) = Col. Roger P. Chew
Jane Charlotte (1846-) = Nathaniel P. Willis
Eliza Selden unm.
Anna Maria (1851-1927) = Rev. Beverly Tucker
Lawrence = Fannie Lackland
Eleanor Love = Julian Howard
George (1858-1905) Charlestown W.Va.

Errata- The picture in the lower line of this group is Mrs. xxxxxxx R. E. Lee II -not W. H. F. Lee